ATLANTIC READERS : BOOK TWO

HIGH AND FAR

RANDALL J. CONDON

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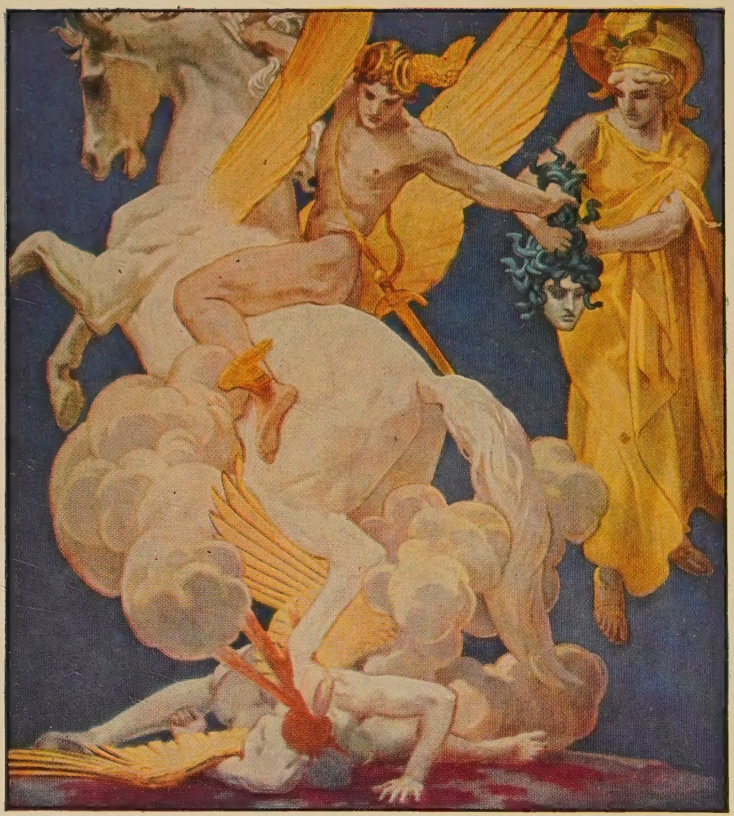
HIGH AND FAR

ATLANTIC READERS. BOOK TWO



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THEN WITH ONE STROKE PERSEUS, SWOOPING LIKE A BIRD, SEVERED FROM HER SHOULDERS THE TERRIBLE HEAD. AND FROM THE NECK SPRANG PEGASUS, THE WINGÈD HORSE OF THE GODS, AND SOARED ALOFT TO BECOME THE BEARER OF THE THUNDERBOLTS OF ZEUS (*Page 110*)

THE ATLANTIC READERS

BOOK TWO
Grade V

HIGH AND FAR

EDITED BY

RANDALL J. CONDON
Superintendent of the Cincinnati Schools

"Character is higher than intellect." — EMERSON

BOSTON
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To those who would travel far and see the world's beauty, who would look to the hills from whence cometh strength and climb the heights for a wider view; and to those who would guide them on their way and reveal the beauty of the going —

To the Children and their Teachers
This Book is Dedicated

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To all who have helped to make these books the editor expresses deep appreciation.

First, to my mother, who taught her children the deep things of life: duty, honor, truth; courage, faith, hope; love of home and of country; reverence for God, for each other, and for all His lowly creatures; obedience and devotion; sincerity and simplicity; patience and perseverance; self-denial and self-reliance; kindness and helpfulness; contentment while striving to attain joy in service, and satisfaction in work well done. With a culture not learned in school, — for her island home afforded but little in the way of schools, — but with that richer culture that comes from companionship with a few great books, from communion with God and nature, and from a life well lived, its difficulties faced and its problems solved with an unconquered and an unconquerable spirit, she taught us, by what she did, to do; and inspired us, by what she was, to become. The lessons of life and service, of beauty and truth, that my mother taught will be found within these pages.

To my brother Rufus and my nephew Melvin, who built the log cabin among the spruces on the hilltop, with its wide outlook over sea and shore and peaceful countryside, where before the open fire, to the song of the thrush and the white-throated sparrow and to the sound of rain on the roof, these books were dreamed into being.

To my daughter Katharine and her mother, whose wide reading and search for fine material, whose advice and encouragement, have never failed, and who brought to the task each day a new measure of devotion and service.

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RANDALL J. CONDON

FOREWORD

THERE was never a time when the schools needed more than now to reëxamine what they are teaching and the way they are teaching, to the end that emphasis may be placed where it belongs, upon life and the things that make for useful and worthy living. Formal, static routine, mechanical processes and material, do not produce an education that will function in terms of life. Life can be learned only through living, and the more abundant life comes from the things of the spirit. Since "character is higher than intellect," we need to turn our thoughts to a consideration of character as the supreme end of education, to set ourselves the task of devising ways and means for the development of personal character and for its expression in terms of social and civic service. But character cannot be taught, nor right habits of action formed, by any didactic process. Character grows out of life, is connected with life, expresses itself in terms of life, and must be established through living experiences and through the formation of right habits of action inspired by and conducted according to the highest ideals.

The Atlantic Readers grew out of a profound conviction that there is need of fine and fresh material dealing with moral problems — of books that will deepen the sense of moral truth and inspire to noble action.

As an immediate guide to the preparation and selection of the material, ten thousand representative teachers throughout the country were asked through their superintendents to send statements as to what they were using, what plans they had followed, what had been found of greatest value, and what more they needed to help them in the work of character edu-

cation. These replies, which afford a composite view of what is now being done by the best teachers in the most representative schools of America, have served as the basis for the plan of these books. If the Readers are different, this is due, not only to our own conviction that they should be, but to the demand of teachers and superintendents everywhere for reading of this character. They are designed to be books, not of information, but of inspiration. Yet they contain material of real informational value, and the utmost care has been taken to verify scientific, historic, and other factual statements. Something of fancy, imagination, and dramatic interest may have at times been sacrificed in the interest of truth, but anything lost in this respect has been more than offset by the gain in accuracy.

In addition to the many teachers, hundreds of men and women in other professions and occupations, representing a great cross section of American life at its best, were consulted about their own early reading and its influence on their lives, and were asked for suggestions from their later reading which might best help the young people of this day and generation. Most valuable material came from this source.

No selection has been included that does not deal with some phase of life or service; that does not deepen reverence, inspire faith, hope, or courage, teach kindness and helpfulness, magnify duty, obedience, and love of home and country, or foster some other virtue. Nor does the teaching end with inculcating respect and love for our own nation, for, while this is placed first, world fellowship, sympathetic understanding, good will, and coöperation are duly emphasized.

In the books for the upper grades, where these characteristics are emphasized, neither a "narrow nationalism" nor a vague "internationalism" is taught, but a strong, self-reliant nationalism that would seek and find opportunity for expression in terms of world helpfulness, peace, and fellowship. In this,

as in all other matters, a conscious attempt has been made to teach tolerance, kindness, and open-mindedness in order that the child may learn to see and respect another's point of view upon questions about which there is an honest difference of opinion, to appreciate the settling of controversies by reason instead of by force, and to apply the Golden Rule in all personal, business, social, national, and international relations, so that he may be ready at all times to stand for right and justice no matter what the cost. In the later books especially we have turned back to the times that tried men's souls, giving something of the atmosphere of the days of old, thus helping the children to visualize the stirring times in which our fathers lived and fought for freedom. "Fought for freedom" — that is the only kind of war that we have recognized as worthy of a place in these books of character. And we have not hesitated to tell the story of the service which men and women have given in war as well as in peace, in order that liberty and justice might prevail. These books teach peace founded on justice, but they teach also the beauty of a willingness to die if need be for the sake of truth and honor, for freedom of conscience and of country.

No selection has been included that would tend to create a feeling of intolerance or controversy in social, religious, racial, or political matters. Many otherwise desirable selections have been discarded because they were found to contain a single paragraph or even a sentence that seemed to violate this standard. Far and near, selections have been sought that would help to deepen a sense of good will and fellowship and kindly consideration for others by emphasizing the fine qualities in all mankind. We have endeavored to teach that our pledge to the flag, "one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all," means a national unity of spirit that cannot be divided into groups or sects or races, — into rich and poor, into weak and strong, into those who work on farms, in factories, forests,

and mines, and those who do not have to toil, — this one nation to include all, with liberty of conscience and conduct for each; and that full justice must be done to all if America is to realize the great dream that our fathers dreamed, of social amity, with religious and racial equality for all the people.

The story form was early decided upon for the major portion of each book, since strong narrative and fine biography are the best means of conveying the truths and giving the inspiration desired. To these have been added description, essays, letters, and truly distinctive poetry. Only such selections have been accepted as would help to cultivate some fundamental quality of character. These qualities are presented, however, with no touch of didacticism or self-consciousness, but always in such a natural way as to make them seem altogether desirable and worthy of imitation, thus teaching by the subtle influence of example and suggestion.

In the nature selections, both prose and verse, there might seem to be an exception to the consistent plan of presenting well-defined ideals. But this type of material has been chosen deliberately and with the utmost care, in the belief that what Nature teaches makes for the right and best development of character, and that those who in early life come to love the great out-of-doors and to commune with Nature in her intimate forms will be drawn nearer to God and to man and will build their characters on a foundation that cannot be shaken. Like all the rest, the nature selections have been chosen to give inspiration and, by creating a love of nature, to supply the soul with food to nourish it in later life.

A number of selections, in themselves entirely worthy for the purpose, have been omitted because they may be found in other schoolbooks, and we set ourselves the task of assembling the largest possible amount of material not otherwise available. A few invaluable standard selections from both prose and

poetry have inevitably been included. In certain instances we have presented what might appear to be familiar material, but with so fresh a treatment as to render it virtually new. Much of the verse is new so far as its use in schoolbooks is concerned. We have met with a generous response from a great number of publishers and authors, and in more than one case permission has been given for the use of valuable material for which the privilege of reprinting had never before been granted.

There are two other ideas which have been kept clearly in mind in making these books.

First, realizing that children learn to read during the first two or three years in school, we believe that thereafter they should have material to read from which they may learn. In these books, the material is intended to teach the great lessons of life without which all the rest of their learning is of little avail. The question will be asked: Are these books intended as "basal texts"? By all means, for they deal with the most fundamental things in life: character, courage, service. Here is no need of a mechanical vocabulary. There are, it is true, some unusual words, but these come in naturally in order that children may have the satisfaction of adding them to their vocabulary as they go along. The simpler selections, as to both language and content, have been placed in Books I and II, the more difficult in Books III, IV, and V. In general, Book I should be used in the fourth year in school; Book V in the eighth year (in elementary school or junior high school); Books II, III, and IV in the intervening grades. Nevertheless it is our hope and expectation that pupils in the eighth grade will enjoy reading many of the selections in Books I and II, as well as in III and IV, and that pupils in the fifth and sixth grades will appreciate many of the selections in both earlier and later books.

The second idea is this. Children in school ought to have beautiful books made like those they would enjoy reading out of school. Consequently, in style and binding, printing, and general make-up, the attempt has been made to create books that in themselves will give enjoyment — books that a child would like to hold in his hands, that look and feel like those he would read in the library or at home. A great deal of thought has been given to this phase of the subject — the preparation of books, not for schools, but for children. The Readers have been planned to offer the largest possible amount of value for the price that Boards of Education could reasonably be expected to pay for schoolbooks. They have been made for the profit, not of publishers, but of children. This thought has determined the nature of the binding, the size of the book, the ease with which it lies open for reading, the margins, type, paper, and all such matters as go to the making of beautiful volumes. For beautiful schoolhouses and beautiful schoolbooks are inherently inspirational.

Each volume has an individual name and a word of dedication, to make it like any fine book that may be found outside of school; and we hope the Readers may be used not only in the schoolroom but in the library and at home, where parents and children may enjoy them together.

We have followed the advice of many teachers who asked us not to classify or group the selections by topics, but to place them in a natural and somewhat informal order, adding to the variety of interest and allowing teachers and pupils to use them for reading and class discussion in any order they might prefer. We have also deliberately kept from "cluttering up" the books with suggestions as to how the material should be used. All such "helps" are quite as likely to become hindrances. The Readers are for children and young people, who should not be told how the text is to be presented by the teacher. What we have done is to follow the majority of the

selections with Notes which will stimulate both teacher and child to further original discovery. In each volume there is also a brief pronouncing and defining vocabulary of the most unusual words.

We have tried to make living books, filled with living material, presented in a form to stir the emotions and to inspire youth to noble action. Here the teacher will find many opportunities to apply essential lessons to life. For it is action that forms as well as reveals character, and in the daily school, community, and home lives of the children must be found the incentives for the emulation of humble and heroic virtues.

Whether the material shall be used for oral or for silent reading must be determined by the purpose that the individual teacher has in mind. Many of the selections, because of their stirring action or because of the beauty of the language itself, should be used for oral reading, where the sound of the voice may interpret the deeper meanings or may add to the rhythm and melody of the language. Such reading affords opportunity for discussion, comparison, interpretation, and appreciation. Many others and perhaps most of the longer selections will be used to the best advantage if read silently, either as group or as individual assignments, or as the children themselves may wish to read them, preparatory to class consideration of the full ethical meaning. As to this, a single word of warning — do not attempt to force too many lessons or to draw obvious or hidden truths from all the selections read. If left alone, the material will convey its own truth and teach its own moral, and so leave a more lasting impression. The effect is likely to be weakened by too much discussion. Beauty interprets itself, whether seen in nature, in a fine painting or building or statue, or in conduct. By a few skillful questions or suggestions that help to reveal the message, we can bring the children under the spell of the beautiful, and then leave them alone to dream their dreams.

It is our confident expectation that some of the more difficult selections, read but not fully comprehended now, will afford a reservoir from which deep drafts will be drawn in after years to bring strength and comfort as the meaning becomes clear in the light of later experience and the thought turns back in memory to the time when the selections were read in school and only dimly understood. It is a great mistake to give children only what can be fully comprehended. They need something more.

No selection has been written down to the children; we respect them too much for that. We expect them to rise to noble thoughts, expressed in fine language. They always do, unless teachers or parents deal with them on such a low plane that there is nothing to lift them up.

And now the books are printed. They have been made for the children and their teachers. May their use help to create a reverence for God, an appreciation of nature, a greater respect for parents and older people, kindness and helpfulness one to another; and may these books help to fashion citizens worthy of the institutions received from our fathers, and ready to live — or die, if need be — in protection of the flag and the ideals for which it stands.

A NOTE ON SILENT READING

THE purpose of any book must be the determining factor in its presentation to children. As these Atlantic books are planned for children over nine years of age, they presuppose in the reader a fair degree of technique in both silent and oral reading. Here we find our first hint as to the method of handling this material.

Our next hint lies in the character of the selections made by the compiler, who explains in his Foreword that reading is simply a means to a worth-while end.

The third hint comes from the children in whose hands we place the books.

Try for the moment the experiment of substituting a "treasure chest" for the book. Treasure always arouses curiosity. Curiosity prompts exploration. Instantly hands become the keys needed to open the box, and the child is well launched on his road to discovery. Absorbed in his own search, he has no interest at first in other children, who may also have treasure chests. This is an individual quest and will so remain until the initial wonder, at least, has been satisfied. After the contents have been brought to view — in some cases dumped, as it were, out of the chest; in others, carefully examined — the child may spare the time to glance at the treasure of another, and even to compare notes, to explain, to borrow, to loan, and probably to exchange. Then for the first time the discoverer sees detail, and again and again he goes back to the thing that appeals to him particularly. Who would be so thoughtless as to take away this joy of discovery? Who would force the child to take a red package when he wants the one wrapped in silver? Who would have him save the other treasures until another time?

Following this natural cue, the technique for presenting and handling these books becomes clear and appealingly simple. Each book is a treasure chest and should be put into the hands of the child as such. Surely no one would deaden the spirit of inquiry by saying, "All turn to page one." The teacher's first aim is to

arouse curiosity, for curiosity is there in every child, just waiting to be stirred. The second is to foster curiosity until it prompts exploration. The third, and most difficult, is to allow the child to make his own discoveries.

While the child is lost in his exploration, the teacher will have time to remind herself that the opening of a treasure book is as much an individual exercise as is the opening of a treasure chest, and that, if she interferes, she will defeat her own purpose. She must tell herself that the keys in the hands of the child are his ability and desire to read for his personal enjoyment, and that only in this way can the real feeling of discovery come to him. For this, plenty of time should be given to the child and, wherever needed, much encouragement. Sometimes it happens that days elapse before he is ready to share what he has found, or to listen to the discovery of another, but this by no means signifies that the golden opportunity has been lost.

Joy in discovery through reading must be the fundamental thought in the use of books of this type. Where there is real joy, sharing it with another is a perfectly natural step. The teacher must be ready for this opportunity and must see its full possibilities. These include retelling, discussion, oral reading of beautiful selections, and following the varied and alluring hints found in the Notes and new avenues of investigation suggested by the children, which would in their natural course lead to the use of other books and the sharing of real experiences.

When material is presented in this way, silent reading is necessitated by the initial mood of curiosity, which has been deliberately aroused. It becomes the wingèd horse that, by its very swiftness, carries the reader happily to the desired end. Oral reading, on the other hand, by the slowness of its pace deadens the spirit of curiosity and often defeats the very object that it seeks.

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HIGH AND FAR

HIGH AND FAR

"It is astonishing," said John Muir, "how high and far we can climb in mountains we love."

From his boyhood this man had been a keen lover of adventure and a brother to all growing things. This is only natural for a lad, but Muir's interest constantly increased as he grew older, until the out-of-door world became his very life. He and Nature were like intimate friends, and through all his years he shared her quiet secrets.

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings," he told the world. "Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

In the foreground of science John Muir stands out as one of the world's most eager and most intelligent naturalists. He was a mountaineer of extraordinary skill and amazing endurance and daring. One of his spirited and hazardous ventures proved so amusing to him that he had to write about it to a friend, whom he addressed as "Highland Lassie Alice." It must be that people who are very fond of nature are very fond of children too, for the great naturalist, John Burroughs, found

high happiness in tramping through woods and fields with young friends at his side. This is Muir's merry letter: —

My dear Highland Lassie Alice, —

I was up on the top of Mount Shasta, and it is very high and all deep-buried in snow, and I am tired with the hard climbing and wading and wallowing. When I was coming up here on purpose to climb Mount Shasta, people would often say to me, "Where are you going?" and I would say, "To Shasta," and they would say, "Shasta City?" and I would say, "Oh, no, I mean Mount Shasta." Then they would laugh and say, "Mount Shasta! Why, man, you can't go on Mount Shasta *now*. You're two months too late. The snow is ten feet deep on it, and you would be all buried up in the snow, and freeze to death!" And then I would say, "But I like snow, and I like frost and ice, and I'm used to climbing and wallowing in it." And they would say, "Oh, that's all right enough to talk about or sing about, but I'm a mountaineer myself, and know all about that Shasta Butte, and you just can't go. . . ." But I did go, because I loved snow and mountains better than they did. Some places I had to creep, and some places to slide, and some places to scramble, but most places I had to climb, climb, climb deep in the frosty snow. . . . I found a place at

the foot of a low bunch of trees and made a hollow and gathered wood and built a cheery fire and soon was warm; and though the wind and the snow swept wildly past, I was snug-bug-rug, and in three days I came down here. But I liked the storm and wanted to stay longer.

JOHN MUIR

NOTE. — When John Muir was a boy, he and his mates would lie on their backs in the meadows of Scotland, listening to the wonderful singing of the sky-larks, watching their flight up and up into the dome of the sky. "I see him yet! I see him yet!" the boys would cry to each other.

Do you ever have a thought that soars and soars high and far, and, if you let it out like a kite on a string and then draw it back, it is still yours to hold close and carry home? You know a man cannot always keep evil thoughts from winging their way into his head, but he can keep them from nesting there. How many beautiful thoughts have you had to-day that you could watch soar into the clear sunlight of the open? Let them fly, but listen to their words as they sing themselves over and over to your inner ear. Then you will be finding another idea and yet another, until one day you will have enough to begin building a real Castle of Thought all your own. You may even dare to say, "My mind to me a kingdom is." And sometimes you will invite your friends to come far into the recesses of your Castle, high into the pure air of your mind's own realm.

In *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth* you may read many an interesting thing about John Muir — as interesting as this letter to his "Highland Lassie Alice."

SONG FOR TWO GREYHOUNDS

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it.
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

Sir Walter Scott

Note. — This is sung by David Gellatley, a character in the novel, *Waverley*, by Sir Walter Scott. "The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie's voice singing to the two large deer greyhounds." *Waverley* is a tale of the rebellion of the Chevalier Prince Charles Edward ("Bonnie Prince Charlie," as his friends called him, or "The Young Pretender," as he is known in history) in Scotland, in 1745.

There is a story about Bonnie Prince Charlie in this book. It is called "The Coming of Angus Og." Have you seen pictures of the way the chevaliers dressed, with flowing curls and beautiful point-lace collars? Yes! The Children of Charles I, with Baby Stuart. When you read "The Coming of Angus Og," you will say it is no wonder that ragged Kenneth thought the Prince beautiful.

THE TINKER'S WILLOW

One day, when my Grandfather Gifford was about seven years old, he looked across the road to his father's blacksmith shop, and, seeing someone sitting on the bench by the door, went over to find out who it was.

He found a little old man, with thick, bushy eyebrows and bright blue eyes. His clothes were made all of leather, which creaked and rattled when he moved. By his side was a partly open pack, in which grandfather could see curious tools and sheets of shiny tin. By that he knew that the man was the traveling tinker who came once or twice a year to mend leaky pans and pails, and of whom he had heard his mother speak.

The old man was eating his luncheon — a slice or two of bread, a bit of meat, and a cold potato; and because it seemed so poor a luncheon grandfather went back to the house and brought two big

apples from the cellar. The old man thanked him and ate the apples. Then he got up, brushed the bread crumbs from his leather breeches, and, taking a little tin dipper from his pack, went down to the brook for a drink of water. When he had had his fill, he came back to the bench and sat down.

"Now, my boy," he said, "we will make a tree grow here by the brook. There should be one, for shade."

"Make a tree!" cried grandfather. "How can we make a tree? I thought only God made trees."

"True," said the old man. "Only God makes trees; but sometimes we can help Him."

With that, he took from the bench at his side a stick that he had cut somewhere by the road and had been using for a cane. It was slender and straight, and grandfather noticed that the bark was smooth and of a beautiful light green.

"Of this," said the old man, "we will make a tree in which the birds of the air shall build their nests, and under which the beasts of the field shall find shelter and rest in the heat of the day. But first there shall be music, to please the spirits of the springtime. Take this stick down to the brook, and wet it all over."

So my grandfather took the stick and did as the old man told him. When he came back to the bench, the tinker had a large horn-handled knife open in his hand. With the blade, which seemed

very sharp, he made a single cut through the bark of the stick, about a foot from one end, and, by holding the knife still and spinning the stick slowly toward him in his fingers, he carried the cut all the way round. Then near the end he cut a deep notch, and four or five smaller notches in a line farther down; and after that he laid the stick across his knee and, turning it all the while, began to pound it gently with the handle of the knife.

When he had pounded a long time, he laid down the knife, and, taking the stick in both hands, gave it a little twist. At that, grandfather heard something pop, and he saw the bark slip from the end of the stick above the knife-cut, all whole except for the notches — a smooth, green tube.

Of the part of the stick from which he had slipped the bark the old man cut away more than half, and across the upper end he made a smooth, slanting cut. Then he bade grandfather wet the stick again, and, when that was done, he slipped the bark back to its place, and put the end of the stick in his mouth, and began to blow; and out of the holes he had cut — which he stopped, one after another, with his fingers — came what grandfather said was the sweetest music he had ever heard: music like the voice of a bird singing a long way off, or like that of a tiny bell.

As the old man played, he seemed to forget all about grandfather; but by and by he laid down the

whistle, and smiled, and said, "Come. Now we will make the tree."

And together the old man and the boy walked down to the brook, and crossed over, on some stepping-stones, to a place where the ground was soft and black and wet; and there, while the boy held the stick straight, the old man pushed it far down into the mud until it stood firm and true, with a whistle at the upper end of it. And the old man took off his hat, and, bowing to the stick, seemed to my grandfather to make a speech to it.

"Little brother," he said, "we leave you here, where you will never be hungry or thirsty. You have made your little music for us to-day, but when you have grown tall and strong, One who is greater than I shall play upon you with the breath of His mighty winds; and when this little boy is older than I am now," — here he put his hand on my grandfather's head, — "his children's children shall hear your music and be glad."

In a little while after that, the old man put on his pack and went away; but my grandfather could not forget him, and almost every day he looked at the stick by the brook. The whistle at the top began to wither and dry up; the loose bark cracked open and fell away, until it seemed as if the whole stick must be dead. But one day my grandfather saw that a tiny bud had appeared below where the whistle had been; and the bud

WHILE THE BOY HELD THE STICK STRAIGHT, THE OLD MAN PUSHED IT FAR DOWN INTO THE MUD UNTIL IT STOOD FIRM AND TRUE

became a little sprout, and the sprout a shoot, and other shoots followed, until the stick was indeed a little tree.

Through all the years that came after, it grew taller and stronger, until the Tinker's Willow was known as the greatest tree in all the countryside, and the birds did, indeed, build their nests among its branches, and the cattle lay in its shade in the hot noontide.

Even when my grandfather was an old, old man, and had grown-up sons and daughters and many grandchildren, he loved to sit on the bench by the shop and listen to the voice of the wind among the leaves of the great tree; and then, if we asked him, he would tell us again of the tinker who planted it, and of the music that came from the stick out of which it grew.

EDWARD W. FRENTZ

NOTE. — The spring of the year is the best time to make a whistle. The willow twig is supple, and the bark slips off easily, moistened by the flowing sap. The tinker knew that it is a more beautiful thing to plant a tree than even to make a whistle, so he planted the tree with music. The pussy willows by the brookside yield up their pretty sprays in springtime. These little sprays will grow again eagerly if planted in the wet black earth that fairly asks for them.

MY TREASURES

I HAVE a golden ball,
A big, bright, shining one,
Pure gold; and it is all
Mine — it is the sun.

I have a silver ball,
A white and glistering stone
That other people call
The moon — my very own!

The jewel things that prick
My cushion's soft blue cover
Are mine — my stars, thick, thick,
Scattered the sky all over.

And everything that's mine
Is yours, and yours, and yours —
The shimmer and the shine!
Let's lock our wealth out-doors!

FLORENCE CONVERSE

NOTE. — This song is from a play called *A Masque of Sibyls*. A sibyl is a prophetess. The children who sing this song are building a city wall of broken bits of stone and colored marbles, on the edge of Eternity, and it is their beautiful mind picture of the truly Eternal City. For the pattern is needed a pearl, and Felice, who has heaps, says, "Come choose! . . . Brunhilda knows my jewels; she shall choose."

"And shall I say a riddle?" asks Brunhilda. "Shall I say a rune [tune] of riches while I choose the pearl?"

"Yes, yes, Brunhilda!" says Ion; and Hereward says, "Yes; I love thy riddles." Then with face uplifted, eyes tight shut, and little hands groping among the white stones, Brunhilda chants the rune of riches. She recites the first three stanzas of her rune very slowly, but at the fourth she stands erect, opens her eyes, and holds up the chosen pearl. The children laugh and caper, embracing one another, chanting: —

"And everything that's mine
Is yours, and yours, and yours!
And everything that's mine
Is yours, and yours, and yours!"

BOYS AND GIRLS[1]

In the summer of 1866 there was an unusually large number of children at Mårbacka. Besides Daniel and Johan Lagerlöf, sons of the house, there were Teodor, Otto, and Hugo Hammargren, cousins on the paternal side, who, with their parents, were spending the whole summer at Mårbacka. Ernst and Klas Schenson, cousins on the maternal side, had also come for the summer.

But, indeed, they were not all! Herman, Bernhard, and Edvin Milén of the neighboring farm must also be counted as members of the company, and Adolf Noreen of Herrestad came over two or

[1] Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard.

three times a week to play with the boys. And of course there were Anna, Selma, and Gerda Lagerlöf, though Gerda, who was only three years old, hardly counted; nor were Anna and Selma of any importance when there were so many boys around.

That summer the lads had hit upon a jollier and more satisfying pastime than any of previous years. The first few weeks they spent in the usual way — picking berries, lying on the grass, swinging in the rope swing, shooting arrows, pitching quoits, and playing leapfrog. But after a time they wearied of these petty diversions, and talked of taking up some serious and productive work. They had an eye to a bit of woodland just beyond the avenue, which was bounded on the west by the road ditch, on the east by towering Asberget, on the north by a stone wall, and on the south by a deep gravel pit, so that the whole area, which covered about one sixteenth of an acre, lay quite detached and well secluded.

On closer inspection, the boys discovered that the land had a bountiful supply of rocks, and its vegetation consisted mostly of juniper bushes, spruce saplings, and bracken. At the northern end there was a little brook, — which ran dry in high summer, — and along its shores grew some fine alder bushes. In the crevices of the mountain wall grew polypody, a kind of fern to which the boys

attached great value. At the south end there were four large spruces, while in the midst of the territory stood a tall, thickly branched pine.

The whole region was evidently devoid of culture, its only inhabitants being squirrels, woodpeckers, and ants. Now the boys thought this wilderness ought to have the benefit of the blessings of civilization, and they decided to emigrate and settle there.

Their first move was to stake out their homesteads. Teodor Hammargren, who was sixteen years of age and the nominal head of the expedition, claimed a towering rock, which afforded him a splendid view of the whole country. Daniel Lagerlöf, who was fifteen and next in age and standing, appropriated the four large spruces and the fine rock wall behind them. Johan Lagerlöf and Otto Hammargren, who were schoolfellows and good pals, took joint possession of the northernmost tract, with the dried-out brook and the alder grove.

Ernst Schenson, who was but twelve, contented himself with a scraggy rock. The others wondered what joy he could have of that. His brother Klas, who was only a little chap, also chose a rock; but he seemed to have got the better position, for he had a shading juniper close by. Hugo Hammargren claimed as his portion the solitary pine, which no one begrudged him. Herman Milén, aged ten,

found a big uprooted spruce lying with its roots in the air and its trunk full of branches. His little brothers, Bernhard and Edvin, who were twins and only eight, came near not getting anything at all; however, they were each finally allotted the stump of a tree.

Adolf Noreen had not been at Mårbacka the day the land was apportioned, and there was great consternation when he appeared and demanded his share of the spoils; for by that time every available spot had already been taken. Luckily, Teodor Hammargren hit upon the thought of allowing him a shelf of rock in the mountain wall; and with that, peace was restored.

But if Anna and Selma had entertained any hopes of owning homes in the settlement, they were sadly mistaken. Why, they were just

girls, and it never even occurred to the boys that they might wish to be included.

The lads were having such good times all by themselves in their new colony! Teodor Hammargren carried up moss to his tower to make him a comfortable seat. He had built a stone stairway by which he could easily pass up and down.

THE LADS WERE HAVING SUCH GOOD TIMES ALL BY THEMSELVES IN THEIR NEW COLONY

Daniel Lagerlöf had cleared the ground between the spruces and the rock wall, and fitted up a salon with moss-covered stone seats along three sides. His was the most comfortable and attractive place of all.

Johan and Otto made for themselves a semicircular moss sofa in amid their tangle of alders. That was also considered a very desirable location. Ernst Schenson made him a wide, moss-covered lounge, with his big rock as back rest; but his brother Klas was a little do-nothing, who just

sprawled on the ground under his juniper bush and did not bother to drag stones and moss for a bench.

Hugo Hammargren had begged some board ends from the Lieutenant's carpenter and nailed them in a crotch of his pine, so that he had a grand seat. Adolf Noreen made a moss bed on his shelf of rock, where he enjoyed solid comfort when once he had clambered up. Herman Milén had dug a cave for himself under his uprooted tree, and even the small twins had spread a bit of moss over their stumps.

But Anna and Selma had nowhere to build and nothing to furnish. They wandered about the farm, utterly deserted, not knowing what to do to amuse themselves.

The boys, meanwhile, had more and more fun as their commune developed. They soon found it necessary to have a regular administration and judiciary, and elected Teodor Hammargren High Chieftain and Judge. Daniel Lagerlöf was appointed Master of the Mint, and had to issue paper currency. Johan became a bailiff and Otto Hammargren a petty constable.

Now that they had money to do with, the boys began to buy and sell stone and gravel, moss and earth. Some did a brisk trade and grew rich; but Hugo Hammargren and Herman Milén were regular spendthrifts, and they were, moreover, guilty of appropriating ferns from another's estate.

The bailiff had to arrest them and put them in the jail — an old smithy which lay conveniently at the roadside.

Anna and Selma still went about the farm by themselves. Anna averred that the next time the boys asked her to crochet a ball for them she'd say No! Nor would she help them make taffy. Selma, who was only seven, did n't know what to do to get even with the boys, but she could at least refuse to let them haul gravel in her little cart.

Life up at the colony was so thrilling, the boys all declared they had never had such good sport. They sat in council and discussed affairs of state; they voted to build roads, and to construct a great stone bridge across the ditch in order to connect the colony with the outer world. All the lads over twelve years of age were to do the road-breaking and stonecutting, while the younger ones were to haul gravel. But afterward it seemed that Hugo Hammargren and Herman Milén would not help with the work, and from that arose many grave complications. Hugo and Herman, since they had no respect for law and order, were now looked upon as the black sheep of the colony. Even the jail had no terrors for them, so it was difficult to know just what course of procedure to follow in their case.

Anna and Selma, down on the farm, tried to amuse themselves by shooting with the boys'

bows and arrows and pitching their quoits. They said they had quite as much fun in winter, when the boys were away at school. Anna vowed that never again would she let any boy look at the big doll her aunt had given her for Christmas, which

HE FOUND THE GIRLS DOWN BY THE POND SAILING THE BOYS' BOATS

was over two feet tall, and wore shoes and stockings, corset and crinoline, and had a bed of its own with sheets and pillowcases, and a trunk for its clothes — and everything.

Up at the colony things were flourishing. One fine day, at a town meeting, it was moved that a public house be opened. The motion was carried, and Master of the Mint Daniel Lagerlöf was elected

Keeper of the Tavern, because he had the roomiest dwelling.

The new Boniface [1] must have found it rather tiring, trying to satisfy the demands of his customers for home-brewed ginger beer, wild raspberries, green apples, and polypody. Of a sudden it struck him that he had a couple of sisters; and immediately he went over to the farm, where he found the girls down by the pond sailing the boys' boats and promising each other never again to play with the boys or even so much as look at them.

"You may come up to the colony, girls, and be waitresses at my tavern!"

Anna and Selma let the boats sail whither they would. Not a word did they say about being forgotten and left to shift for themselves all this long time. They went right along with their brother to the boys' colony, blissfully happy.

SELMA LAGERLÖF

NOTE. — Selma Lagerlöf is a Swedish author. Mårbacka, which was her birthplace, gave its name to the story of her own life. Miss Lagerlöf's mother came of a family of artists and clergymen, but her father was an army officer. In 1902 she was commissioned by the National Teachers' Association of Sweden to write a school textbook that should present in story form the folklore and the geographical peculiarities of the different provinces of Sweden, with

[1] The name of a sleek, jolly landlord in a story.

descriptions of the plant and animal life. This story turned out to be *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils.* Miss Lagerlöf has received many honors for her books, but the greatest was the winning of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1909. She was the first woman to have this honor.

The Nobel prizes were first awarded in 1901. They are a series of five annual prizes provided for by the will of Alfred Bernhard Nobel, and are intended for the reward of individuals who work for the benefit of humankind in the following five fields: (1) Physics; (2) Chemistry; (3) Medicine; (4) Literature; (5) Peace.

WANDERERS

Wide are the meadows of night,
  And daisies are shining there,
Tossing their lovely dews,
  Lustrous and fair;
And through these sweet fields go,
  Wanderers amid the stars —
Venus, Mercury, Uranus, Neptune,
  Saturn, Jupiter, Mars.

Attired in their silver, they move,
  And circling, whisper and say,
"Fair are the blossoming meads of delight
  Through which we stray."

Walter de la Mare

NOTE. — The planets belong to our solar system, and like the earth, revolve about the sun. That is why we see them move across the background of the stars. The planets do not radiate light of their own, but take their shine from the sun, just as the moon does, or the motes of dust that dance in a sunbeam. Stars shine of their own light; for they are other suns, and far, far away — "the jewel things that prick my cushion's soft blue cover."

Can you tell something about our solar planets? Mars is red, but most like the earth. It has canals, and we wonder if there are people on it. Jupiter, the huge planet, has moons. And Saturn has rings, to be seen through the telescope.

There are three skyey poems in this book. "My Treasures" is about the sun, the moon, and the stars, thick-sprinkled and twinkling. "Wanderers" is about the planets, which do not twinkle, but move "attired in their silver." "What Do the Stars Do?" is about "each star in its own glory," circling so far away that we cannot understand its movement or its meaning.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF LONG EARS

I

AWAY beyond the Thin Hills, above the Big Lone Tree upon the Powder River, the Uncpapa Sioux had celebrated their Sun Dance, some forty years ago. It was midsummer and the red folk were happy. They lacked for nothing. The

yellowish-green flat on either side of the Powder was studded with wild flowers, and the cottonwood trees were in full leaf. One large circle of buffalo-skin teepees formed the movable village.

The tribal rites had all been observed, and the usual summer festivities enjoyed to the full. The camp, as it broke up, divided itself in three parts, each of which had determined to seek a favorite hunting ground.

One band journeyed west, toward the Tongue River. One followed a branch of the Powder to the south. The third merely changed camp, on account of the grazing for ponies, and for four days remained near the old place.

The party that went west did not fail to realize the perilous nature of their wanderings, for they were trespassing upon the country of the warlike Crows.

On the third day at sunrise, breakfast of jerked buffalo meat had been served, and the women were adjusting their packs. Weeko (Beautiful Woman), the young wife of the war chief Shunkaska, who had made many presents at the dances in honor of her twin boys, now gave one of her remaining ponies to a poor old woman whose only beast of burden, a large dog, had died during the night.

This made it necessary to shift the packs of the others. Nakpa (Long Ears), her kitten-like gray mule, which had heretofore been honored with the

precious burden of the twin babies, was to be given a heavier load. Weeko's two-year-old spotted pony was selected to carry the babies.

Accordingly the two children, in their gorgeously beaded buckskin hoods, were suspended upon either side of the pony's saddle. They were beautifully dressed; even the saddle and bridle were daintily worked by Weeko's own hands.

The caravan was now in motion, and Weeko started all her ponies after the leader, while she adjusted the mule's clumsy burden of kettles and other household gear.

"Go on, let us see how you move with your new load! Go on!" she exclaimed, with a light blow of the horsehair lariat, as the animal stood perfectly still.

Nakpa gave an angry side glance at her load and shifted her position once or twice. Then she threw herself headlong into the air and landed stiff-legged, uttering at the same time her unearthly protest. First she dove straight through the crowd, then whirled in a circle, her heels making wonderful curves and sweeps in the air. Her pack, too, began to come to pieces and to take flight in all directions from her body and heels, in the midst of the screams of women and children, the barking of dogs, and the war whoops of the amused young braves.

The cowskin tent fell from her saddle, and

Nakpa stood free. Her sides worked like a bellows as she stood there, meekly indignant, apparently considering herself to be the victim of an uncalled-for misunderstanding.

"I should put an arrow through her at once, only she is not worth a good arrow," said Shunkaska (White Dog), the husband of Weeko.

"No," replied Weeko, "she shall have her own pack again. She wants her twins. I ought never to have taken them from her!"

Weeko approached Nakpa as she stood alone and unfriended in the face of her little world. She gave a hesitating, sidelong look at her mistress.

"Nakpa, you should not have acted so. I knew you were stronger than the others, therefore I gave you that load," said Weeko, patting her on the nose. "Come now, you shall have your own pet pack," and she led Nakpa back to where the young pony stood silently with the babies.

The sleeping brown-skinned babies in their hoods were gently lowered from the pony's back and attached securely to Nakpa's padded wooden saddle. The family pots and kettles were divided among the pack ponies. Order was restored and the village was once more in motion.

"Come now, Nakpa; you have your wish. You must take good care of my babies. Be good, because I have trusted you," murmured the young mother in her softest tones.

II

Shunkaska now started ahead to join the men in advance of the slow-moving procession, leaving Weeko in charge of her household. One or two of the pack ponies were not well trained and required all her attention. Nakpa had been a faithful servant until her escapade of the morning, and now she seemed satisfied with her mistress's arrangements. She walked alongside with her lariat dragging, and perfectly free to do as she pleased.

Some hours later the party ascended a slope from the river bottom, to cross over the divide that lay between the Powder River and a tributary stream. The ford was deep, with a swift current. Here and there a bald butte stood out against the brilliant blue sky.

"Whoo, whoo!" came the bloodcurdling signal of danger from the front. The rovers knew it only too well. It meant sudden death — or at best a cruel struggle and frantic flight.

Terrified, the women turned to fly while yet there was time. Instantly the mother looked to Nakpa, who carried on either side of the saddle her precious boys. She hurriedly examined the fastenings to see that all was secure, and then caught her swiftest pony. Like all Indian women, she knew just what was happening, and that while

her husband was fighting in front with the enemy she must seek safety with her babies.

Hardly was she in the saddle when a war whoop sounded on their flank, and she knew that they were surrounded. She reached for her husband's second quiver of arrows, which was carried by one of the pack ponies. Alas! The Crow warriors were already upon them! The ponies became unmanageable, and the wild screams of women and children pierced the awful confusion.

Quick as a flash, Weeko turned again to her babies, but Nakpa had already disappeared.

When the Crows made their charge, Nakpa took a desperate chance to save herself and the babies. She fled straight through the attacking force.

When the warriors came howling upon her in great numbers, she at once started back the way she had come, to the camp left behind. They had traveled nearly three days. To be sure, they did not travel more than fifteen miles a day, but it was fully forty miles to cover before dark.

"Look! Look!" exclaimed a warrior. "Two babies hung from the saddle of a mule!"

No one heeded this man's call, and his arrow did not touch Nakpa or either of the boys, but it struck the thick part of the saddle over the mule's back.

"Whoo, whoo!" yelled another Crow to his comrades. "The Sioux have dispatched a runner

to get reënforcements! There he goes, down on the flat! Now he has almost reached the river bottom!"

It was only Nakpa. She laid back her ears and stretched out more and more to gain the river, for she realized that when she had crossed the ford the Crows would not pursue her farther.

Now she had reached the bank. With the intense heat from her exertions, she was extremely nervous, and she imagined a warrior behind every bush. Yet she had enough sense left to realize that she must not satisfy her thirst. She tried the bottom with her forefoot, then waded carefully into the deep stream.

She kept her big ears well to the front as she swam, to catch the slightest sound. As she stepped on the opposite shore, she shook herself and the boys vigorously, then pulled a few mouthfuls of grass and started on.

Soon one of the babies began to cry, and the other was not long in joining him. Nakpa did not know what to do. She gave a gentle whinny, and both babies apparently stopped to listen; then she took up an easy gait as if to put them to sleep.

These tactics answered only for a time. As she fairly flew over the lowlands, the babies' hunger increased, and they screamed so loud that a passing coyote had to sit up on his haunches and wonder what in the world the fleeing long-eared horse was

carrying on his saddle. Even magpies and crows flew near as if to learn the meaning of this curious sound.

III

Nakpa now came to the Little Trail Creek, a tributary of the Powder, not far from the old camp. There she swerved aside so suddenly as almost to jerk her babies out of their cradles. Two gray wolves, one on each side, approached her, growling low — their white teeth showing.

Never in her life had Nakpa been in more desperate straits. The larger of the wolves came fiercely forward, while his mate was to attack from behind. But for once the pair had made a miscalculation. The mule used her front hoofs vigorously on the foremost wolf, while her hind ones were doing even more effective work. The larger wolf soon went limping away with a broken hip, and the one in the rear received a deep cut on the jaw.

A little farther on, an Indian hunter drew near on horseback, but Nakpa did not pause or slacken her pace. On she fled through the long dry grass of the river bottoms, while her babies slept again from sheer exhaustion. Toward sunset she entered the Sioux camp amid great excitement, for someone had spied her afar off, and the boys and the dogs announced her coming.

"Whoo, whoo! Weeko's Nakpa has come back with the twins! Whoo, whoo!" exclaimed the men. "Tokee, tokee! (Well, well!)" cried the women.

Zeezeewin, a sister to Weeko, who was in the village, came forward and released the children, as Nakpa gave a low whinny and stopped.

"Sing a Brave-Heart song for the Long-Eared One! She has escaped alone with her charge. She is entitled to wear an eagle's feather! Look at the arrow in her saddle! And more, she has a knife wound in her jaw and an arrow-cut on her hind leg — No, those are the marks of a wolf's teeth! She has passed through many dangers and saved two chief's sons, who will some day make the Crows sorry for this day's work!"

The speaker was an old man, who thus addressed the fast-gathering throng.

Zeezeewin now came forward again with an eagle feather and some white paint in her hands. The young men rubbed Nakpa down, and the feather, marked with red to indicate her wounds, was fastened to her mane. Shoulders and hips were touched with red paint to show her endurance in running. Then the crier, praising her brave deed in heroic verse, led her around the camp, inside the circle of teepees. All the people stood outside their lodges and listened respectfully, for the Dakota loves well to honor the faithful and the brave.

During the next day, riders came in from the ill-fated party, bringing the sad news of the fight and heavy loss. Late in the afternoon came Weeko, her face swollen with crying, her beautiful hair cut short in mourning, her garments torn and covered with dust and blood. Her husband had fallen in the fight, and her twin boys she supposed to have been taken captive by the Crows. Singing in a hoarse voice the praises of her departed warrior, she entered the camp. As she approached her sister's teepee, there stood Nakpa, still wearing her honorable decorations. At the same moment, Zeezeewin came out to meet her with both babies in her arms.

"Mechinkshee! Mechinkshee! (My sons! My sons!)" was all that the poor mother could say, as she all but fell from the saddle to the ground. Long Ears had not betrayed her trust.

CHARLES A. EASTMAN

NOTE. — This story is written by a real Indian. In his boyhood Doctor Eastman was called Ohiyesa (the Winner). He was born and brought up among the Sioux, who were his people. As a tiny child, he slept in just such an embroidered cradle as those in which Weeko's babies traveled. But Ohiyesa's cradle was made beautiful and his childhood happy by Uncheedah, his good grandmother. Uncheedah taught him all the things an Indian child should know, and sang to him many songs.

When you play, play hard. When you work, don't play at all.

ROOSEVELT

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

MANN

AROWP — SONG OF THE MOCKING BIRD[1]

(From the Yuma Indians)

[THIS "Song of the Mocking Bird" was sung by Chiparopai. It is a song of happiness. The Yuma Indians live beneath the rainless desert skies and love the days when thin little clouds veil the blue. The mocking bird is a voice of melody in the silent desert.]

AROWP	SONG OF THE MOCKING BIRD
'Mai ariwa — 'riwa — 'Mai ariwa — 'riwa —	"Thin little clouds are spread Across the blue of the sky, Thin little clouds are spread — Oh, happy am I as I sing, I sing of the clouds in the sky."
Shakwa tza mi na hi Shakwa tza mi na	Thus tells the bird, 'T is the mocking bird who sings, And I stop to hear, For he is glad at heart And I will list to his message.
Hunya kwa pai va Hunya kwa hul pa	Then up the hill, Up the hill I go my straight road, The road of good — Up the hill I go my straight road, The happy road and good.

[1] From *The Indians' Book*, by Natalie Curtis, copyright 1907, by Natalie Curtis; copyright 1923, by Paul Burlin; published by Harper & Brothers.

NOTE. — The meaning is only implied, not fully expressed, by the words of this song, but the Indians understand all that lies behind the few syllables. Their songs are very haunting, and the tones not exactly those of our scale. Each time, Chiparopai sang "'Mai ariwa" with a different expression, drawing out the words so that they were full of new meaning.

Of this song Chiparopai said: "I am going my way when I hear the mocking bird singing. It sings only when it is happy, so I stop to listen. It sings that the world is fair, the clouds are in the sky, and it is glad at heart. Then I too am glad at heart, and go on my uphill road — the road of goodness and happiness."

The exact translation of this Yuma song is: —

AROWP (*Song*)

Amai	sky
ariwa	thinly covered with clouds
shakwakwa (sung *shakwa*)	mocking bird
tza mi na hi	it is he who sings
hunya kwa pai va	I go up the grade
hunya kwa hul pa	I go up on the level (or straight road)

"I go on the straight road" means "I am good and happy."

In the following song of the Chippewas[1] there are only four Indian words, but it is a long and beautiful song — a dream song of forgotten warriors: —

[1] From *Chippewa Music* — II, by Frances Densmore. Smithsonian Institution: Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 53, published by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

A SONG OF SPRING (*"Crossing Sky"*)

wa′paba′ ..... as my eyes
ina′biyan′ ..... search
mûc′kode′ ..... the prairie
noñgo′migodjini′bĭn ..... I feel the summer in the spring

Here are the words of several other Chippewa songs: —

ONE WIND

be′jĭg ..... one
no′dĭn ..... wind
ninga′nawĕndan′ ..... I am master of it

THE SKY WILL RESOUND

ta′mĭnwe′ we ..... it will resound finely
gi′jĭg ..... the sky
tci′binonda′gosinan′ ..... when I come making a noise

ONE BIRD

be′jĭg ..... one
bĭnĕ′si ..... bird
niwi′djĭwa′ ..... I am going with him

TWO FOXES FACE EACH OTHER

wĕonda′sûma′biwad′ ..... they face each other
wagucûg′ ..... two foxes
mima′djiä′biyan′ ..... I will sit between them

From these songs we discover some real Chippewa words — *be′jĭg* means "one" and *gi′jĭg*, "sky." In the Yuma language *amai* is "sky."

The Indians do not write down their songs. They

sing them, one to another. When an Indian goes from one village to the next he is asked, "Have you brought us any new songs?"

ONAWANDAH

I

Long ago, when hostile Indians haunted the great forests and every settlement had its fort for the protection of the inhabitants, in one of the towns on the Connecticut River lived Parson Bain and his little son and daughter. The mother was dead, but an old servant took care of them.

The friendly Indians, who sometimes came for food or powder, were regarded with suspicion by the people. No man went to work without his gun near by.

One autumn night, when the first heavy rains were falling, a knock came at the minister's door, and opening it, he found an Indian boy, ragged, hungry, and footsore, who begged for food and shelter. In his broken way he told how he had fallen ill and been left to die by enemies who had taken him from his own people, months before; how he had wandered for days till almost sinking; and that he had come now to ask for help, led by the hospitable light in the parsonage window.

"Send him away, master, or harm will come of

it," said old Becky harshly, while little Eunice hid in the old servant's ample skirts, and twelve-year-old Reuben laid his hand on his crossbow, ready to defend his sister if need be. But the good man drew the poor lad in, saying: "Come in, child, and be fed."

Leaving his face to express the gratitude he had no words to tell, the boy sat by the comfortable fire and ate like a famished wolf. Something in his pinched face, wounded foot, and eyes full of dumb pain and patience touched the little girl's tender heart. She brought her own basin of new milk and, setting it beside the stranger, ran to hide behind her father, suddenly remembering that this was one of the dreaded Indians.

Next day, neighbors came to see the waif, and one and all advised sending him away as soon as possible, since he was doubtless a spy, as Becky said.

"When he is well, he may go whithersoever he will; but while he is too lame to walk, weak with hunger, and worn out with weariness, I will harbor him," answered the parson, with firmness. But the neighbors kept a close watch upon Onawandah.

He was very lame for weeks, and could only sit in the sun, weaving pretty baskets for Eunice, and shaping bows and arrows for Reuben. The children were soon his friends, for with them he was always gentle, trying in his soft language and

expressive gestures to show his good will and gratitude. When he was able to walk, he taught the boy to find fish where others failed, and to guide himself in the wilderness by star and sun, wind and water. To Eunice he brought little offerings of bark and feathers; taught her to make moccasins of skin, belts of shells, or pouches gay with porcupine quills and colored grass.

"Let him remember only kindness of us, and so we turn a foe into a friend," said Parson Bain.

Winter came, and the settlers fared hardly through the long months. But the minister's family never lacked wild meat, for Onawandah proved himself a better hunter than any man in the town. He never joined in their games, and he sat apart when the young folk made merry. Why he stayed when he was well again, no one could tell, unless he waited for spring to make his way to his own people.

II

"Be of good cheer, little daughter; I shall be gone but three days, and our brave Onawandah will guard you well," said the parson, one April morning, as he mounted his horse to visit a distant settlement.

Two days later it seemed as if Becky were a true prophet and the confiding minister had been terribly deceived; for Onawandah went away to

hunt, and that night the awful war whoop woke the sleeping villagers, to find their houses burning, while hidden Indians shot at them by the light of the fires kindled by dusky scouts. In terror and confusion, the whites flew to the fort; and while the men fought bravely the women held blankets to catch arrows and bullets, or bound up the hurts of their defenders.

It was all over by daylight, and then it was discovered that Becky and the parson's children were gone; and great was the bewailing, for the good man was much beloved by all his flock.

Suddenly the smothered voice of Becky was heard by a party of visitors, calling dolefully: "I am here, betwixt the beds. Pull me out, neighbors, for I am half dead with fright and smothering."

The old woman was quickly extricated from her hiding place, and with much energy declared that she had seen Onawandah, disguised with war paint, among the Indians, and that he had torn away the children from her arms before she could fly from the house. As the sympathizing neighbors stood about her, the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard, and the parson came down the hilly road like one riding for his life. He had seen the smoke afar off, guessed the sad truth, and hurried on, to learn by his first glance at the faces around him that his children were gone.

The wounded and weary men tried to comfort him. Suddenly a stir went through the mournful group, as Onawandah came from the wood with a young deer upon his shoulders, and amazement in his face as he saw the desolation before him. Dropping his burden, he came bounding toward them, undaunted by the hatred, suspicion, and surprise plainly written on the countenances before him. He missed his playmates, and asked but one question: —

"The boy, the little squaw — where gone?"

His answer was a rough one, for the men seized him, heaping reproaches upon him for such treachery and ingratitude. He bore it all in proud silence till they pointed to the poor father. Shaking off the hands that held him, Onawandah went to his good friend, saying with passionate earnestness: —

"Onawandah is *not* traitor! Onawandah remembers! Onawandah grateful! You believe?"

The poor parson looked up at him, and could not doubt his truth; for genuine love and sorrow ennobled the dark face, and he had never known the boy to lie.

"I believe and trust you still. Go — you are no longer safe here, and I have no home to offer you," said the parson sadly.

"Onawandah has no fear. He goes; but he comes again to bring the boy, the little squaw."

A relenting murmur went through the crowd, but the boy paid no heed as he turned away, and with no arms but his hunting knife and bow, no food but such as he could find, no guide but the sun by day, the stars by night, plunged into the pathless forest and was gone. The parson alone believed and hoped, though weeks and months went by, and his children did not come.

III

Meantime, Reuben and Eunice were far away in an Indian camp, resting as best they could, after the long journey that followed that dreadful night. Their captors were not cruel to them, for Reuben was a stout fellow, and thanks to Onawandah, could hold his own with the boys, who would have tormented him if he had been feeble or cowardly. Eunice also was a hardy creature for her years, and when her first fright and fatigue were over, made herself useful in many ways among the squaws. The children mourned for home till their young faces were pathetic with the longing, and their pillows of leaves were often wet with tears in the night.

One day, when Reuben was snaring birds in the wood, — for the Indians had no fear of such young children venturing to escape, — he heard the cry of a quail, and followed it deeper and deeper into the forest till, with a sudden rustle, Onawandah rose

up from the brakes, his finger on his lips to prevent any exclamation that might betray him to other ears and eyes.

"I come for you and little Laroka" — the name he gave Eunice, meaning "Wild Rose." "I take you home. Not know me yet. Go and wait."

He spoke low and fast; but the joy in his face told how glad he was to find the boy after his long search, and Reuben clung to him in surprise and delight. Lying hidden in the tall brakes, they talked in whispers, while one told of the capture and the other of a plan of escape. For, though a friendly tribe, these Indians were not Onawandah's people, and they must not suspect that he knew the children, else they might be separated at once.

"Little squaw betray me. You watch her. Tell her not to cry out, not to speak me any time. When I say come, we go — fast — in the night. Not ready yet."

These were the orders Reuben received, and when he could compose himself he went back to the wigwams, leaving his friend in the wood, while he told the good news to Eunice and prepared her for the part she must play.

Not till the next day did Onawandah make his appearance, and then he came limping into the village, weary, lame, and half starved, after his long wandering in the wilderness. He was kindly welcomed, and hardly glanced at the children

when they were pointed out to him by their captors. Eunice, who forgot her part in her joy, smiled as she met the dark eyes that till now had always looked kindly at her. A touch from Reuben warned her, and she was glad to hide her confusion by shaking her long hair over her face, as if afraid of the stranger.

Onawandah took no further notice of them, but seemed to be very lame with the old wound in his foot, which prevented his being obliged to hunt with the men. Eunice pined with impatience to be gone. When she lay awake at night thinking of home, a cricket would chirp outside the wigwam, and a hand slip in a leaf full of berries, or a bark cup of fresh water.

Reuben stood it better, and entered heartily into the excitement of the plot. Quietly he put away each day a bit of dried meat, a handful of parched corn, or a well-sharpened arrowhead, as provision for the journey; while Onawandah seemed to be amusing himself with making moccasins and a little vest of deerskin for an Indian child about the age of Eunice.

IV

At last, in the early autumn, all the men went off on the warpath, leaving only boys and women behind. Then Onawandah's eyes began to kindle and Reuben's heart to beat fast, for both felt that their time for escape had come. One moonless

night the signal was given. A cricket chirped shrilly outside the tent where the children slept with one old squaw. A strong hand cut the skin beside their bed of fir boughs, and two trembling creatures crept out to follow the tall shadow that flitted noiselessly before them into the darkness of the wood. Not a broken twig, a careless step, or a whispered word betrayed them, and they vanished as swiftly and silently as hunted deer flying for their lives.

Till dawn they hurried on, Onawandah carrying Eunice, whose strength soon failed, and Reuben manfully shouldering the hatchet and the pouch of food. At sunrise they hid in a thicket by a spring and rested, while waiting for the friendly night to come again. By another morning they were far enough away to venture to travel more slowly and sleep at night.

If the children had learned to love and trust the Indian boy in happier times, they adored him now, so faithful, brave, and tender was he, so forgetful of himself, so bent on saving them. He never seemed to sleep. He ate the poorest morsels or went without any food when provision failed, let no danger daunt him, no hardship wring complaint from him, but went on through the wild forest, led by guides invisible to them.

Twice he saved their lives. Once, when he went in search of food, leaving Reuben to guard his

THEY VANISHED AS SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY AS HUNTED DEER FLYING FOR THEIR LIVES

sister, the children ignorantly ate some poisonous berries. The boy generously gave most of them to Eunice, and soon was terror-stricken to see her grow pale and cold and deathly ill. Not knowing what to do, he could only rub her hands and call wildly for Onawandah. The name echoed through the silent wood. The keen ear of the Indian heard it; his fleet feet brought him back in time, and his knowledge of wild roots and herbs made it possible to save the child when no other help was at hand.

For two days the invalid was not allowed to continue the journey. Onawandah cooked birds for her to eat, and made a pleasant drink of the wild-raspberry leaves to quench her thirst. Reuben snared rabbits, that she might have nourishing food. This boyish desire led him deeper into the wood than it was wise for him to go alone, for it was near nightfall, and wild creatures haunted the forest. Suddenly the sound of stealthy steps startled him, and he soon saw the gleam of two fiery eyes, not behind, but above him, in a tree.

The boy was overbold, and fitting an arrow to the string, aimed at the bright eyeball and let fly. A sharp snarl showed that some harm was done, and Reuben raced away. He heard the creature bounding after him, and he uttered one ringing shout for help. Fortunately, Onawandah heard him, and was there in time to receive the beast, as,

mad with the pain of the wound, it sprang at Reuben. As soon as Onawandah could get the snarling, struggling creature down, he killed it with a skillful stroke, but not before it had torn and bitten him more dangerously than he knew. Onawandah made light of his scratches, as he called them, got their supper, and sent Reuben early to bed, for to-morrow they were to start again.

Excited by his adventure, the boy slept lightly, and waking in the night, saw by the flicker of the fire Onawandah binding up a deep wound in his breast with wet moss and his own belt. When Reuben went to him, he would accept no help, said it was nothing, and sent him back to bed, preferring to endure the pain in stern silence, with true Indian pride and courage.

Next morning they set out and pushed on as fast as Eunice's strength allowed. But it was evident that Onawandah suffered much. He pressed on with feverish haste, as if he feared that his strength might not hold out. Reuben watched him anxiously.

In three days they reached the river, and as if Heaven helped them in their greatest need, found a canoe, left by some hunter near the shore. In they sprang, Reuben steering with his paddle, and Onawandah sitting with arms tightly folded over his breast, as if to control the sharp anguish of the neglected wound. He knew that it was past help

now, and only cared to see the children safe. When at last they entered the familiar valley, Onawandah sat erect, with his haggard eyes fixed on the dim distance, and sang his death song in a clear, strong voice, bent on dying like a brave, without complaint or fear.

At last they saw the smoke from the cabins on the hillside, and hastily mooring the canoe, all sprang out. But as his foot touched the land, Onawandah felt that he could do no more, and stretching his arms toward the parsonage, the windows of which glimmered as hospitably as they had done when he first saw them, he said, with a pathetic sort of triumph in his broken voice: "Go. I cannot. Tell the good father, Onawandah not lie, not forget. He keep his promise."

Then he dropped upon the grass and lay as if dead, while Reuben, bidding Eunice keep watch, ran as fast as his tired legs could carry him to tell the tale and bring help. Poor Onawandah could only look up into the dear face bent over him, and whisper wistfully: "Wild Rose will remember Onawandah?" The light went out of his eyes, and his last breath was a smile for her.

When the parson and his people came hurrying up, full of wonder, joy, and good will, they found Eunice weeping bitterly, and the Indian boy lying like a young warrior, smiling at death.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT (*abridged*)

NOTE. — The author of this story is the same Louisa M. Alcott who wrote *Little Men* and *Little Women*. *Little Women* is a story of her own home and her own family, and Louisa is "Jo" in the story. Louisa Alcott lived in Concord, Massachusetts, and was the friend of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and others of the famous group of New England authors and poets. Much loved in this group was Louisa's father, Bronson Alcott — a teacher and a dreamer little appreciated by the world. The home in which the Alcotts lived was bare of comforts, but very full of friendship.

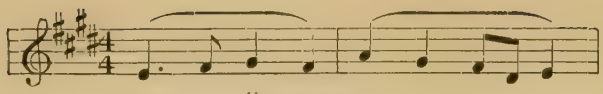
HAVE YOU NEVER?

HAVE you never walked cool fields of mist,
Where flower-bells nodded and bowed and kissed,
And watched slow, quiet mist-drops hover
Over a circle of red-capped clover?

Oh, I have wandered cool fields of rain
To find shy blossoms, again and again,
And the bluest flower with the sweetest face
I found in the rainy-est kind of place.

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

NOTE. — "The bluest flower" was a delicate harebell, living in the wet grass. Her timid face had to be lifted in the rain. Do you suppose she still remembered the blue sky behind the clouds?



"AUSTRIA"

THE FATHER OF THE SYMPHONY

GEORGE WASHINGTON is called the Father of his Country. At the very time that Washington was framing the Union, there lived far across the sea, in the country of Austria, a small, dark man with bright, keen eyes, who was moulding a quite different thing. This was Franz Joseph Haydn, the Father of the Symphony.

Haydn was born in the little town of Rohrau, in the year 1732, the same year that George Washington was born in Virginia. While Virginia was one of the colonies growing up in the New World, Austria was already a great power in the Old World; and the capital, Vienna, was one of the most brilliant in Europe and a notable musical centre as well.

Haydn's father was a wheelwright, and his mother before her marriage had been a cook in a noble family. They were musical, and educated the little boy as best they knew how, according to their means, for they were poor people. Franz Joseph was a happy, sunny little fellow, with a lovely voice and a kind heart. He used to play soldiers with the other children, but when he did

there must always be a band. He himself would find two sticks and pretend to play the violin, imagining that sweet music floated about him as he sawed the sticks together.

His voice was so beautiful that when he was eight years old the court composer from Vienna heard him sing, and at once offered him a place in the choir at St. Stephen's Church. So the little boy went to the great capital, where he lived with the other choir boys and went to the choir school. In return for his living and his education, — which included lessons on the violin and harpsichord, — he sang and sang and sang.

He stayed at the school for some years, when he lost his wonderful voice and consequently his position; and as he was then quite alone in the world, he had a very hard time of it indeed.

A wig-maker named Keller took an interest in the boy, and since he had an unused garret, he said that Haydn might sleep there and in return give lessons to the two daughters of the family. The Kellers were kind to Haydn and helped him to get more pupils, so that he was able to make a slim living and to pay for some lessons for himself. He was most eager to learn and studied constantly, consuming vast quantities of music paper. He listened to all the good music he possibly could, walking long distances to hear some great organist or some fine choral work.

In those days the only orchestras were private ones in the households of certain noblemen. Haydn soon began to be known as a young man of genius, and obtained a position as conductor of a small orchestra in the home of Prince Esterhazy, where he could study instrumental effects, much as an artist experiments with the blending of colors.

Those orchestras were not at all like the great symphony orchestras of to-day. There was the string family, just as we have it, though there were only a few of each kind of instrument. There were some wood-wind instruments, and perhaps a drum. In Prince Esterhazy's orchestra there were sixteen men, all told.

It was for this little orchestra that Haydn wrote his symphonies (just as our Constitution was framed for thirteen little colonies). And it was through long years of experimenting that Haydn finally perfected, as his gift to the world, the symphonic form that we know now.

One of Haydn's symphonies is called the "Surprise." A symphony usually has four movements, like four acts in a play. The slow movement of the "Surprise" begins very softly, with a little tune that could be played with one finger, the notes are so short and dry. The little tune goes like this: —

[*Violins, very softly, like elves on tiptoe with a secret*]

Pick pick, pick pick, pick pick, pick;
Pick pick, puck puck, pick pick, pick;
Pick, pick, pick, pick, pick pick, pick;
Pick pick,
puck puck
pick, CRASH!

[*Full orchestra, discovered*]

The crash is Haydn's "surprise."

Another symphony was called the "Farewell." There came a time when Prince Esterhazy was obliged to cut down his expenses, and he decided to do away with his orchestra. One last concert was to be given before disbanding, and for this Haydn wrote special music. When the evening came, the players were all assembled, each with his candle flickering in the sconce on the music desk — for it was in the days of candles, and pewter, and high-heeled shoes, and periwigs.

Franz Joseph Haydn mounted the conductor's bench, dressed in black silk, and with his hair in a queue like that of our own George Washington. The music began gayly, but became less and less merry. Then it became sad. It was noticed that one of the players in the back folded his music, put out his candle, and quietly left the room. Soon another player in the front of the orchestra folded

his music, put out his candle, and departed. Gradually, one by one, the players dropped out, extinguishing their lights as they went. The music was very, very sad. Finally only one man was left, the first violinist. His melody wound sorrowfully along until it too came to an end. The player blew out his candle, folded his music, and went out. The conductor was left all alone. Some people in the audience were crying. Prince Esterhazy said, "What does this mean?" And Haydn replied, "It is our sad farewell to you."

Prince Esterhazy had not the heart to turn away the little band. They stayed, and Haydn wrote many another symphony for the good Prince and the little orchestra.

Haydn's fame spread to England and over the seas to America. He was invited to go to England to give concerts, where he was received with such enthusiasm that he remained for three years, and after he returned to Vienna he was more celebrated than ever. When George Washington bought for Nellie Custis the harpsichord that still stands in the music room at Mount Vernon, doubtless she played on it for him some of the music written in the "new style" by the revered master, Franz Joseph Haydn — the master who was the teacher of both Mozart and Beethoven.

Haydn's two best-known works were written in his old age. They are "The Creation" and "The

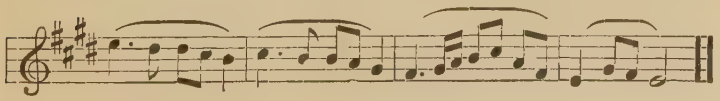
Seasons" — both oratorios. For "The Seasons" the words were chosen from the English poet, James Thomson. This was the poet who wrote: —

> A pleasing land of drowsyhead it was,
> Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
> And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
> Forever flushing round a summer sky.

Haydn studied all his life to improve his work, and when he was very old felt that he had only just begun to write for orchestra as he should like to do.

When Haydn was an aged man, Napoleon's troops entered Vienna. Up the street they marched, bands playing, we are told. As they approached a little house set in a garden, the leader said, "It is the house of Master Haydn," and gave the order for the band to play some of his much-loved music. But the window opened and the indignant old composer stood there high above the crowd. Feebly he sang the first bars of the Austrian national anthem, for which he himself had composed the music, and the bystanders took it up and sang with all their hearts. And the chagrined army marched silently through the town, while the old musician led his countrymen in the volume of song that rose on both sides of the ranks.

META KNOX HANNAY



NOTE. — *Symphony* is a Greek word, meaning "sounding together," just as *sympathy* means "feeling together." We have in this the word *phone*, which means "sound." (*Telephone* means "far sound.")

A symphony is a great piece of music for many instruments sounding together, or an orchestra. Nowadays the biggest, finest orchestras are called symphony orchestras, because they play symphonies.

The first movement of a symphony is usually long and rapid, the second slow and singing, the third short and merry, and the last a brilliant climax. This form Haydn invented. Later composers expanded it so that to-day the symphony itself has grown, even as the orchestra has grown. Haydn wrote one hundred and four symphonies. Mozart, his cherished pupil, wrote less than fifty. The great Beethoven wrote nine, and only nine.

Now is a good time to look forward to "The Palace Made by Music," and when you have read that story remember Joseph Haydn.

The harpsichord was one of the instruments used before the pianoforte was invented. In the pianoforte the strings are struck with little hammers, while in the harpsichord they were plucked with crow's quills. The harpsichord had a tinkling sound, not full or sustained. That is the reason why Haydn's music and that of other early composers is full of runs and trills. Embellishments sounded well on this kind of instrument, and the only way of sustaining a note was by means of them.

THE LITTLE RILL

One day a little shining rill
Came wandering from a summer hill
Into a quiet wood, and made
Its way through flickering light and shade.
It wet the crowding wild flowers' feet;
It made the grasses green and sweet;
It crept among the silent stones
And talked to them in tinkling tones;
It filled a hollow deep and cool —
And then it was a pool.

The little pool was crystal bright,
With filmy bubbles floating light.
It sparkled like a silver cup,
Forever, ever filling up,
A silver cup with scalloped brim.
The water overflowed the rim,
And on and on its journey took —
And then it was a brook.

The little brook was amber brown;
In crinkly waves it rippled down.
Small thirsty creatures hurried to it,
And willows trailed their fingers through it.
It sang itself a little song
And deepened as it sped along;
Fat trout and slender minnows slid

Among its waves, and splashed and hid.
The swift stream widened out into
A sheet of water, calm and blue,
Too quiet for the wind to shake —
And then it was a lake.

The lake was like a mirror; there
The clouds seemed floating, white and fair.
Birds skimmed the water, winging low;
Wild fowl went over, row on row.
Somewhere it left its banks, and down
A hill went flowing toward a town,
Broader and deeper far than ever —
For now it was a river.

The river many white sails bore
From busy shore to busy shore;
It turned a thousand wheels; it ran
Beneath a mighty bridge's span,
And hurried onward past the town.
Its tides came up, its tides went down;
It ran by marshes salt and keen,
And made bold waves of frothy green,
And spread and widened wondrously —
And lo, it was the sea!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — This is geography! Can you trace on the map a little rill you know and tell all that happens on its course? If you live far inland, in the mountains, your little rill may have the most wonderful adventure of all.

THE WHEAT FIELD

SOME children were set to reap in a wheat field. The wheat was yellow as gold, the sun shone gloriously, and the butterflies flew hither and thither. Some of the children worked better and some worse, but there was one who ran here and there after the butterflies that fluttered about his head, and sang as he ran.

By and by evening came, and the Angel of the wheat field called to the children and said, "Come now to the gate, and bring your sheaves with you."

So the children came, bringing their sheaves. Some had great piles, laid close and even, so that they might carry more; some had theirs laid large and loose, so that they looked more than they were; but one, the child that had run to and fro after the butterflies, came empty-handed.

The Angel said to this child, "Where are your sheaves?"

The child hung his head. "I do not know!" he said. "I had some, but I have lost them, I know not how."

"None enter here without sheaves," said the Angel.

"I know that," said the child. "But I thought I should like to see the place where the others were going; besides, they would not let me leave them."

Then all the other children cried out together. One said, "Dear Angel, let him in! In the morning I was sick, and this child came and played with me,

THEN ALL THE OTHER CHILDREN CRIED OUT TOGETHER. ONE SAID, "DEAR ANGEL, LET HIM IN! . . . HE GAVE ME ONE OF HIS SHEAVES, AND I WOULD GIVE IT TO HIM AGAIN, BUT I CANNOT TELL IT NOW FROM MY OWN"

and showed me the butterflies, and I forgot my pain. Also he gave me one of his sheaves, and I would give it to him again, but I cannot tell it now from my own."

Another said, "Dear Angel, let him in! At noon

the sun beat on my head so fiercely that I fainted and fell down like one dead; and this child came running by, and when he saw me he brought water to revive me, and then he showed me the butterflies, and was so glad and merry that my strength returned. To me also he gave one of his sheaves, and I would give it to him again, but it is so like my own that I cannot tell it."

And a third said, "Just now, as evening was coming, I was weary and sad, and had so few sheaves that it seemed hardly worth my while to go on working; but this child comforted me, and showed me the butterflies, and gave me of his sheaves. Look! it may be that this was his — and yet I cannot tell, it is so like my own."

And all the children said, "We also had sheaves of him, dear Angel; let him in, we pray you!"

The Angel smiled, and reached his hand inside the gate and brought out a pile of sheaves. It was not large, but the glory of the sun was on it, so that it seemed to lighten the whole field.

"Here are his sheaves," said the Angel. "They are known and counted, every one." And he said to the child, "Lead the way in!"

LAURA E. RICHARDS

NOTE. — This is a parable. A parable is a story of simple, common things, with a hidden meaning. The wonder tales of Hans Andersen are often parables. How many do you know?

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

WHOSE woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

ROBERT FROST

NOTE. — The last line of this poem falls, like the softly falling snow, and ends the poem like a song.

It takes a level head to win,
A level hand, a level eye.
But sometimes, even when you try
Your level best, things go awry.
You drop the ball, you miss your aim,
You slip a cog and queer the game.
Then comes the test. Don't make excuse;
Don't crumple; stand up in your shoes.
Remember, in a certain sense,
It takes a level head to lose!

THE STORY OF A LEOPARD

One of the traveling carnivals of the country presents an animal act in which a certain leopard is by far the best performer of the whole group. The wife of the owner, who directs this act, can do anything she pleases with that one cat.

And this is why. If the leopard fails to obey the command to mount its pedestal, she neither whips it nor rails at it. She simply walks up swiftly and firmly, seizes it by the nape of the neck, and *lifts* it into place. If the animal growls at her, she cuffs it with her open hand and scolds it as one would scold a house cat. She knows that nothing can alter the affection for its mistress in the heart of that great, spotted, feline beast. Therein lies a story.

It was in the late autumn, and the carnival was rounding out its season, when a "norther" swooped down and caught the whole troupe unprepared. A norther is one of those sudden descents

of ice-cold rain which freezes the moment it strikes the ground. The train was on the move before the dens could be shrouded in canvas and filled with straw to provide the necessary warmth for the jungle animals. One of the new leopards had become chilled — with the inevitable result of pneumonia.

This particular leopard was a notably surly and intractable beast, one that had so far absolutely refused to respond to all attempts at taming. Therefore the owner went rather disconsolately to his wife.

"Going to lose that beauty cat," he announced. "Pneumonia."

Woman nature came to the surface.

"But are n't you doing anything for it?"

"That cat? I should say not; it would tear you to pieces the minute you went into the cage."

"Not if it 's sick — I should think —" ventured the wife. "I 'm going to try it, anyway."

Against the protestations of her husband, she made her preparations. Cloths were cut. Liniments and hot packs were made ready. Then, surrounded by men with feeding forks and accompanied by her husband with a revolver, she made her entrance into the cage. The sick leopard snarled at her and sought to rise. Still closer the woman went, and applied the packs. As the great jaws opened, she poured medicine down the red

throat. The leopard did not resist — through sheer inability to summon the necessary strength.

It was the beginning of a week's vigil.

Gradually the cat came to know that the companion who stayed beside it hour after hour was there for the purpose of bringing relief. Comfort was in the heat of those packs; the medications allayed the pain and brought easier breathing. The time came when the eyes of the beast followed the woman as she left the cage and watched for her until she returned. Recovery set in; but with it there was none of the snarling and roaring and rebellion against association with a human being. One day the husband came beside the cage to find the great emaciated cat asleep, with its head pillowed in the woman's lap.

When, at last, health came, the wife announced that she intended to train the hitherto untrainable beast. Into the arena they went. Five minutes later, she tossed aside her whip and began directing the beast by hand, lifting it to the pedestals and down again, or catching it by the loose skin of its neck and guiding it from one side of the arena to the other.

Four years passed, and in all that time not one growl of anger ever came from that leopard's throat, as it and its mistress followed their profession together.

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER (*adapted*)

NOTE. — Do you know any other circus stories? In *The Old Curiosity Shop*, by Charles Dickens, Little Nell mends the clothes of the showman's dolls.

ON THE LABRADOR

A LABRADOR boy by the name of Jimmy happened to be the eldest of the eight children of a poor fisherman. He had barely reached the mature age of fifteen years, but already the cares of a family rested upon him. His father had failed with the winter fur-hunt, and the fishery on that section of coast the following summer had been practically a blank. Winter was again threatening to shut off the source of food supplies for another eight months, and not only was the family cupboard bare, but the debt contracted for salt, twine, and outfit for the summer fishery was unpaid.

Jimmy had no learning, and no experience of the great world outside. He lived an absolutely isolated life. He knew nothing even of his own great Labrador. But during the depths of the previous winter he had seen the Doctor and his man halt at the door of the little house among the fir trees at the bottom of the bay, and then go out again into those great wide reaches en route to other bays and other houses, hundreds, thousands of miles away.

Many a lad would have stayed where he was, and starved with his family — thinking that of course the entire responsibility rested with his parents. Not so Jimmy. Quite on his own initiative he set out to see the only man he knew could help him — the Doctor, at the hospital twenty miles away. That athletic person was not a little surprised, one morning in the late fall, to find a small boy standing in his office and applying for the post of driver to the team of great husky dogs that made the annual winter trip, carrying the Doctor and his medical supplies to the lonely outports.

Jimmy explained his dilemma and asked for a trial. He pleaded his experience with their own team, and told how he had driven the dogs the winter before, while his father was out in the forest. Moreover, he had handled a boat and helped his father with the fishery as far back as he could remember. The Doctor realized that one of the big dogs could eat the boy at a mouthful if he wished, but the pluck, keenness, and pleading eyes of the lad prevailed, and Jimmy drove the team.

Through fifteen hundred miles of travel all went well. Spring was then breaking, and the last long drive from the North was about half over. Their wandering had led the Doctor and Jimmy to a lonely bay, where only one family dwelt. The head of the house, an expert trapper who knew

every inch of the country, told them of a short cut across the mountains, which would bring them, after about fifty miles, to a small settlement. By following the ordinary route around the coast they would have to travel three times this distance to reach their destination. Anxious to do anything to show his gratitude for the Doctor's visit, the trapper offered to pilot them across with his own team.

A glorious morning greeted their start, the trapper leading with the luggage, and the Doctor and Jimmy following on behind. Halfway over the hills the absolutely fresh track of a company of deer crossed their path. The weather was perfect for progress, but fresh meat was so greatly needed that they agreed to risk following the deer for an hour. It would seem easy indeed to surround them in that time, as the herd was evidently traveling slowly and the sledges had been approaching upwind. The two komatiks were fastened by tail-lines to a couple of rocks; the teams were made to lie down, while Jimmy was commissioned to walk to and fro beside them and keep them quiet. Above all, he was to stay where they left him, and on no account to leave the rendezvous.

The two men started at once, separating widely in order to drive the deer from one to the other. As time went by, every sign showed that they were nearing their quarry, and they not only pushed

forward farther than they intended, but neglected to notice an unexpected change in the weather. Only when a snow dwi whirled along over their heads did they realize that they must instantly abandon their quest and return to the komatiks.

That proved no easy task, and quite a time elapsed before the two men themselves got together. Then they realized that they had not brought along anything but their rifles — not even their compasses. Deceived by an echo which appeared to both of them to be Jimmy calling and answering their calls, they found themselves, as darkness fell, at the foot of a huge precipice, where they had to pass the night without food or shelter, except such as was afforded by a few bushes beside a frozen river.

All through the next day they wandered, the circular cyclone which had overtaken them hiding the heavens, and making it impossible to steer in a straight line. Not till the morning of the second day did they strike the side of a fiord, — evidently tidal water, — and by following this perceive that they had covered the remainder of their original fifty miles. Though nearly exhausted, they were able to crawl to a settler's house on the outskirts of the hamlet.

Their thoughts were naturally centred on Jimmy. The men knew that he had an almost negligible supply of food for the dogs, and that if

he had cut the lines and let the animals go, they would have done with ease what no man could have done — found their way home through the storm with absolute certainty. They hoped the boy had let the dogs go; on the other hand, they appreciated that he would realize what his possible desertion might mean — the loss of their own lives. Yet who could expect the lad to stay and risk death from exposure, or possibly from the hungry dogs? A settler and his wife who had recently lost their way crossing the Kiglapeit Mountains had been eaten by their dogs — whether before or after death no one could say. Of course the boy had gone back!

But the Doctor was not satisfied. Someone must start at once, and camp in the open if necessary, as the weather was still far from "civil." For the time being, the Doctor and his pilot were disabled; but their host was persuaded to go, and like our splendid Northmen, he set out without a moment's delay.

All day he followed the route over the mountains, speeding his dogs. And all day the storm blew. Finally, as his team topped a hill, and a rift in the weather permitted his keen eyes a little range, he detected in the distance what he took to be a small speck moving. That speck was what was left of Jimmy. He was still walking up and down, on guard beside the two komatiks.

Like Jimmy, another Labrador boy — a boy of Scotch extraction — took matters into his own hands. Donald McLean lived on the North Coast of Labrador, where his father and grandfather had been settlers, isolated from every aspect of life that could be called civilized, and with little or nothing to challenge the pluck and perseverance that spell nine tenths of all success.

The lad had learned somehow that he possessed undeveloped capacities which meant more than an extra silver-fox skin, or a larger fare of codfish, or more quintals of salmon. He was an outdoor boy from head to heels, deeply in love with the environment of the rugged coast, and with a home atmosphere that made him keen above all else to be a leader — not a mere machine.

One day he boarded our little hospital steamer, and we found ourselves confronted by a shy young fisherman who wanted "a word with the Doctor by himself." It appeared that he had already built a boat, — and a house, for that matter, — and was a good carpenter as well as a successful trapper and fisherman. But he wanted learning. He had no money, and no knowledge of the world outside, except that somewhere his desired goal could be attained.

In his mind a proposition was already formulated, and he had come to find out whether, if he would give eight hours daily at carpentry or any

other work, he could get his living and one hour's instruction a day. The interview ended by our accepting his challenge; and when his summer's voyage was clewed up, and the flying fishing fleet was bound south again to avoid the winter ice blockade, a stray vessel entered our harbor and deposited the young man on our doorstep.

No one ever worked more faithfully or more jealously guarded his side of the contract, till the time came when, through the help of friends, we were able to send him for a year's practical work in one of the finest technical colleges in the United States. In spite of all his handicaps he came back to us with a diploma, and with the ability to help his own people to an extent which any red-blooded man would envy.

Nor has he lost any of his idealism. Not only has he for years been our chief mechanical engineer, showing exceptional capacity for handling material problems, but he has qualified himself to be organist and choirmaster in the local church. Without him to-day the whole life on the Coast would be poorer.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL

NOTE. — Dr. Grenfell is a medical missionary and an explorer. For many years he has lived among the deep-sea fishermen on the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland. In summer he plies up and down the coast in a little hospital ship, giving medical and

surgical aid to those at sea and in the harbors, and gathering the sick for the various hospitals. In the winter, when navigation ceases, the Doctor makes his great overland trip by dog team, ministering to the sick and needy among the dwellers of the frozen solitudes.

Some of Dr. Grenfell's books are: *Adrift on an Ice-Pan; Down North on the Labrador; The Harvest of the Sea; Labrador: the Country and the People; The Adventure of Life.*

WITH THE FOREST RANGER

The forest ranger is nothing less than a soldier at the frontier; whenever need of any kind calls for his services, he must be ready with "Here am I; send me."

One winter two rangers were called to special duty in the Colville National Forest, where numerous stray wild horses were trespassing. It was decided to have under the State law a round-up of all horses running in that district without permits.

When the two men in charge of the expedition reached the country, they began to hear alarming rumors of a cattle-raiser called "Old Jack." This squaw man had the reputation of being a determined gunman, and he had given very certain

warning that if the rangers ran any of his horses from the range, they would do it "in cold blood." With this threat hanging in the air, and the common knowledge of the squaw man's previous demonstrations toward sheepmen, it was the opinion of the people that Jack's horses would not be molested.

Nothing daunted, however, the two rangers led their party to those very horses and started to take them to the valley. As soon as their companions discovered the serious purpose of the leaders, they made excuses and deserted in fright. With no little difficulty the remaining couple captured the animals and courageously proceeded to call upon Old Jack with the news that they had his horses down in the corral. With staunch purpose they awaited the outcome of his wrath.

Old Jack looked gravely from one to the other, as they stood before him.

"You fellers been on the turf all day?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied the rangers.

"Well," said the squaw man, to their surprise, "you had better stop and have a bite to eat. Mary, put on the coffeepot!"

Not all stories of government rangers turn out so comfortably as this. The fire enemy, for instance, never shows so lenient a heart. During

the terrible forest fires of 1910 in Montana and Idaho, Edward C. Pulaski, forest ranger in the Cœur d'Alene National Forest, was in charge of a group of forty fire-fighters. When they found that a certain fire had gone beyond their control, Pulaski started to lead his men to a place of safety. After progressing only a short distance, they appeared to be surrounded by fire. The men became panicky. Pulaski himself saw columns of clear white flame spring up like will-o'-the-wisps, feeding on nothing but air. The smoke was so dense that the men had to hold on to one another to keep from being utterly lost.

Suddenly their leader halted the apparently doomed men, soaked a gunny sack with water, and dashed off through the fire and smoke to look for a way of escape. The men gave up hope, fully convinced that they were never to see him again. When he finally did return, he led them to an abandoned mine tunnel, into which he ordered them to pass. To the men it seemed like being condemned to immediate suffocation. The mine timbers were on fire, and the tunnel was filled with smoke.

Once his men had entered, Pulaski stood at the mouth of the tunnel with drawn revolver, to hold them back. This he knew to be the only course for their safety. Most of them were soon lying on the ground, gasping for breath. As the hours

passed, the cave seemed full of madmen. Now and then, in their torture, they would rush upon the indomitable ranger, trying to pass him in order to reach the open, only to be hurled back and grimly ordered to lie down with faces close to the ground. The fact that Ranger Pulaski was able to stand and fight men within and fire without for so long a period was like a miracle and set a new standard for American hardihood.

At first it was thought that the leader would lose his sight, but by good fortune skillful treatment in a hospital saved his eyes. This fearless member of our government service was well aware that he was the oldest man in direct line from his great-grandfather, Count Pulaski, the famous Polish exile, and so due to inherit the title of count. Yet Pulaski, American forest ranger, had cared little for that, as he stood at bay with his bewildered men, in the face of the raging flames.

Winter and rough weather often test the courage of the ranger in the extreme. One day a patrolman was caught in a blinding snowstorm. He knew very well that he must reach camp before night, for the blizzard threatened to rage beyond the endurance of his horses. In order to start his saddle horse down the steep descent, he tied one end of a long stake rope to the saddle horn, with the other end round a tree near the edge of the

rim rock. As soon as he tightened the rope, the horse seemed to feel safe. Step by step he reached the bench below. The pack horse anxiously waited to be taken out of the storm, until he was helped down in the same way. The ranger made camp in an open park, where he blanketed and picketed his horses out of the wind. All through the night they weathered a steady downfall of snow.

When this same man was following up Grand River, one clear midwinter day, he noticed small snowslides here and there. Just as he reached a point on the trail where an almost perpendicular slope fell for two hundred feet to the river below, the snow above began to move. His attention was first attracted by a small piece of snow dropping from the bank above him, which rose steeply for several feet. He watched the snow for a second to be very sure that it was moving. To turn back was impossible, owing to the narrowness of the trail and the apparent size of the snowslide.

The ranger's choice lay between outrunning the slide and going down into the river. The horse had on sharp shoes, but the new snow balled on his feet, so that fast running on the narrow icy trail spelled nothing but danger. To hesitate meant certain death. Two hundred feet had to be traveled almost in an instant. Yet the horse made the distance so swiftly that the edge of the slide

struck his hind feet just as he fell against the upper bank of the trail.

On another morning this patrolman escaped a snowslide that poured over a precipice like a great river. This was a very beautiful sight, but no sign of the trail remained, and his escape had been made by the small margin of ten feet.

A ranger who was new in the service was asked to go to the summit of Elk Mountain one December day. As very little snow had fallen in the vicinity of the station, he anticipated no difficulty in making the trip and fully expected to return in the early afternoon, so took no lunch and not even a coat. As he wound up the rocky ridge through a dense growth of fir, he began to encounter snowdrifts and was compelled to break the trail for his horse. The ranger was hip-deep in the snow, with his horse floundering behind him. He fought on and on, often under the necessity of cutting trees of considerable thickness in order to let the horse through.

Wet to the skin with perspiration and with snow, he finally came out on the bleak top of the range, above the timber line. The sun had already set and a gale was blowing from the northwest, driving the snow in blinding clouds up from the great burns on the west side. As he stood there, he caught sight of a trail sign standing out from a snowdrift — the first guide he had seen all day. He

dug the snow away and read, "ELK MOUNTAIN 12 MILES."

For the first time he realized the seriousness of his situation. He knew that he could not return by the way he had come, as there were several places through which he could not possibly pass in the dark, and his strength was ebbing. He decided to make the best of his dilemma by building a fire, and struck down across one of the open spaces where there was a brook, with timber lying in every direction. All was covered with snow, crusted on the top, but not hard enough to hold the weight of a man. By this time the ranger was so weak that he could hardly get up after a fall, and his horse floundered along with bitter difficulty.

At last he came to a little clump of fir trees, where low-hanging boughs offered a slight protection. As he started to clear a place for a fire, he discovered barbed wires around one of the trees, which gave a hint of a fence corner. With renewed hope he followed the line of posts, and they led him to a gate. This could not be opened, because of the drifted snow, but the wires were soon pounded from the gatepost with a hand axe, and the way led to a house. It was evident that no one had been there for months, but there were a bed, a stove, and a lantern. The barn contained plenty of good hay and oats, so that the horse fared as well as if he had been at home.

After building a fire, the ranger began to ransack the house for food. The result was half a cup of rice and one frozen turnip. He boiled the rice, and roasted the turnip on the top of the stove, dividing his rations between that night and the next morning. He slept comfortably, and before sunrise he set forth through the snowdrifts. Not until late in the afternoon did he come out on a dome-shaped peak from which he could see the white crest of Elk Mountain towering above.

For his return route he was forced to choose the bottom of the canyon, where the creek was blocked with ice and timber. Again and again it was necessary to cross, and although the ice would hold the man, the horse constantly broke through, cutting his legs until a long red trail was left in the snow. Again it grew dark, and every turn in the canyon threatened to lead to the impassable. The ranger did not dare to stop, because of the numbing sleepiness which was ready to steal over him.

Finally he came to a trail which widened into a wood road, and mounting his horse, he fell into a stupor. He remembered nothing more of his journey until someone drew him from his saddle in front of the station; his clothing was frozen to the horse so that he could not move. He found the other men in readiness to set out with a search party for their companion who had been braving the weather for so many, many hours.

Often a man who follows this dangerous calling of forest-ranging pursues his work against great physical odds. One summer a fine horseman, who acted as a district fire chief, was in camp at his station, situated in a beautiful meadow. From the two-room log cabin where he and his young wife lived, he directed several guards and lookout men.

One day this ranger had gone fifteen miles down the north slope of the mountain to a fire that threatened seriously, and with the assistance of several stockmen had put it out. In going to this call he had ridden a rather young horse and taken a pack horse loaded with fire tools — shovels, rakes, axes, water bags, and other necessities. After fighting the fire through the late afternoon and most of the night, — until about three in the morning, — he started back up the mountain, leading the pack animal loaded with the tools. Along a small creek the trail led alternately through heavy Engelmann spruce and aspen groves. It was narrow and very crooked, and crossed and recrossed the little stream.

About halfway up the mountain, in making a sharp turn in the path, the pack horse pulled back, jerking to one side the saddle horse on which the ranger was riding and pulling the lead rope under the saddle horse's tail. Although he was an exceptionally fine rider, the man was thrown before he could extricate the rope or calm the horse. In the

thick timber and narrow trail the horse began to pitch, stepping several times on the rider's side and back until he had broken three of the ranger's ribs.

With a painful struggle, the man finally mounted and rode on to his station. There his wife was waiting for him with a telephone message from his lookout man on a peak to the south, saying that a fire had started some twenty miles away on the mountain side, in rough and very brushy country. The chief dismounted and ate a bit of food, while his wife packed some supplies for him and filled his canteens.

Knowing that the new fire was in a dangerous region and would be difficult to control if once well started, the ranger made no delay in setting out. Long after dark he reached the fire, after riding for miles over very rough trails. There he found the guard laboring alone at his post, trying to curb the advance of the flames. Because the chief realized that their only chance of quelling the fire lay in fighting it that night, they immediately set themselves to the task of back-firing, raking, and cutting fire lines.

By five o'clock the next morning, these two men had succeeded in entirely surrounding the flames. The ranger, with three ribs broken, had been without sleep for practically two nights. All this while he had been engaged in the hardest kind of work. Yet he had not flinched.

About ten o'clock, after eating a little, he left the guard to watch the fire, which by this time was almost dead, and rode back to the station. In the late afternoon he reached home. His wife unsaddled the animals and set a well-cooked meal before him. Before going to bed, he reported to his supervisor that the fire on the peak was mastered. But he did not tell his superior officer a word about the broken ribs until several weeks later, when they had almost healed.

The ranger does not complain. He completes his difficult round of duty watchfully and manfully.

Every year the effort of such men saves thousands of acres of valuable timberland that otherwise would be fire-swept and worthless. Our rangers save whole villages and towns that lie in the possible path of forest blaze and mountain flood. They preserve the course of rivers that avalanches threaten to turn from their ancient beds. Far beyond and high above the last frontier, these men conserve the welfare and the resources of the nation.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.

NOTE. — The different departments of the government service coöperate with one another, and their

work dovetails, one department with another. A foreign plant or shrub may be quite healthy in its native land, yet when transplanted to our country, may be subject to a blight that spreads to other plants. For this reason there are plant-quarantine regulations, and all the little vegetable immigrants coming to our shores are inspected by the Department of Agriculture. This department watches carefully for disease among the plants of our gardens and the trees of our forests, just as the Health Department watches for disease among the people.

The white-pine blister rust is one of the plant diseases. It is not spread from tree to tree directly, but from the white pine to the leaf of the gooseberry or the currant, and then from these bushes to a healthy pine. The gypsy moth is another pest, and the boll weevil is the enemy of the cotton fields. What do you suppose would happen if these blights went unchecked?

GEOGRAPHY [1]

I CAN tell balsam trees
By their grayish bluish silverish look of smoke.
Pine trees fringe out.
Hemlocks look like Christmas.
The spruce tree is feathered and rough
Like the legs of the red chickens in our poultry yard.

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Poems by a Little Girl*, by Hilda Conkling, copyright 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

I can study my geography from chickens
Named for Plymouth Rock and Rhode Island,
And from trees out of Canada.
No; I shall leave the chickens out.
I shall make a new geography of my own.
I shall have a hillside of spruce and hemlock
Like a separate country,
And I shall mark a walk of spires on my map,
A secret road of balsam trees
With blue buds.
Trees that smell like a wind out of fairyland,
Where little people live
Who need no geography
But trees.

HILDA CONKLING

NOTE. — Hilda Conkling was a little girl when she thought of "Geography." Perhaps you know some other of her poems — the one about the dandelion, or the red rooster. Hilda's mother, whose name is Grace Hazard Conkling, has written many beautiful poems, some of which you will read later.

Can you make a poem about arithmetic? You could write it all about snow crystals, and star points, and pebble circles.

And a poem about history might tell of knights and ladies, Robin Hood and his merry men under the greenwood tree, a damsel in a crimson kirtle riding on a milk-white palfry, flowers cast upon the lawns, — the red, the yellow, and the blue, — and little birds a-singing blithely all the day.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

THE frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out, and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn — 'tis well;
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no quarter day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,
Knock when you will, he's sure to be at home.

CHARLES LAMB

NOTE. — *Quarter day* is the day on which rent is paid in England.

A snail that has no house is called a slug. He leaves a rainbow trail across the garden walk, which glistens in the morning light.

MAKING THEIR LIVING

I

One bright morning ten men in different parts of the country waked, stretched sleepily, and then said the selfsame thing. What they said was: "Well, it's time to get up; I've got my living to make!"

One of the men was a farmer. All that day he followed the plough, his shoulders stooped, his look turning neither to the right nor to the left. He saw nothing but the long strip of ground through which he must guide his ploughshare in an unswerving line. By sundown his eyes ached; no matter which way he looked he could still see that straight green strip. But at last the task was done, and as he unharnessed the sweating horse he drew a long sigh.

"Earned my living this day," he said to himself.

Another man was a mechanic. All day long he went from shop to shop as he was summoned, tinkering here, tightening there, locating the fault in a balky motor, setting broken apparatus to rights. In some of the rooms the heat was terrible. As the day wore on, he became blacker and blacker with soot and oil, until, by evening, he looked like a chimney sweep.

"A fine figure I cut," he remarked with a scowl. "But anyway, the day's over and I've earned my keep; there's that to be thankful for."

One of the ten, a business man, spent his working hours on the fifteenth floor of a sky-scraper. Far below his windows the great city stretched away for miles, a wonderful reach of houses, parks, and bridges. But he did not glance out of a window once a week; instead, he sat huddled over his huge desk, working away like an energetic gnome. Clerks passed in and out; callers came and went. It was all as regular as clockwork. The man dictated countless letters and held countless brief interviews; he weighed questions and worked out decisions. When closing time came round, his hair was rumpled and his face seamed with thought.

"A good day's work," he told himself. Then he added, smiling a difficult smile, "At this rate I can certainly manage to earn my living."

The fourth man lived far away from farms, cities, and machinery. He was a woodcutter, and supported himself and his family by chopping out and selling wood for fuel. From morning till night he felled trees; his axe moved like a flail; the splinters flew. Far away at the edge of the forest men could hear him working. He scarcely paused except to rest his arms now and then, and at noon to eat his solitary dinner. When it was time to

quit, he threw down his axe and struggled, frowning with fatigue, into his shabby coat. Then he glanced round at the clearing in the woods.

"Well, I've chopped out the day's food, anyway," was his grudging thought.

One of the men, a fisherman, took his small boat out at dawn with the rest of the fishing fleet. A man of scant speech, he fished steadily all day long without a word for the workers in the other boats. As the fleet drove home through the sunset, he kept his eyes fixed on the sail. Then when the boats were coming to anchor in the harbor, he looked down at his haul and grunted with weariness.

"One more day's living," he mumbled. "And well made, too."

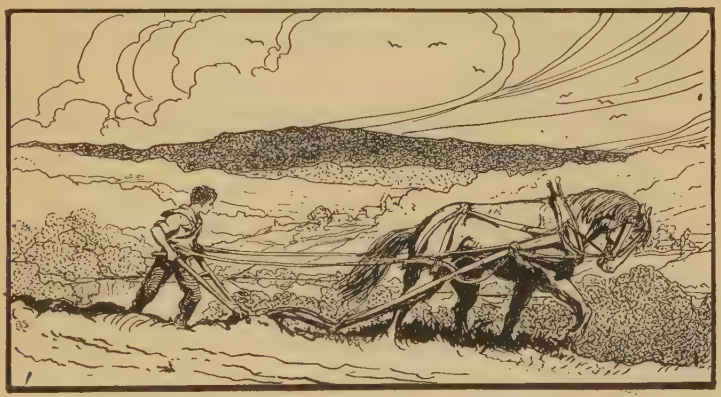
II

There were five other men of the same five callings, who waked that same morning and said that same thing — that they must go out and make their living.

The second farmer worked hard like the first. Hour by hour he followed the edge of an ever narrowing rectangle of field; hour by hour he strode up and down, his feet deep in the new-turned soil. As he went, he watched the shining ploughshare cleave the solid earth and throw out to either side a shower of rich brown loam. It made him think of a ship's prow at sea. The smell of the

fresh dirt was good to his nostrils; the ground seemed to spring under his tread.

The farm was a hilly one, and for that reason worker and horse and plough were set at a slight angle with the rest of the springtime world. That was somewhat awkward, but the young man felt that it had its advantages, for the steep slope



AS HE WENT, HE WATCHED THE SHINING PLOUGHSHARE CLEAVE THE SOLID EARTH AND THROW OUT TO EITHER SIDE A SHOWER OF RICH BROWN LOAM

commanded a wide view of the surrounding country, and it was a view worth seeing. Now and then, halting to rest for a few minutes, he leaned on the plough handles and gazed at the panorama spread out below him, so far and so fair.

Sometimes he counted the colors: rich red of newly plowed bottoms, gold of a meadow full of buttercups, faint purple of distant foothills. The

shades of green were countless: dark woodlands, bright pastures, the tender light-green line that willows made, following a brook; and dozens and dozens more. He knew every farm by name. Once in a while he gave the horse an apple or a turnip that he had brought along for a reward of merit. As he listened to the grateful crunching, he drew in long breaths and felt like a giant. Then, gathering up the reins, he went whistling down the furrow again.

"Tom, we must make the end of the row before the chorus comes," he had a way of saying to the horse.

It was a kind of game that they played together — turning the furrow with the turn of the song. Surprisingly often they hit it right. At sundown he kept step, back to the stable, in time with the same good tune.

The second mechanic, too, had a song. He hummed it under his breath while he twisted cranks and fumbled with stubborn bolts; he turned screws to it, and adjusted levers and straightened crooked wires. Often, as he lay flat on his back under the stomach of a great, balky engine, his tune would break into odd little kicks and quirks; the harder the job, the gayer the funny tune. There was pleasure in the feeling that sooner or later he would conquer the obstinate monster. And when at last he touched the right spot and the

great wheels began to turn, he would laugh aloud under his grime and grease.

"I knew you'd move if I tickled you long enough under the ribs, old boy!"

Sometimes he crossed the room to help a fellow worker out of difficulties. "Let's see what's making her sulk," he'd say. And soon his keen eyes and clever fingers would set the matter right.

When the closing hour came round, he laughed at his own reflection in a disk of polished nickel.

"Soap and water's what I need," he said. "So long, until to-morrow!"

The second business man had a way of standing at his open window for five minutes, each morning, before he buckled down to work.

"Four pints of crystal nitrogen and one pint of sparkly oxygen, and I can move the earth," he would say. Often during the day he paused to take fresh draughts of the high, pure air. As his callers came and went, he watched their faces; people's faces always interested him, there were so many different kinds, and each one told so much. He smiled at the speckled office boy, remembering that in his own time he had had freckles just as big. Once in a while he would turn in his chair and gaze out across the chimney pots to where a silver ribbon of river went twisting through a little valley. Woolly clouds moved along the rim of the rising land.

"WHAT A SKY!" HE SAID TO HIS HAPPY DOG. "NO PAINTER COULD MAKE THE LIKE, THOUGH HE PAINTED A THOUSAND YEARS"

"Like so many sheep," the man thought peacefully now and then. And he murmured an old line from his school Reader: —

"On the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks."

In some way the second woodchopper, who was a mere lad, seemed to watch himself while he worked. He saw his muscles rippling under the rough shirt; he caught the bright arc that his axe made as it flashed through the sunlight; he laughed as the fresh chips, pungent with sap and resin, rained round his head. The steady strokes were a kind of music; so were the echoes they made, sounding, sounding.

The boy had a queer feeling that a tree can understand speech; sometimes he talked aloud to one as he worked.

"You will not die, tree," he would say. "You will be stored away until your heart is sweet, and after that you will turn into a fine red flame and make a hearth warm. Never fear. You will not die."

At noon he ate his dinner beside an amber stream that sang over stones, sharing the food with his dog, and scooping up cold water in the palm of his hand for a clear, refreshing drink. Masses of violets on the opposite bank made him think of his little sisters: they would be glad to know where such big beauties could be found. The sunset flared in his face as he walked home.

"What a sky!" he said to his happy dog. "No painter could make the like, though he painted a thousand years. Nobody can — but God."

The other fishing fleet came in at turn of tide, as the first had come. All day long the second fisherman had toiled with his companions far out in deep waters. The sea was the color of pure sapphire out there; the sky was turquoise flecked with pearl. He wondered at their loveliness. A salt wind blew in his face; he felt his boat rock in the long swells. Now and then he called cheerily to his fellows.

Late in the afternoon, when the tide turned, "Home, now," he said to himself.

The fishing boats beat back to harbor through a long, brilliant afterglow. The man noted the color in the water, and the way his sails had changed from gray to rose. He saw the splendid evening star standing directly above his masthead, seeming to follow. Then, peering through the dusk, he made out a twinkling light at the end of the village street; that meant home. He was an old man, and his heart leaped.

When the boats reached the pier, he noticed that one of the other fishermen had had poor luck.

"There's more potatoes in my garden than the wife and I can use," he said to the man. "Stop by for a peck." Then he called to the others, "A fine day to-morrow, by the look of the sky!"

And the fisherman who had had poor luck called back, encouraged, "Aye, comrade, a fine day to-morrow!"

When dark settled down that night, each of those ten workers had made his living, as he said he would. And though none of them fully realized it, each had been making his life as well. For better or for worse, they had woven that one day and its doings into the fabric of all their days.

All of those men had worked for their daily bread and had won it. Five had won that and little else; the others had won much more. That extra something which the last five earned bears no particular name and has no market value. It is compounded of joy in beauty, pride in work, comradeship with fellow creatures, and an abiding sense of God. It is more than living. It is the very stuff of life itself.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — As your mind grows more and more set in its habits, it is good to think of these ten men. Perhaps it is easy now to make your living joyously. It probably was for the first five men when they were boys. But little by little they came into their tight ways, as the years went on. Can you put a mark on your calendar, far ahead, — ten years, fifteen years ahead, — and on that day you mark, say, "Which way have I made my living to-day?"

AFTERNOON ON A HILL [1]

I WILL be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

NOTE. — This is a poem to memorize and take into your heart for all your life. "I will touch a hundred flowers and not pick one." My eyes shall be open to everything that is beautiful, in a hundred places, everywhere; but I will not want to destroy it, or to possess it just for myself. Beauty is for everyone, and the more we see, the more there is of it.

"I will look at cliffs and clouds with quiet eyes." When great tasks come, and great troubles, and great honors also, I will carry through unafraid and with unspoiled heart. The wind may bow down the grass, but it will rise again.

[1] From *Renascence and Other Poems*, Harper & Brothers, publishers, copyright 1917, by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

for the Home

O Creator of the great world, this is our little acre; among all the homes of the wide earth, this is our home. Send Thy sun and rain upon our garden; defend our roof from storm; bless our lintel, watch over our hearthfire, and keep our candle alight.

Let peace dwell here. Let the rooms be full of content and laughter by day and of rest by night. Let love abide here: love of one another, love of mankind, love of life itself, and love of Thee. Help us to remember that, even as many hands build a house, so many hearts make a home. Therefore let each of us do his share to keep this dwelling sweet. And throughout all the years be Thou our nightly guardian and our daily guest!

THE GORGON'S HEAD

DANAË was a kind and gracious princess, so fair and lovely that she found favor among both mortals and the gods. But the father of Danaë was cowardly and foolish. There was an old prophecy that King Acrisius should die by the hand of his daughter's son, and night and day was he haunted by the thought of this dire thing to come. In order to outwit his fate, Acrisius shut his beautiful daughter in a tower of brass, away from every human word and glance.

Now Zeus, the great All-father of the gods, came to Danaë through the roof of her tower in the form of a shower of gold, and said, "No man can forestall his fate. Acrisius is devoured by little fears and from little fears will he die. But your son Perseus will grow in might and radiance. He will be a hero upon earth and when, being mortal, his life shall end, he will be transported to the skies to shine forever there."

When King Acrisius heard of Danaë's vision, he released her from the tower; but when he saw the infant Perseus, he was filled again with fear. He called his daughter to the seashore, where the wild waves beat upon the crags and sea mews wheeled and screamed, and there he showed her a great carven chest with crimson linings. And he put

Danaë and her lovely babe into the chest and cast them forth upon the foaming sea.

The great waves sucked and drew the chest far away from shore, beyond the sea birds' flight. The child slept, and night descended, and the stars came out, and gently blew the wind, and Danaë also slept. And when the morning broke, the sad mother opened her eyes and saw the surf beating on the great rocks of an unknown coast. Then she cried out in terror, thinking the frail craft would be dashed asunder.

But a fisherman stood on the rocks, and saw the floating chest with its strange burden. He was a fisherman of no ordinary sort, for he strode like a conqueror, and two attendants walked behind him, bearing baskets. Over his shoulder hung his net, and in his hand he carried a harpoon shaped like a trident; and from his face shone kindness. He cast his net about the drifting chest and drew it from the boiling waves safely to the shore, and from the crimson lining lifted Danaë and the tender babe.

Now the place where they had landed was the Isle of Seriphos, and the fisherman's name was Dictys, and he was brother to the King of that land. Dictys and his kind wife took Danaë and the child, and cared for them, and loved them as they would have loved their own daughter and a grandchild in whom they found great joy. And Danaë became in all ways as a daughter to them. She could spin

and weave and embroider, and gladly she gave all the gratitude in her heart to those who had saved her and her babe from the sea.

But Polydectes, the King, was greedy, cunning, and cruel, and all the people of his court partook of his foul ways. And the King was envious of the good Dictys and of the beautiful sea-drifted mother and her babe.

Perseus grew and waxed strong, and under the training of Dictys became the most skillful of all the youths in running, wrestling, and hurling the javelin and discus. While yet a boy, he had learned to sail the sea with Dictys. When they brought in the boats at evening, the boy's bright curls shone forth in the last rays of light, and he looked like a young god before the setting sun. And King Polydectes saw Perseus upstanding thus like a god, and his false soul grew dark, and he plotted how he might destroy the youth.

Now when Perseus was fifteen years of age, he went upon a distant voyage with his foster father, and while they two were far away, the wicked Polydectes seized Danaë and made her a slave in his palace. When Perseus returned and discovered this outrage, he entered the King's palace, and braving Polydectes on his very throne, demanded the return of his mother. The crafty Polydectes released Danaë, and Perseus took her to a temple

where she was safe from any capture, and here she swept the temple hearth and was made its guardian.

Then on the seashore Perseus dreamed a dream. He thought that the goddess of wisdom, daughter of Zeus, stood before him — gray-eyed Athene, with her shining shield and helmet and the golden breastplate that was called her ægis.

"You have done well, Perseus," she said, "to brave the King in his own palace for the sake of a thing that was right. I wonder if you will always be brave for what is great and true."

And Perseus felt in his heart that for the truth he would brave anything in the world wherein he walked, the waters under the earth, or the heavens that reached on high.

"Look into my shield," then said Athene, "and tell me if you fear the sight."

Perseus looked into the polished shield and beheld a face so fair and white and sad that he marveled at its beauty. Then he saw about the lips a bitter, cruel look. And the long locks of hair that wreathed the face became hissing serpents, spitting venom, and the creature on whom he gazed lifted brazen wings.

"Are you afraid, Perseus?" asked Athene.

"No," answered Perseus. "But how great a pity that anything so beautiful and sad should be so full of evil!"

"And it *is* evil," said Athene. "This is the image of Medusa, one of the three Gorgons, those monsters more frightful than any ever known. One single glance from their eyes will turn to stone anyone unfortunate enough to behold them. Two of the Gorgons are swinish beasts with snaky locks and brazen wings and claws. Those two are immortal. But the third sister, Medusa, is mortal. She was once a beautiful maiden, but through pride and wickedness became what she is now — more corrupt and cruel even than her sisters. Medusa only of the three may be slain by any human hand. Would you fear to slay Medusa, to rid the world of her and of her evil?"

Perseus answered, "I should not fear," and awoke from his dream.

King Polydectes grew more and more sinister in his thoughts, and tried by sly ways to see how he might catch Perseus unawares and do away with him. He caused a great feast to be prepared, and to this feast invited all the subjects of his land. And each invited guest was supposed to bring the King a present. But Perseus, having nothing and being only a castaway from the sea, had no gift to bring. At the palace door the haughty courtiers taunted him with his poverty, until he became infuriated.

"I will bring the King a present worthy of his honor, were it even the head of Medusa!" he cried.

This was exactly the chance King Polydectes awaited, and in triumph he commanded:

"Bring me the Gorgon's head! And if you fail to bring it, your own head shall be the forfeit."

Now Perseus realized that he had promised a greater thing than he knew how to perform. Troubled, he went and walked by the sea cliffs, where the white wave crests were leaping and the circling sea mews called. And then he saw the cliff wall part and from the cleft stand forth two figures. They stood silently, and the wind did not stir their garments. Only the golden wings on the feet of one of the figures twitched. And Perseus knew that these were no mortal visitors. One was the goddess of his vision, and the other was Hermes.

"What is rashly promised must be patiently worked out," said Athene. "Fear not, be steadfast in the truth and merciful in heart, and you shall be guided and directed. First must you seek the three Gray Sisters who have but one eye between them. They alone of all the world know the way to the Nymphs, daughters of the Evening Star, who guard the golden apple tree. The Nymphs will tell you the way to the cavern of Medusa."

From Athene Perseus received a shining shield; from Hermes, the wingèd cap and sandals, a goatskin pouch, and magic sword.

"When you reach the cavern of Medusa," said

the goddess, "look not upon her face, but at the mirrored image in the polished shield. One stroke from the sword is enough. Take then the severed head and place it in the goatskin pouch. Go now and wait for naught."

Fleetly he flew over land and over sea in the wingèd shoes of Hermes, until he came to the mist land of the three Gray Sisters who had but one eye between them.

"Sister, sister, give me the eye! It is my turn," said one.

"It is *my* turn," said another. "Give me the eye, that I may see."

And while they were passing the eye, the voice of Hermes said, "Now is the time!" And Perseus put out his hand and received the eye.

"Where is it?" said the second sister. "You did not give it to me."

"I did! I did!" cried the first. "You must have dropped it!"

While they were quarreling thus, Perseus spoke. "I have your eye. Tell me the way to the Nymphs who guard the golden apple tree, and you shall have it back again."

And there was no way out for the three Gray Sisters but to give him the direction.

Then over sea and over land flew Perseus to the far, far West, where grew the golden apple tree. There beneath it he saw the Nymphs, daughters of

the Evening Star, dancing in a circle, and at the foot of the tree lay a great green dragon, sleeping.

"Come, play with us," called the Nymphs.

"No," said Perseus, "I must seek the Gorgon's cave, and I have come to you to learn the way."

"Oh, do not go," cried the Nymphs. "You will surely die. We will give you golden apples if you will stay and dance with us."

But Perseus would not stay.

"Then we must ask our uncle Atlas," said the Nymphs. And they went up to a great height, where day and night Atlas held the sky on his shoulders, so that the heavens should not close down and crush the earth to nothing.

"I will tell you the way," said he, "if you will promise me one thing and carry out your promise faithfully."

"That I will surely do," said Perseus.

"Then," said Atlas, "when you have slain Medusa, let me look once upon the head, so that I may never more have sense or feeling for the great burden I must bear." And Perseus promised.

"But first you will need the hood of darkness," said Atlas. "It is kept in Hades, and my nieces, being immortal, may go and get it for you."

And one of the Nymphs went far, far down into the land of shades and brought back the hood of darkness, while Perseus stayed in the light in the gardens of the golden apple tree, and played with

the other Nymphs until she returned. Then taking the hood of darkness, he bade them a kind farewell.

Over the sea and over the land he flew on the shoes of swiftness, like the cranes that fly north with the springtime. For a year and a day he flew, till he came to the barren and dreadful land that held the Gorgon's cave.

Then in his hood of darkness he came like the night wind, hurrying, and over the cave he paused, and looked in the polished shield.

And there he saw mirrored the three dread sisters. Two slept like swine, twined and mired in their snaky locks, but Medusa tossed restlessly between them. Her face was white and fair, and her wings were tipped like the rainbow, and her lips were drawn and sad with pain, so that Perseus felt his heart filled with pity to slay a creature so beautiful and so sad. But when the serpents about her head rose up, and her cruel hands reached out, and evil shot forth from her eyes, then with one stroke Perseus, swooping like a bird, severed from her shoulders the terrible head.

And from the neck sprang Pegasus, the wingèd horse of the gods, and soared aloft to Zeus, to bear his thunderbolts and lightning.

Then all the hissing serpents of all the earth uprose to waken the sleeping sisters and send them in pursuit. With the head in the goatskin pouch

at his side, the hero flew high and flew far until the shrieking monsters were specks in the stony distance.

He flew and flew, south from the land of despair, until he came again to the garden of the golden apples where danced the Nymphs, daughters of the Evening Star. And there he gave back the hood of darkness, and there he let the tired Atlas look upon the face. And the mighty shoulders heaved, and became as gray rock and crags, holding the sky forever on their mountain back.

And Perseus flew and flew toward his home, and many were his exploits. On the coast of Ethiopia he rescued a fair maiden who was chained to a wave-washed crag for a sea monster to devour. One glance from the head of Medusa, and the monster became a long black rock, for the sea to moan over forever. And the maiden, Andromeda, became the bride of Perseus. She was the King's daughter in that land, and news of her rescue traveled far and wide. Her parents directed feasts to be spread, and there was rejoicing in the palace and in all the countryside.

Then Perseus caused a great ship of cypress to be made, and painted with scarlet, and the vessel was manned by the most stalwart youths of the kingdom, and laden with gold and spices and richly dyed fabrics from Phœnicia. When all was

ready the galley sailed away, bearing Perseus and Andromeda toward the Isle of Seriphos.

For days and nights they sped over blue and happy seas, with the golden sun shining on the fair sails and the flashing oars, and the silver starlight pointing their homeward course, until they came to a country where the King and all his people bade them welcome. Here in the midst of festivals and games in which Perseus took part with the other young athletes, a calamitous thing occurred. For the old King was struck by a flying discus that came from the hand of Perseus. In dismay the players gathered round, only to find that the unhappy King was dead. Then was recalled the old prophecy in that land, that the King should be slain by the hand of his grandson. It was Acrisius, the father of Danaë, and thus sadly was his fate fulfilled.

Perseus gave the kingdom into the hands of the old King's nephew, and sorrowfully sailed on until he reached the Isle of Seriphos, where the good Dictys lived and Danaë served in the temple.

With the Gorgon's head in the goatskin pouch, Perseus made his way to the palace of King Polydectes. Seven years had passed. The youth who had started on his quest was now tall and full-grown, and radiant as the sun. He stood before the King, a godlike hero, and none in the palace feast hall knew him, save King Polydectes alone. And those who feasted with the King were

the cruel courtiers who had taunted Perseus with being a drift child from he knew not where.

"You have failed to bring the Gorgon's head!" said the King in jealous satisfaction.

The heart of the hero was smitten with pity.

"Ask not to see it," he said; "for so frightful is the head that any who look on it are turned to stone, more hard than ice, forever."

"Bring forth the head, if you have it!" demanded the King.

And, "Yes, show us the head!" cried the guests.

Then slowly Perseus lifted the serpent locks and raised high Medusa's baleful countenance.

King Polydectes shuddered and half rose. A gasp went through the gathered crowd of courtiers. With horror frozen on their lips and eyes and limbs, the King and all his company were turned to stone. And stone they still remain.

The good Dictys was made King of that land, and Danaë was brought from the temple, rejoicing in her son. Perseus returned the wingèd cap and sandals, the goatskin pouch, and the magic sword to Hermes. To Athene he returned the shining shield and gave the Gorgon's head to place upon her ægis. Then with his mother and his bride he sailed away to found a kingdom of his own.

All this was many, many years ago, but as the great All-father of the gods foretold, the good deeds

of Perseus lived after him. For on starry nights he shines in the deep blue sky, Andromeda beside him, the Gorgon's head in his hand, and the wingèd horse upspringing to bear the thunderbolts.

META KNOX HANNAY

NOTE. — The frontispiece of this volume is a reproduction of a painting in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, by the American artist, John Singer Sargent. Perseus is mounting the wingèd horse that springs from the neck of Medusa. The guide and counselor Athene stands by to receive the Gorgon's head. The artist's colors are pure and soaring, like the spirit of the radiant hero, Perseus. Here the bright good slays the evil and rises to the heights on shining wings.

LISTEN!

PLEASANT it is, on a July day,
To hear the leaves
Exchanging gossip as they sway
In the breeze.
Pleasant the sound of running water
Over smooth stones,
Half sobbing and half laughter,
Bubble tones.
When silence is most still,
Call of a cock quail from the hill,
Clear and glad and done with a will —
A cock quail on a vineyard hill.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

NOTE. — It is interesting to count all the little sounds that mean a song, a poem, or a thought: wheels on the snow; hoarfrost on dead grass when you walk; rain on the attic roof; a twig ticktacking on the window pane; the hiss of the roasting-pan when the oven door is opened; the skip of a pebble on the water's surface; the plodding hoofs of market horses in the early morning; the interrupted clatter of an engine or a long freight train crossing a high trestle.

THE ROSES OF SAINT ELIZABETH

NEAR the village of Eisenach, in Germany, a great castle called the Wartburg stands on a high hill. All the roads to the castle are steep and rocky, but there is one narrow path which is so difficult to climb that it is called the "Knee-breaker." And if you were to go up or down it yourself to-day you would probably decide that the name suits it exactly.

This very same path has wound its way over the steep hillside for hundreds and hundreds of years. And there is a sweet old story that the people tell of something which happened there long, long ago.

Early in the thirteenth century, this part of Germany was called Thuringia, and it was almost as important as a kingdom. Its ruler, who lived

in the Wartburg, had the title of Count, or Landgrave. He was strong and powerful, and the equal of kings. Many of these rulers had been named Louis, and the people had added to this name words which described each one. For instance, there had been Louis the Bearded, Louis the Springer, Louis the Hard, and Louis the Pious. And the Louis who ruled at the time of our story afterward became known as the Saint.

From this you will know that he must have been a very great and good man. And so he was. But the people loved his wife Elizabeth even more than they did their Landgrave, and she too became a saint.

Elizabeth was a princess, daughter of the King of Hungary. She was betrothed to Louis when she was only four years old, and according to the custom of the country, she was sent to the Wartburg to be brought up in the family of her future husband. At first, of course, she was lonely for her mother and all the friends she had left behind in the palace in Hungary, but she soon grew to love her new home and became very happy there. She was a beautiful little girl, as a princess should be, with lovely dark hair and eyes and a clear oval face. But still more remarkable than her beauty was the sweetness and humility of her nature, even as a child.

She was not at all proud because she was a

princess. She never liked to wear rich and costly clothes, for she noticed how many people there were who had scarcely enough to keep them warm, and scarcely enough food to keep them alive. While she was still only a little girl, she did many kind things for the poor people of the country, and when she had grown up and was the wife of the Landgrave, she worked very hard to help all who were sick or who had no money.

Count Louis was proud of his beautiful and gracious wife, and he also cared deeply for the welfare of the people over whom he ruled, but sometimes he thought Elizabeth did too much for them. He did not like to have her make herself tired and ill because of the sufferings of others. So she would often put on a plain peasant's dress, with a coarse cloak over it, and creep quietly out of the castle and down over the Knee-breaker to the little village, with food and medicine and clothing for her people.

One bitterly cold winter day, when the ground was covered with snow and the steep path was doubly treacherous, with slippery, icy spots among the rocks, Elizabeth knew that she was needed in Eisenach, so she concealed in her cloak some warm stockings, and bread and meat and cakes. When she had gone about halfway down the hill with her heavy load, she heard voices, and saw that Louis and his men were just returning from the forest

where they had been hunting. They had seen her, too, and she could not avoid meeting them. So she stopped, and clutching tight her cloak with its burden, looked down, blushing, at the snowy ground. Louis came up and put his hand gently on her arm. He did not mind that she was always giving to the poor, for he was kind and thoughtful of them too, but he did not like to see her carrying this great heavy load on such a harsh, cold day.

"What are you carrying so carefully and quietly down the Knee-breaker, my Elizabeth?" asked Louis.

Elizabeth hesitated, and then, slowly, instead of answering him she opened out her cloak. She was so modest and humble in her giving that she did not like to have anyone, even her husband, know just how much she did for others.

As Louis looked down, he started with surprise. And Elizabeth's cheeks turned even a brighter color. For the story goes that the coarse cloak was heaped high with beautiful, fragrant, white and red roses, all dewy and fresh as though it had been June.

Louis stooped and kissed his wife's hand, and reverently closed the folds of the cloak, for he understood that Another than Elizabeth had answered his question. And she went on down the rugged path to the village, to those who needed her.

They say that Louis kept one of the roses, and

THE COARSE CLOAK WAS HEAPED HIGH WITH BEAUTIFUL, FRAGRANT, WHITE AND RED ROSES, ALL DEWY AND FRESH AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN JUNE

carried it with him always until he died, while on a Crusade to the Holy Land. And the roses which bloom richly around the Wartburg to-day are called "Elizabeth flowers," in memory of the sweet princess who lived there so long ago.

M. Agnes Edwards

Note. — This beautiful legend has been told in music and poetry and painting. Franz Liszt wrote a music-poem for many instruments and voices called "Saint Elizabeth." And the scene of Wagner's opera *Tannhäuser* is laid in the castle of the Wartburg. In the little town of Eisenach at the foot of the Wartburg was born the great musician Johann Sebastian Bach.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

"He hath made every thing beautiful in his time."

God has made all things beautiful
In his good time — so many things
I cannot count them all. The clouds,
The feathers in a pigeon's wings,
The clear blue sea, the green-fringed
ferns,
The look of sunlight on the hills,
Red roses by the garden wall,
Daisies and daffodils;

Pink shells, and little polished stones,
The silver moon that sails the sky,
The star beyond my window sill,
The colors of a butterfly,
The dark, black, velvet night, the way
The yellow sun goes down the west,
The song a happy robin sings,
Beside its little nest.

I could not ever count them all —
The shining of our fireplace,
The shadows leaping on the wall,
The baby's eyes, my mother's face,
The way the wind goes through the leaves,
All light and stepping, like a rhyme —
Such lovely, lovely things God made
For us in his good time!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — To count the beautiful things you can think of in a quiet few minutes is a pleasant game.

This is like the game of "Flowers by the Roadside." Did you ever play it? You are walking along anywhere, and you name all you see — even the weeds, for they have flowers also. Sometimes you can count up to forty in ten minutes: dandelion, chickweed, sheep sorrel, horse sorrel (This sorrel leaf looks like a horse's face and ears), dock, ragweed, daisy, shepherd's-purse, peppergrass (Do you know the difference between these two last? Peppergrass has little round pods that are good to eat, while shepherd's-purse has

little heart-shaped ones, like the pouches or bags that hang on shepherds' belts, full of tiny coins — open them and see), poison ivy, climbing false buckwheat, burdock (Have you a secret place for burrs? Do you gather big balls of them to make things of, men and houses and baskets — the green ones for common and the purple-flowered ones for trimming, and a big burdock leaf to wrap the pretty treasure?), plantain, with leaves that pull out in long sinews, wild carrot (Queen Anne's lace, with a tiny garnet eye), yarrow (splendid if you find a lavender one), heal-all, red clover, white clover, yellow hop clover, chicory, all kinds of grasses (How many? Some are good to whisk about, as the knotgrass. Others weave into little baskets or are fragrant to lay in bunches in bureau drawers — the sweet vernal grasses, and some have great drowsy heads like fat bees, with purple pollen when you shake them). And if you are in the country, you can add tansy, wild parsnip (poison to eat), bindweed, clematis, nightshade (very poisonous), wild raspberry, bird cherry, strawberry, wild orange lily, Turk's-cap lily, wild rose, everlasting. Go on and count them all!

JOG ON, JOG ON

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

William Shakespeare

BUTTERFLY PATH

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail pale wings for the winds to try;
Small white wings that we scarce can see
Fly. . . .
Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh:
All to the haven where each would be —
Fly!

SWINBURNE

Of all the sunny ways that lead to the heart of Nature, none is more beautiful than Butterfly Path. On a Monday, if you are willing, Mother Nature will swing open for you the Gate of the Birds. Through this she may lead to the looping goldfinches or a single flashing bluebird. Perhaps she will let you hear a rollicking catbird, or — go softly — she may give you a quick glimpse of a robin's nest, with its clear blue eggs.

On a Tuesday, this good dame of the Out-of-doors may take delight in showing you the way across her meadows and into her woods, where a score of flowers are waiting to tell you their names. On a Wednesday, she will be eager to ask whether you know her trees, especially the ones that you pass on the Road to Everyday. On through any week she is ready to guide you into Moss Dell or Mushroom Circle or down Fernery Avenue, to

learn her lovely lore. But always she will be restless until you have wandered down Butterfly Path, with your eyes wide open for all the joyous color of its wingèd creatures.

Wherever the beauty of butterflies hovers in air, the landscape is more friendly. We might be quite content if we had only the common butterflies, like the white Cabbage Butterfly or, let us say, the common Blue Butterfly. Yet, the world over, Mother Nature has chosen to scatter any number of different patterns, carefully painted on the frail wings of these insects. When you learn to know one by sight, you will want to know another and then another.

Now the wing of a butterfly is a membrane delicately clothed with flattened scales. These tiny scales are arranged in such a way that they overlap one another like shingles or tiles on a roof. Sometimes they make a simple color-pattern, as for the Little Sulphur, in his clear yellow with silvery spots under the surface of his hind wings. The Tiger Swallowtail is yellow, too, but he has more elaborate markings in bands of velvety black.

Nature has dressed certain of her butterflies so richly that they have been christened by names of rulers. The Blue Emperor wears a purple robe with red spots. The White Admiral shows a white band across both wings of deep purple. Tawny red is for the Viceroy, with veins outlined in clear

black, an edge of white-spotted black, and black again for a band across the middle of his hind wings.

The Viceroy looks very like the Monarch, and this is good fortune indeed. For the Monarch butterfly feeds on milkweed leaves, whose juices give an unpleasant taste to his body. Birds who are searching for small prey do not like this bitter flavor and learn to avoid such distasteful food. So the Viceroy, because of his likeness to the Monarch, comes to be feared rather than devoured. This protective scheme of nature is called mimicry, because one insect seems to have mimicked another.

There is another kind of mimicry which shelters the butterfly from attack. He may appear so like dried leaves that he cannot be seen as he reposes on the twig of a tree. Or he may copy other protective colors. Sometimes, when a butterfly alights for rest, he folds his wings together closely back to back and then draws his front wings down so that they are almost covered by the hind pair. The under side of these covering wings is often colored like his surroundings, so that the little creature is concealed in perfect safety. When a bird has a nest of hungry fledglings, he has little time to look carefully for half-hidden butterflies.

In parts of the United States, the showy Monarchs of the kingdom gather in flocks in the

autumn, ready to move southward, as birds do. These may be seen in large numbers, hanging quietly from the leaves and branches of trees and shrubs, ready for flight to a warmer climate.

The Tiger Swallowtails are sometimes so abundant that they swarm together to rest. One day a professor took a cluster of lilac flowers between his two hands and found that he was holding sixty-nine of these butterflies. The Swallowtail is among the largest of the northern day fliers. Across the middle of the wings you will find a row of yellow spots.

On a willow or a poplar you may come upon the young of the Mourning Cloak butterfly. When he is full grown, the upper side of his wings shows a blue-black-brownish color with an edge of yellow.

The young Regal Fritillary will be feeding on violets. He wears tawny red above and may be decorated with silvery white spots. On the asters will appear the Pearl Crescent, with one or more small white crescents on the under side of his hind wings.

The Anglewings look as if Mother Nature had notched their edges with a pair of scissors. The under side of their wings is so close to the color of dead leaves that they may rest on the floor of the forest in almost perfect hiding. The Hairstreaks and Skippers have such a swift way of concealing themselves that they fly before our eyes in their

brown or yellow clothing and disappear before we can possibly trace the end of their flight.

Here and there butterflies are adorned with eyespots, or round spots with rings of a different color around them. The Thistle butterfly or Painted

"THE SUNSHINY BUTTERFLIES COME AND GO
LIKE BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS MOVING TO AND FRO"

Lady has four eyespots on each hind wing. When you discover a Common Wood Nymph, you will see the eyespots set in a band of yellowish hue.

The Owl butterflies, which are usually found in the tropics, have a great eyespot in the centre of each hind wing. If you hold one of these so that

his feelers point toward you, he will seem to have the face of a very small owl. Strange butterflies are found in other lands, too. In South America, Nature has given an almost perfect numeral 8 to the wings of one beautiful insect, and strange white markings like letters to another.

The largest of all butterflies was named for Queen Alexandra. From tip to tip he measures as wide as ten inches. His deep black wings are banded with blue and blue-green, and when he is held against the light this blue turns to satiny lavender and the green to a beautiful old gold.

Perhaps sometime Mother Nature will show you one of these great butterflies — so like a bird. But while you are waiting for such a glorious sight, you may steal quietly along Butterfly Path near your own home, on any flowery summer's day. There

> The sunshiny butterflies come and go
> Like beautiful thoughts moving to and fro.

NOTE. — How many butterfly things there are! The French word for butterfly is *papillon*, and *black butterflies* in French mean "whims." *Papilionaceous* flowers are those that have a corolla resembling a butterfly, such as Pea, Bean, Locust, Clover. Can you think of any others? All the flowers that have blooms like the sweet pea are butterfly flowers.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD'S SONG

(*Thirteenth Century*)

THE leaves, the little birds, and I,
The fleece clouds and the sweet, sweet sky,
The pages singing as they ride
Down there, down there where the river is wide —
Heigh-ho, what a day! What a lovely day!
Even too lovely to hop and play
With my sheep,
Or sleep
In the sun!

And so I lie in the deep, deep grass
And watch the pages as they pass,
And sing to them as they to me,
Till they turn the bend by the poplar tree.
And then — Oh then, I sing right on
To the leaves and the lambs and myself alone!
For I think there must be
Inside of me
A bird!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

NOTE. — Did you draw a picture of this poem? A large sheet of paper is best, — the kind that is fuzzy and rough, — and paint is better than crayon; *be sure to leave the clouds white.* The boys wear belts, like Robin Hood, with purses like the "shepherd's-purse," and shoes that roll over at the top, with

pointed toes that flip. They have long feathers in their bell-shaped caps, and hair cut squarely round their necks and straight across their foreheads. The little lambs are frisking, and the leaves are drawn each by itself, and you may put the bird upon the tree (if you prefer), but let its bill be open, so we know it sings.

"THE O OF GIOTTO"

A LITTLE more than two hundred years before Columbus came to America, there was living not far from the city of Florence an Italian boy by the name of Giotto. The peasant Bondone had brought up his sturdy son in the simplicity of village life, and when Giotto came to be ten years of age, the father entrusted him with the keeping of a few sheep.

Now the young Giotto was a bright lad, quick to think, one who endeared himself not only to his father but to all who knew him in the village and around it. With his sheep he wandered now here, now there. And wherever he watched his flock, the boy was always to be seen drawing, on the stones, the earth, or the sand, some natural object that came before his eyes or some fancy of his mind. This was the delight of his hours.

One day, as the great Florentine painter, Cimabue, was passing by on business, he caught sight of Giotto tending the sheep that fed about him.

Nor was the lad otherwise idle. With a slightly pointed stone he was occupied in drawing one of his sheep from life, upon a smooth, clean piece of rock. He had never been taught such an art by anyone save Nature herself.

NOR WAS THE LAD OTHERWISE IDLE. WITH A SLIGHTLY POINTED STONE HE WAS OCCUPIED IN DRAWING ONE OF HIS SHEEP FROM LIFE, UPON A SMOOTH, CLEAN PIECE OF ROCK

Cimabue halted in wonder. So taken was he with the skill of the work that he asked the boy to go with him to his home. Giotto replied that he would go willingly, if his father was content to spare him. And Bondone wisely consented.

In a short time the inborn gift of the boy was trained by the experienced master until they were

equals. Indeed, Giotto himself brought back into use a way of drawing living persons that had not been so well employed for many years.

Cimabue was an artist of worth. Even as a boy he had been known as one of clear mind. Out of his natural desire he would spend a whole day in drawing men, horses, houses, and varied fancies. He would stand watching masters at their work the day through, and though he learned of them, by constant practice he came to excel them, both in design and coloring. In the course of time he painted a picture of the Virgin which was so marvelous that the people carried it through the streets in solemn procession to the church where it was to have place. Thus, to the sound of festal trumpets, they honored the painting on its way from the home of Cimabue, the artist.

This was the man whom the little shepherd Giotto, son of Bondone, came to surpass. In much of his own art there was a beauty which was at once severe and tender, both in color and in design. Thirty-two stories of the life of Saint Francis came from the hand of the younger painter to grace the church in Assisi. Among other figures, that of a thirsty man stooping to drink from a fountain is so real that one could almost believe him to be a living man, actually drinking.

These paintings added greatly to the fame of Giotto until Pope Benedict, knowing of the charm

of the artist's work not only here but elsewhere, sent one of his courtiers to Tuscany to find what kind of man this might be. The Pope was planning to have certain paintings executed in the church of Saint Peter, and wished to learn about the good masters who might send him designs.

First the courtier spoke with many artists in Siena. After he had received drawings from them, he went one morning to the workshop of Giotto in Florence. There he found the artist at his labors. The man set forth the purpose of the Pope, and finally asked to have a drawing to send to His Holiness.

Giotto, who was very courteous, took a sheet of paper and a pencil dipped in a red color. Then, resting his elbow on his side, to form a sort of compass, with one turn of the hand he drew a circle so perfect and exact that it was a marvel to behold.

With this, he turned smiling to the courtier and said, "Here is your drawing."

"Am I to have nothing more than this?" inquired the Pope's attendant, thinking Giotto to be in jest.

"That is enough and to spare," replied the artist. "Send it with the rest, and you will see if it is recognized."

The messenger was poorly satisfied to go away with so little. He truly feared that he had been fooled. Yet he sent to the Pope the different

drawings that had been gathered, including the one from Giotto. The courtier told how the artist had made his circle, without moving his arm and without compasses. And from this the Pope, and such of his men as were well versed in the subject, knew how far Giotto surpassed all the other painters of his time. Thus was Giotto chosen above the rest, and, as this story became known, there arose the phrase, "Rounder than the O of Giotto."

Not long after his mission to Rome, Giotto was summoned by the King of Naples to adorn a church. There the artist labored to the great liking of the monarch, who took pleasure in watching the progress of the work and also in hearing the man's remarks. For Giotto had always a jest ready and was never at a loss for a witty reply. So he amused the King with his hand while he painted, entertaining His Majesty the while with pleasant conversation.

One day the King said, "Giotto, if I were in your place, now that it is so hot, I would give up painting for a time and take my rest."

"And so I would do, certainly," replied Giotto, "if I were in Your Majesty's place."

It is said that while Giotto was a boy this same merriment of his had been displayed. For when he was with his master, Cimabue, he once painted a fly on a face that the older man had drawn. And because of his talent, this was so natural that

when Cimabue returned to his work he tried to drive the insect away with his hand.

After Giotto's return to Florence, he began the design of the campanile or bell tower for the cathedral. The first stone was laid by the Bishop himself, in the presence of all the clergy and magistrates. The ornaments were designed with infinite care and diligence by Giotto. On the model he marked out all the compartments where the friezes and sculptures were to be placed, in colors of white, black, and red. The artist lived long enough to execute some of these himself.

Although his birthplace had been in an outlying village, Giotto was made a citizen of Florence by way of honor for his many beautiful works. The boy who busied his hands while he tended his sheep had become Giotto, the Florentine, the man whose exact and graceful work bore the loveliness of a perfect circle.

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

NOTE. — Civilizations rise and fall like tides. After the centuries called the Dark Ages, came the days of chivalry. In the churches and monasteries people pored over old illuminated manuscripts that the monks had kept, the ancient literature of the Greeks and Romans; but above all they treasured the stories of the Christian religion, which meant civilization to them. The knights of the Holy Grail, the Crusaders, and the countless people who devoutly built the

beautiful cathedrals that sprang up like "frozen music" all over Europe, were fired with a great religious enthusiasm. So the early painters, like Giotto, dreamed all of their marvelous work to the honor of God.

HOW A BIRTHDAY TRAVELED FROM SAMOA TO VERMONT

[Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote *A Child's Garden of Verses* and *Treasure Island*, was a true Scotchman — a brave son of Edinburgh. From his very boyhood he was called to battle with the enemy, Ill Health, yet so high did he hold his head that the world well remembers him as one of the pluckiest figures of his time.

Because for years he sought strength in parts of the world away from his father and mother and most of his friends, Stevenson wrote many letters, and in these again and again we read the charming man himself, full of good humor and friendliness. It was while he was in Samoa, in one of the last years of his struggle for life, that he wrote this deed of gift and letter to Annie H. Ide — with a flashing smile, no doubt, in his wonderful brown eyes.]

I, Robert Louis Stevenson, Advocate of the Scots Bar, author of *The Master of Ballantrae* and *Moral Emblems*, stuck[1] civil engineer, sole owner and patentee of the Palace and Plantation

[1] Scotch word for "bungled," here playfully used.

known as Vailima in the island of Upolu, Samoa, a British Subject, being in sound mind, and pretty well, I thank you, in body:

In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide, daughter of H. C. Ide in the town of Saint Johnsbury, in the country of Caledonia, in the State of Vermont, United States of America, was born, out of all reason, upon Christmas Day, and is therefore out of all justice denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday;

And considering that I, the said Robert Louis Stevenson, have attained an age when O, we never mention it, and that I have now no further use for a birthday of any description;

And in consideration that I have met H. C. Ide, the father of the said Annie H. Ide, and found him about as white a land commissioner as I require:

HAVE TRANSFERRED, and DO HEREBY TRANSFER, to the said Annie H. Ide, ALL AND WHOLE, my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby, and henceforth, the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments, and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors;

AND I DIRECT the said Annie H. Ide to add to

the said name of Annie H. Ide the name Louisa, — at least in private, — and I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and humanity, *et tamquam bona filia familiæ*,[1] the said birthday not being so young as it once was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember;

And in case the said Annie H. Ide shall neglect or contravene either of the above conditions, I hereby revoke the donation and transfer my rights in the said birthday to the President of the United States of America for the time being:

In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal this nineteenth day of June, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

(SEAL)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Witness, LLOYD OSBOURNE
Witness, HAROLD WATTS

(*To Miss Annie H. Ide*)

VAILIMA, SAMOA, *November* 1891

MY DEAR LOUISA, —

Your picture of the church, the photograph of yourself and your sister, and your very witty and pleasing letter came all in a bundle, and made me

[1] "And like a good daughter of the family."

feel I had my money's worth for that birthday. I am now, I must be, one of your nearest relatives; exactly what we are to each other I do not know; I doubt if the case has ever happened before — your papa ought to know, and I don't believe he does; but I think I ought to call you in the meanwhile, and until we get the advice of counsel learned in the law, my name-daughter. Well, I was extremely pleased to see by the church that my name-daughter could draw; by the letter, that she was no fool; and by the photograph, that she was a pretty girl, which hurts nothing. See how virtues are rewarded! My first idea of adopting you was entirely charitable; and here I find that I am quite proud of it, and of you, and that I chose just the kind of name-daughter I wanted. For I can draw, too, or rather I mean to say I could before I forgot how; and I am very far from being a fool myself, however much I may look it; and I am as beautiful as the day, or at least I once hoped that perhaps I might be going to be. And so I might. So that you see we are well met, and peers on these important points. I am very glad, also, that you are older than your sister; so should I have been, if I had had one. So that the number of points and virtues which you have inherited from your name-father is already surprising. . . .

You are quite wrong as to the effect of the birthday on your age. From the moment the deed was

registered (as it was in the public press, with every solemnity), the 13th of November became your own *and only* birthday, and you ceased to have been born on Christmas Day. Ask your father: I am sure he will tell you this is sound law. You are thus become a month and twelve days younger than you were, but will go on growing for the future in the regular and human manner from one 13th November to the next. The effect on me is more doubtful. I may, as you suggest, live forever; I might, on the other hand, come to pieces like the one-horse shay at a moment's notice; doubtless the step was risky, but I do not the least regret that which enables me to sign myself your revered and delighted name-father,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

NOTE. — In St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh is a bronze memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson. It is a relief by Augustus Saint Gaudens, and shows Stevenson in the familiar position of writing in bed. Below are the following words: —

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Born at VIII Howard Place, Edinburgh, November XIII, M D C C C L. Died at Vailima, Island of Upolu, Samoa, December III, M D C C C X C I V. This memorial is erected in his honour by readers in all quarters of the world, who admire him as a master of

English and Scottish letters, and to whom his constancy under infirmity and suffering, and his spirit of mirth, courage, and love, have endeared his name.

Then follows the epitaph that he himself wrote: —

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here he lies, where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

Saint Gaudens was a friend of Stevenson and was one of the foremost American sculptors. He was born in Dublin and died in Cornish, New Hampshire. When he was thirteen he was apprenticed to a cameo cutter, who trained him in this most delicate art. His "Lincoln" in Chicago has been considered the finest portrait-statue in the United States.

FOG

THE fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

CARL SANDBURG

NOTE. — Can you write a poem about the city?

Try: The twilight on a clear cold night, when a strip of green sky shows between two rows of houses, and the gas lamps are beginning to be lit.

Or: October, when people hurry home from work on a rainy night, and pavements are slippery, and a man is roasting chestnuts in a doorway.

Or: Noontime, when the whistle blows, and workmen eat lunches out of paper bags, while children skip home for stew and hot potatoes.

Or: The market place, with stalls for fruit and vegetables, pickles, and garden rakes; dealers in long linen dusters, with fresh roses in their caps; and purring tabbies sitting by the scales.

THE CITY OF PALLAS ATHENE[1]

IN the ancient days of Greece, a king by the name of Erechtheus built a city where he might rule his brave people. Although this city was small and humble, the great god Zeus, by his wisdom, foresaw that one day it would become the noblest of all cities throughout the wide earth.

Now there was strife between Poseidon, the lord of the sea, and Athene, the goddess of knowledge, to decide by whose name this city of Erechtheus should be called. So Zeus appointed a day on

[1] Adapted from *Tales of Ancient Greece*, by Sir George William Cox, by special permission of the publishers, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Company, Ltd.

which he should judge between them in the presence of the great gods who dwell on high Olympus.

When the day came, the gods sat each on his golden throne on the banks of the stream. High above all was the throne of Zeus, the great father of gods and men, and by his side sat Hera, the queen. That day even the sons of men might gaze upon them, for all the gods had come down in peace to listen to the judgment between Poseidon and Athene.

Before them stood the great rivals. High in her left hand Athene held the invincible spear. Close beside her waited Poseidon; in his right hand gleamed the trident with which he shakes the earth and cleaves the waters of the sea.

Then from his golden seat rose the spokesman, Hermes, and his clear voice sounded over all the great council. "Listen," he said, "to the will of Zeus, who judges now between Poseidon and Athene. The city of Erechtheus shall bear the name of that god who shall bring forth out of the earth the best gift for the sons of men. If Poseidon do this, the city shall be called Poseidonia; but if Athene bring the higher gift, it shall be called Athens."

Then King Poseidon rose up in the greatness of his majesty, and with his trident he smote the earth where he stood. Straightway the hill was shaken to its depths, and the earth parted, and

forth from the chasm leaped a horse, such as never shall be seen again for strength and beauty. His body shone white all over as the driven snow; his mane streamed proudly in the wind as he stamped on the ground and raced over hill and valley.

"Behold my gift," said Poseidon, "and call the city after my name. Who shall give aught better than the horse to the sons of men?"

But Athene looked steadfastly at the gods with her keen gray eyes; and she stooped slowly down to the ground, and planted in it a little seed which she held in her right hand. She spake no word, but still gazed calmly on that great council. Presently they saw springing from the earth a little bud, which grew up and threw out boughs and leaves. Higher and higher it rose, with all its thick green foliage, and put forth fruit on its clustering branches.

"My gift is better, O Zeus," she said, "than that of King Poseidon. The horse which he has given shall bring war and strife and anguish to the children of men; my olive tree is the sign of peace and plenty, of health and strength, and the pledge of happiness and freedom. Shall not, therefore, the city of Erechtheus be called after my name?"

Then with one accord rose the voices of the gods in the air, as they cried out, "The gift of Athene is the best which may be given to the sons of men; it is the token that the city of Erechtheus shall be

greater in peace than in war, and nobler in its freedom than in its power. Let the city be called Athens."

Then the mighty Zeus bowed his head in sign of judgment that the city should be called by the name of Athene. From his head the immortal locks streamed down, and the earth trembled beneath his feet as he rose from his golden throne to return to the halls of Olympus.

But still Athene stood gazing over the land which was now her own; and she stretched out her spear toward the city of Erechtheus, and said, "I have won the victory, and here shall be my home. Here shall my children grow up in happiness and freedom; and hither shall the sons of men come to learn of law and order.

"Here shall they see what great things may be done by mortal hands when aided by the gods who dwell on Olympus. And when the torch of freedom has gone out at Athens, its light shall be handed on to other lands, and men shall learn that my gift is still the best. And they shall say that reverence for law and the freedom of thought and deed has come to them from the city of Erechtheus, which bears the name of Athene."

Sir George William Cox

Note. — Hermes was the messenger god, with his wingèd cap and shoes. Mercury was his Roman

name. These ancient gods of the Greeks came to have Roman names also when they were adopted by the Roman people. The names in this story are the Greek ones. The "attribute" of Hermes — that is, the special sign by which he is recognized — is the caduceus or serpent-twined staff. Hermes was often called upon by the other gods for assistance, because of his swiftness and his keenness, but he was a talebearer also, and sometimes worked mischief as well as good.

The Greeks were not the only ancient people who had a whole organization of gods. The Hindus also had theirs, and the American Indians, and the Teutons in Europe. Many of the Teuton gods correspond almost exactly to the Greek. Their mischievous god Loki was very much like Hermes.

These are the Greek and the Roman names of some of the gods, and their attributes: —

Office	*Greek name*	*Roman name*	*Attribute*
King, or father, of gods	Zeus	Jupiter	Thunderbolt
Queen	Hera	Juno	Distaff
God of the sea	Poseidon	Neptune	Trident
Goddess of wisdom	Pallas Athene	Minerva	Spear and olive branch
God of the sun and of music	Helios	Apollo	Laurel crown and lyre
Goddess of the moon and of the chase	Artemis	Diana	Crescent and bow

Under Zeus, the King of the gods, the other gods had charge of special domains. Poseidon, who ruled the waters, was father of the Tritons — the blue-haired half gods who rode sea horses, blowing their conch-shell trumpets to raise or calm the waves.

Boys flying kites haul in their
white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're
flying words.

CARLETON

When angry, count ten before
you speak; if very angry, an
hundred.

JEFFERSON

I am absolute master of the un-
spoken word.

THE BURNING STARS

"I HEAR the footsteps of the horses. Oh, mother, I can scarcely wait to go!" As he spoke, Gilbert, the forester's son, looked toward the hill where the old fortress stood, and down which the guard would soon ride. The boundary of the kingdom was threatened by invasion, and the forces of the crown had rallied to meet the enemy. Even youths as young as Gilbert's thirteen years were going to help carry armor and shields.

"My blanket and water bottle and the bow and arrows are ready," the lad went on, "and you said I might carry the banner that has hung over the fireplace so long. Good-bye, mother; I shall come back to you safely when this war is over."

As the dust from the horses began to fill the air, and the sound of ringing hoofs came nearer, Gilbert ran a little way up the road to meet the cavalcade. It was indeed a brave sight — the general, in his plumes and long crimson cloak, riding first, and just behind him the standard bearer, with a banner inscribed with the same bands and stars that marked Gilbert's own.

It was said that some time those stars would burn on the banner of the kingdom with the fire of the real stars, but everyone knew this to be but a tale of the soothsayers.

Gilbert could see his father among the brown-clad ranks of the foresters, near the end of the line.

"Here I am, all ready to go with you to battle," Gilbert cried, but his father wheeled out of the line and took the lad gently by his hand.

"My gallant little Gilbert," he said, "how could I leave the mother and Bettina and the house on the edge of the forest if I did not know that you were there to take my place? No, son, hang up your war tools and get out your axe, for there is work to do among my trees." That was all that the forester had time to say. The cavalcade swung along; the trumpets sounded, and then were stilled in the distance as the army was lost to sight in the hollows of the hills. Gilbert watched until he could see no more of it. Then he turned sorrowfully toward the small thatched hut, which needed him more than did the King's guard.

They were glad to see him, though, were his mother and Bettina.

"Now I shall have the bucket of water from the spring that I need, and some fresh chips to start the fire," his mother said. "There never was such a good water-carrier and fire-tender as our Gilbert."

Gilbert hesitated for a moment. He was of a mind to kick the water bucket and run away from the axe. What work was this, he asked himself, for a boy who might have been marching beside

the King's guard, singing a battle song with the rest? Then an odd thought popped into his mind, as if to comfort him.

"Here goes the water-carrier of the King," he shouted, as he grasped the handle of the bucket and started at full speed for the spring. He filled it brimming full and did not mind a bit its weight on his back, thinking instead that he was going from one to another of the soldiers behind the lines, giving them cups of water. It was a good play. And as Gilbert's axe rang out in the brush, he said to himself: —

"Wood and chips for the camp fires of our men!"

Still, in spite of all this fun, the days were long and quiet there at home. Most of the men and the older boys were gone from the village; there was much extra work to be done, and scant time for play. Sometimes reënforcements would ride through their valley, and the road had to be kept clear for these fresh soldiers who were on their way to help the King's guard. Gilbert and the smaller boys cut away the weeds and bushes from the edge of the road, and cleared the stones from it all the way to the edge of the forest. It made their backs ache, and their legs were stiff by the time they came to the forester's hut, but it was fun to see which would spy Gilbert's banner first. In pleasant weather he kept it hung from a tall sapling that grew just outside the door.

"It is a gay flag, if it is old, with all its stars," the boys would say; and Gilbert would answer with pride, "Yes, it was my grandfather's banner, and his father's before that. I was going to carry it in battle, but I have to stay with it here at home."

Gilbert found his hardest work in the forest. He would start out just as his father had in the morning, and he found there was ever so much that he was able to do to help the old men who were the only foresters left. He could hold their axes to the grindstone, and gather chips, and tie bundles of fagots. When he was not busy, he talked to the little wild creatures that lived in the forest, and shared his lunch of black bread with them all, the rabbits, the wild mice, the partridges, and the pigeons.

It seemed as if they understood his speech, and certainly Gilbert could understand theirs. He grew able to follow the rabbit roads in and out of the brush until he came to their burrows at the foot of hidden stumps. Even the foxes let Gilbert trail them, for they knew that he meant them no harm. The wild birds fed out of his hand.

It had been fall when the soldiers went by, and now it was the spring, but wild weather still and stormy; rain swelled the mountain torrents and turned parts of the forest to swamp land. Even more than in the fall did the old foresters need the help of the village boys, and Gilbert was their

leader always, breaking paths, sharpening axes, and carrying hot food to and from the huts.

One day he was separated from the wood-choppers — he never was able to tell quite how. The sky grew dark with a storm, and he could hardly find his way in and out among the trees. Gilbert jumped to one side just in time to escape a blow from a huge dead limb, blown off by the wind and hurled down in front of him. It was still except for the whistle of the gale and the crackling of the twigs. Suddenly Gilbert heard a soft sound, the faint coo of a pigeon. He looked up, and saw the bird caught in some way near the end of a long branch far above his head.

"It needs shelter," the boy thought. "I wonder if I can climb that tree in this storm."

Even as he spoke, there was a blinding flash of light, and a limb near the one where the pigeon clung was torn off. Gilbert hugged close to the side of the path, and when the storm abated a little he started up the tree.

It was a hazardous climb, for the trunk was smooth and slippery from the rain. The branches to which he clung bent perilously, but the pigeon, as if she knew that he was a friend, never moved, and at last Gilbert was so close to her that he could feel the beating of her heart.

"How did you happen to be caught here in the storm, poor little creature," Gilbert asked, "and

so far from home? You look like one of the tame pigeons that the soldiers keep in the tower of our citadel and feed with their own hands."

Then as Gilbert, holding the trembling, storm-soaked bird, crept down the tree again, and found his way by the flashes of lightning toward the edge of the forest, he had a strange thought. He touched the soft feathers that grew so thickly around the pigeon's neck.

"It is true!" he cried. "This is a carrier pigeon, bearing a message from our guard."

It was quite true. When at last Gilbert, half dead from the storm and the long journey out of the deep places of the woods in which he had lost himself, reached home, they untied a paper fastened to the pigeon's neck.

"Send us reënforcements, or we perish," the message read.

That night beacon fires burned on all the hills, and before daybreak the tread of marching feet could be heard on the road. All the neighboring hill towns were sending their last men to the help of their King.

So it happened that the battle was won. And presently the forest dressed itself in green moss and the blue and gold of wild flowers for a carpet to welcome the feet of the conquerors.

"What a pity it is that we are so poor after this winter of hardship, and are not able to plan a great

celebration for the day on which our gallant soldiers come home! If we might only greet them with music, and fires all along the road, and wreaths to crown every one of the heroes!" the women and the old men said.

It did seem a pity that the village had nothing but its love and a record of patience in hardship to give the returning army; but still they had received no word as to when the remnant of the troops would come home. Each day they listened for the beat of hoofs, and the doors were left open far into the night to catch the first sound of the heroes.

It was a dark night, with no moon or stars, when a strange light was seen. It seemed to start at the small hut of the forester on the edge of the wood, where Gilbert lived. Then it spread, making a path of glory through the forest and into the village, shining with such a great brightness that it made the sky glow as in the noonday sun. At the same time the slow tramp of horses' feet could be heard. Then along the path of light the army came home, weary, and with many breaks in the ranks, but carrying themselves proudly, as became the defenders of a dear country.

"What a marvelous light! And there are no fires to be seen!" the general exclaimed. Then, as they came to the edge of the forest and the first of the huts, they saw the source of the brightness.

WHEN GILBERT REACHED HOME, THEY UNTIED A PAPER FASTENED TO THE PIGEON'S NECK. "SEND US REËNFORCEMENTS, OR WE PERISH," THE MESSAGE READ

An old banner, worn and faded, hung from a sapling outside the door. But every one of its stars was burning in the night with a glory that touched the sky and the head of each of the heroes. It was Gilbert's flag, shining for his service and that of all the village, as the soothsayers had said that some day the banner of stars would shine.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

NOTE. — This is a tale of olden times, when battles were fought with bows and arrows and lances, and towns grew up about the castle fortresses that were built for strongholds in wild forest country. This story may have taken place in England, or in some other European country, or in some imaginary kingdom, but it was surely in the olden times.

Almost all of the wonder tales, from Cinderella to the legends of King Arthur, are about those olden days. Perhaps this is because the people who really lived then believed in marvels and all sorts of supernatural things, and also in valorous deeds and noble hearts. So the first fairy tales were those they wrote down for us on parchment in all love and faith. At any rate, no one would think of having a really, truly fairy story which had in it things either before or after that very splendid and special time between

dinosaurs *and* automobiles.

The monsters of these tales were dragons — not by any means at all were they dinosaurs, which can be proved just so. They were dragons — blue, green,

yellow, snorting dragons, of which no claw will ever, ever be dug up. And there was no machinery except perhaps a catapult, which was useful in storming the castle of a wicked baron or an ogre.

Gilbert was a real boy of that marvel-time, and he had the princely heart that makes the highest choice and does the noblest deed.

IF I CAN STOP ONE HEART FROM BREAKING

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

Emily Dickinson

Note. — Do you sometimes write refrains in your poems? A refrain is the burden of a song. The burden of this song is the line, "I shall not live in vain."

Emily Dickinson wrote many poems about birds and growing things. She longed to be the grass "with only butterflies to brood, and bees to entertain, and stir all day to pretty tunes the breezes fetch along, and hold the sunshine in its lap, and bow to everything; and thread the dews all night, like pearls, . . . and then to dwell in sovereign barns, and dream the days away."

JOHN BURROUGHS, NATURE'S LOVER

No doubt you have heard of "John o' birds," as that big-hearted man, John Burroughs, has often been called because of his friendship for the feathered folk. He was the friend and lover not only of birds, but of all other beautiful things in the world — trees and flowers; brooks cheerily flowing over stony beds; bees sucking honey in opening blossoms; frogs piping hoarsely along the water's edge.

It was the good fortune of John Burroughs to grow up on a farm among the Catskill Mountains in the State of New York. His father's fields stretched low down on a slope of the mountain called Old Clump, and close at hand was the Pepacton River.

When he was born, on the third of April 1837, there were already four boys and two girls in the family to welcome him, and the household was a lively one. The gentle Mrs. Burroughs was a busy woman. Besides her other work, she made butter, spun the wool sheared from the sheep, and carded flax raised in her husband's fields, and afterward wove cloth to make into garments for her big family.

John was about four years old when a most exciting day came in his life — he went to school

for the first time. As he trudged along to the schoolhouse, he must have worn proudly the new suit of clothes of his mother's making. It was of striped homespun, and had epaulets on the shoulders that flapped as the wind struck them.

The district schoolhouse came in sight at last, and when John had once entered the little building, which seemed a wonderful one to him, he was quickly set to work to learn the alphabet. He got his lessons so easily that he was not long in surpassing children much older than himself.

Though John was generally a happy little fellow, he did not enjoy all the tasks set for him. For instance, there was the hoeing of potatoes. Tiresome, uninteresting work this seemed to him, and yet his brothers did not mind it. They and their sisters did not dream dreams as John did. Neither did they seem to enjoy the beauty of a blue heron flying overhead, or wonder at the passage of an eagle high up toward the sky, as he did. Nor did the roses and other wild flowers blossoming in the fields around the farmhouse seem such marvels of beauty to them as they did to little John.

When he was seven years old, something happened which was more exciting to him than his first day in school. He made the discovery that the world was a *wonder* world!

It came about in this way. The little boy was out in the Deacon Woods one bright spring day.

Lying on his back, he was idly looking up toward the tree tops, when he heard a soft rustle overhead. And then, from the deep shadow of the branches a bird flew out, unlike any John had seen before. It was small — not so large as a bluebird or a robin. Though its back was blue, its throat was black, and it had a beautiful song.

What was the name of the bird? From what part of the country had the wingèd thing come? "Its home is not here in the Deacon Woods," thought John, "because I have never seen it before."

The young watcher, leaping up, followed the bird's flight with his eyes as far as he could, wishing to know more about the tiny warbler — for such it was. But the little creature was soon out of sight. As the warbler disappeared, the lad followed it in fancy into the big world beyond the Deacon Woods and his father's farm. Was that world full of strange and wonderful sights? Why, these very woods that he had supposed he knew thoroughly must also hold mysteries to which his eyes had been blind. And then, beyond, there must be countless wonders to be seen!

It happened on a certain day that immense flocks of wild pigeons came flying over the farm — thousands upon thousands of them. Their outspread blue wings shut out the sky. All at once some of the birds began to fly downward into the

woods on a near-by hillside. Others kept following till the woods became alive with them. The pigeons seemed everywhere, the lovely creatures

THERE WAS NO REPORT FROM THE OLD GUN, FOR THE REASON THAT JOHN DID NOT PULL THE TRIGGER. SOMETHING IN HIS HEART MUST HAVE HELD HIM BACK

fluttering close together among the branches of the trees, or nestling together on the ground, making a live carpet of thick blueness.

While the birds passed by overhead and entered the beech wood, John watched them intently, as if

spellbound. Then, getting an old musket, he hurried down the road to the wall which shut in the woods. Creeping up behind it, he aimed his gun at the great mass of soft-voiced birds.

And then? There was no report from the old gun, for the reason that John did not pull the trigger. He did n't know why, but he *could n't.* Something in his heart must have held him back. Perhaps it was the helplessness of the beautiful creatures that were at his mercy. Perhaps it was their beauty. Perhaps the sweet music which came from thousands of tiny throats cast a spell upon him. At any rate, there stood the farmer's son, motionless, watching the wonderful sight, till all at once there was a mighty roaring sound, as the multitude of birds rose with a sudden impulse and flew away.

John was a very happy lad, to whom every season brought fresh joys and discoveries. Yet no part of the year seemed to him quite so full of beauty and wonder as the spring, when the birds that had been absent for months began to appear. Now was the time to start on merry climbs up Old Clump, on whose slopes the snow was already melting and from whose summit tiny streams were beginning to trickle down to the meadows below. The wild flowers were also appearing in little nooks sheltered from the wind. John's eyes were so well

trained that he knew just where to seek them. It was also great sport to welcome his friends, the squirrels and rabbits, as they came frisking through the woods.

So months went by, in which John worked steadily on his father's farm. At last he gained the courage to ask Mr. Burroughs if he might go for a while to an academy some distance away at Harpersfield, and to his joy the answer was "Yes."

Never had he worked with lighter heart than now. There was ploughing to be done, and though he had not been strong enough for it before, he tackled it manfully now. His heart sang as he drove the plough over the field, and visions of study at the academy made the world around him seem enchanted.

Alas! when the time came for the promise to be realized, John's sky grew suddenly black. His father had found that he could not send the boy to Harpersfield, for money in the household was too scarce. There was nothing left for the disappointed youth except to go to the district school the following winter, with this idea in his mind: "I will know enough to teach a school myself when spring comes. Teaching will give me ready money."

So it came about that young John Burroughs, seventeen years old, found himself at the village of Tongore, in charge of his first school. When autumn came, he went back to Roxbury with

nearly fifty dollars in his pocket. What should he do with this money? Spend it, of course, in getting a better education.

That autumn he went to the Hedding Literary Institute, where he studied faithfully. Spring came all too soon, and once more the youth of eighteen had to think of earning.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "I can get a school down in New Jersey, where other fellows whom I know are teaching."

Much to his disappointment, he did not secure a position there; but in the hours that he spent in New York on the way home he visited some secondhand bookstores. Such delight as he had wandering about among the books and buying as many as his thin purse allowed! Among them was *Studies in Nature*, which John felt would help him in finding out more about the things he had loved and watched in his outdoor life at home — the birds and the bees, the flowers and the insects.

When Mr. Burroughs was about twenty-six years old, and was teaching school near West Point, what he considered a great event occurred in his life.

Ever since that Sunday long before, when he saw the strange bird in the Deacon Woods, he had often said to himself, "I shall know the birds some day." And now that time had come, with the discovery of a book in the West Point library. This had been written by the great nature lover,

Audubon, and it told the reader much that he was eager to know.

You can imagine how earnestly he pored over the pages, and what pleasure he found afterward in wandering about the neighboring country in search of bird adventures. Every walk, every picnic, every fishing trip bore an added charm for him now, because there might appear at any moment some songster he had read about but never seen. In this new world filled with joy and wonder, he began shortly to write *The Return of the Birds*, a book which has since been read and loved by countless people.

During the Civil War, John Burroughs held a government position in Washington, where he lived for ten years. There were beautiful places near the big city, — Piney Ridge and Rock Creek among them, — as he soon discovered in long walks taken on Sundays and holidays. There were new birds and flowers for him to become acquainted with, and there were stories to hear from the country children about the opossums and snakes and foxes that wandered that way.

He wanted to share this knowledge with other people, and his pen was soon busy writing a book called *Wake-Robin*. He gave it that name with the thought of a wild flower he knew, which appears in the early spring when the birds are returning.

When *Wake-Robin* was published, its readers were filled with delight. They said: "The writer of this book does not tell dry uninteresting facts that we should forget in a few days. He makes us feel at home with Mother Nature and her children. He fills our minds with beauty." When still other books of his appeared — *Birds and Poets* and *Winter Sunshine* — people throughout the country began to speak of him as of a famous person.

"He brings us close to God's wonders," they declared. "He is a seer."

What did they mean by calling John Burroughs a *seer?* Just this: he not only discovered beauties which other people passed by with open eyes, but he looked deep down into the heart of things, — as only a seer can do, — and he understood what he found there.

During the years spent in Washington Mr. Burroughs had many happy hours with his wife in their cosy home, as well as in his outdoor tramps. To this home came loved friends with whom he could talk freely about his favorite books and birds and flowers. One of these friends — probably the dearest — was Walt Whitman, the "good gray poet," as he is often called.

When the ten years at Washington ended, Mr. Burroughs went back to his own State, New York, to become a national bank examiner. In the year

1879 the birth of a son brought great joy to the household. When Julian had grown to be a lively boy of six years, a wonderful dream of his father's came true — he built a house of his very own; not in the midst of a big noisy city, however, but in a little village on the shore of the Hudson River.

The new home, which Mr. Burroughs called "Riverby," was almost hidden from the road by evergreen trees. Happy, quiet years passed there for its master. He told his son stories of his own boyhood. He took long walks, and made discoveries. He worked in his vineyard, where he raised delicious grapes. He pruned the trees in his orchard. He entertained friends — some of them the greatest people in the land. Best of all, so far as the rest of the world was concerned, he passed busy hours in a little study he had built near the house. Of course you can guess why these hours were so valuable: because of what he wrote there, opening a door upon Mother Nature's priceless riches for thousands — yes millions of his readers.

Now, though the master of Riverby could retire at will to his little study, so many people sought him out, with the desire to look upon the beautiful face and hear the kindly voice of the renowned writer, that after a while he felt the need of a still more quiet place to which he could withdraw. For

this reason, largely, he decided to build a second home farther back in the country, among the woods about two miles from the Hudson. Here was a hollow surrounded by steep, rocky ledges with mosses and vines clinging to their sides. In this lovely place Mr. Burroughs built a retreat for himself, a rough two-story shack of slabs covered with bark. Here he could go at will to listen to what Mother Nature might say to him, and to write with his old-fashioned goose-quill pen at the table inside.

Choice friends were sometimes invited to break bread with him at "Slabsides," this wilderness home. Among them were Theodore Roosevelt and his wife, who gladly tramped over the rough, stony pathway through the woods to enjoy his hospitality.

As the years passed by, Mr. Burroughs traveled through the South and West, staying for a while among the noble mountains around the Yosemite Valley with John Muir, another noted nature-lover. During a delightful trip to Yellowstone Park with President Roosevelt, he coasted on skiis over snow fields. He listened to the notes of strange birds and imitated their calls to each other. He visited the haunts of wild animals — mountain sheep and elks, bears and deer, and a "singing" gopher, as he called it, because its sad chirrups sounded like bird notes. When the

journey was over, he was glad to return to his quiet home in the East, with its orchards and grapevines.

In fact, in all the great nature lover's sightseeing, no place held such charms for him as the one he first knew and loved — the farm at Roxbury. Here he made a third home by building over an old barn about half a mile from the house where he was born. And because of the little creatures that lived near by, in the burrows they dug out of the ground, he called this new home "Woodchuck Lodge." For his study he chose a corner of an old barn which stood on the hill behind the house. There friends of Mr. Burroughs sometimes hunted him out, to find him as light-hearted as a boy. He worked in his celery patch; he cut wood; he picked berries. He also took long rambles, often with boys and girls for company.

Best of all, perhaps, to his child companions was a climb with their dear old friend up the side of Old Clump. Most delightful tales he told them at such times of the nights he had camped there in the long ago, with stars peeping down at him between the tree tops. Vividly he described the beds he made of hemlock boughs, and his falling asleep to the song of birds, and the way the little wild folk of the woods ran off to their homes in the growing darkness. And he would tell of the fun of being wakened in the early morning by chattering squirrels or the calls of robins.

To have wide-awake children about him; to point out to their curious, eager eyes the nest of some strange bird; to follow wild bees with them, as the busy little creatures flew toward some secret store of honey; to gather ripened nuts on a glorious autumn day in their company, with a faithful dog beside him — these were ever a joy to the man who had lived over eighty years, yet kept the child heart always.

As time passed by and his body grew old, Mr. Burroughs turned his eyes longingly toward a warmer climate. When his own home was held in the clutches of Jack Frost, he was sure of a welcome from the birds and flowers and balmy breezes of California. So it came about that he spent several winters in that warm Southland. There he was overtaken by serious illness, and on his way back to his home "Oom John" (our John), as Theodore Roosevelt had tenderly called him, breathed his last.

Honorary degrees were bestowed upon John Burroughs by various colleges; artists and sculptors took pride in picturing and modeling his likeness; clubs formed for studying nature throughout the United States have taken his name.

But why, you may still wonder, was he a great man? He did not discover a new continent, like Columbus. He did not give the world wonderful inventions, like his friend, Thomas Edison. He

never turned his thoughts toward new uses of electricity, like Marconi. Quite true. Yet all his life he was discovering in the world around him treasures which, through his writings, have made countless lives richer.

MARY H. WADE (*adapted*)

NOTE. — The wild blue pigeon, known to Pilgrim, Indian, and pioneer, and dear to the hearts of all who love God and nature, is now almost extinct. Would that other gunners had been like the boy John Burroughs!

Something to look up: *Passenger pigeon.*

Wake-Robin was written in the form of a diary, which is the truest kind of record, not only of the things observed, but of the person who writes them down. The diary of a very dull person would be full of uninteresting things — nothing but words; but the diary of a wide-awake person is full of all manner of surprises. Adventures do not matter so much as thoughts, because thoughts make adventures. Usually nobody in the world reads a diary except the one who writes it himself; but what fun it is to read back in wintertime the pages that we wrote in summer, and what fun it is to have a book that is our very own, and to *be* that book ourselves! The people in it are a million. For they are not only the peanut-vender at the corner and the lobster-fisherman in the harbor, but they are all the selves that saw these many things, now, and now, and now.

An autobiography is something like a diary, for it

is the story of one's own life. Hans Andersen's *Story of My Life* and Selma Lagerlöf's *Mårbacka* are both autobiographies. Letters, diaries, and autobiographies all tell us about other people's selves.

Can you name some famous naturalists? John Muir, the Scotch boy who climbed "high and far." Richard Jefferies, the English boy who saw the hawthorn blooming in the hedges, and the insects in the mowing grass. You will read about him later. Can you name some who are not in this book? Thoreau, the Concord poet who built a cabin by Walden Pond, where he lived for two years principally on what he cleared from his bean patch. Fabre, the French scientist who owned a field of ant hills, so that he might study the ways of ants and other insects.

A book to read some day: *The Summit of the Years*, by John Burroughs.

APRIL [1]

THE roofs are shining from the rain,
The sparrows twitter as they fly,
And with a windy April grace
The little clouds go by.

Yet the back yards are bare and brown
With only one unchanging tree —
I could not be so sure of Spring
Save that it sings in me.

SARA TEASDALE

[1] From *Rivers to the Sea*, by Sara Teasdale. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

NOTE. — And that is the very best of it!

This is the season for water wheels. Even little cardboard ones will turn merrily and last as long in the gutter as paper boats. A wheel of thin wood in the following dimensions is wonderfully satisfactory: —

Spokes, one inch by eight inches. Two sets: eight spokes for each side-wheel, the eight spokes fastened to a four-inch square with a hole in the centre. Nail on four spokes, one against each side of the square. Then point the ends of the other four so that they will fit between, one at each corner.

Eight horizontal splashers, twelve by four inches, connecting the outer ends of the two sets of spokes.

Knock out the ends of a grocery box, and at the centre of each remaining side, nail an upright support with a V cut into the top. Run a curtain rod through the holes in the wheel, with spools on either side. Mount it in the V-shaped notches, and the wheel is ready for fun — especially if you have prepared a dam for it, so that a waterfall is ready in the brook.

THE HILLMAN AND THE HOUSEWIFE

IT is well known that the Little People cannot abide meanness. They like to be liberally dealt with when they beg or borrow from the human race. On the other hand, they are always generous to those who come to them in need.

Now there once lived a certain housewife who

had a sharp eye to her own interests. She gave alms of what she had no use for. One day a hillman knocked at her door.

"Can you lend us a saucepan, good mother?" said he. "There's a wedding in the hill and all the pots are in use."

"Is he to have one?" asked the servant lass who had opened the door.

"Aye, to be sure," answered the housewife; "one must be neighborly."

But when the maid was taking a saucepan from the shelf, the housewife pinched her arm and whispered sharply: "No, you good-for-nothing! Get the old one out of the cupboard. It leaks, and the hillmen are so neat and such nimble workers that they are sure to mend it before they send it home. So one obliges the good people, and saves sixpence in tinkering. But you'll never learn to be wise whilst your head is on your shoulders."

Thus reproached, the maid fetched the saucepan, which had been laid by till the tinker's next visit, and gave it to the dwarf, who thanked her and went away.

In due time the saucepan was returned, and, as the housewife had foreseen, it was neatly mended and ready for use.

At supper time the maid filled the pan with milk, and set it on the fire for the children's supper. But in a few minutes the milk was so burned and

smoked that no one could touch it, and even the pigs refused the wash into which it was thrown.

"Ah, good-for-nothing hussy!" cried the housewife, as she refilled the pan herself. "You would ruin the richest with your carelessness. There's a whole quart of good milk wasted at once!"

"*And that's twopence,*" cried a voice which seemed to come from the chimney, in a whining tone, like some nattering,[1] discontented old body, going over her grievances.

The housewife had not left the saucepan for two minutes when the milk boiled over, and it was all burned and smoked as before.

"The pan must be dirty," muttered the good woman, in great vexation; "and there are two full quarts of milk as good as thrown to the dogs."

"*And that's fourpence,*" added the voice in the chimney.

After a thorough cleaning, the saucepan was once more filled and set on the fire, but with no better success. The milk was hopelessly spoiled, and the housewife shed tears of vexation at the waste, crying, "Never before did such a thing befall me since I kept house! Three quarts of new milk burned for one meal!"

"*And that's sixpence,*" cried the voice from the chimney. "You did n't save the tinkering after all, mother!"

[1] Grumbling.

With which the hillman himself came tumbling down the chimney, and went off laughing through the door.

And thenceforward the saucepan was as good as any other.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

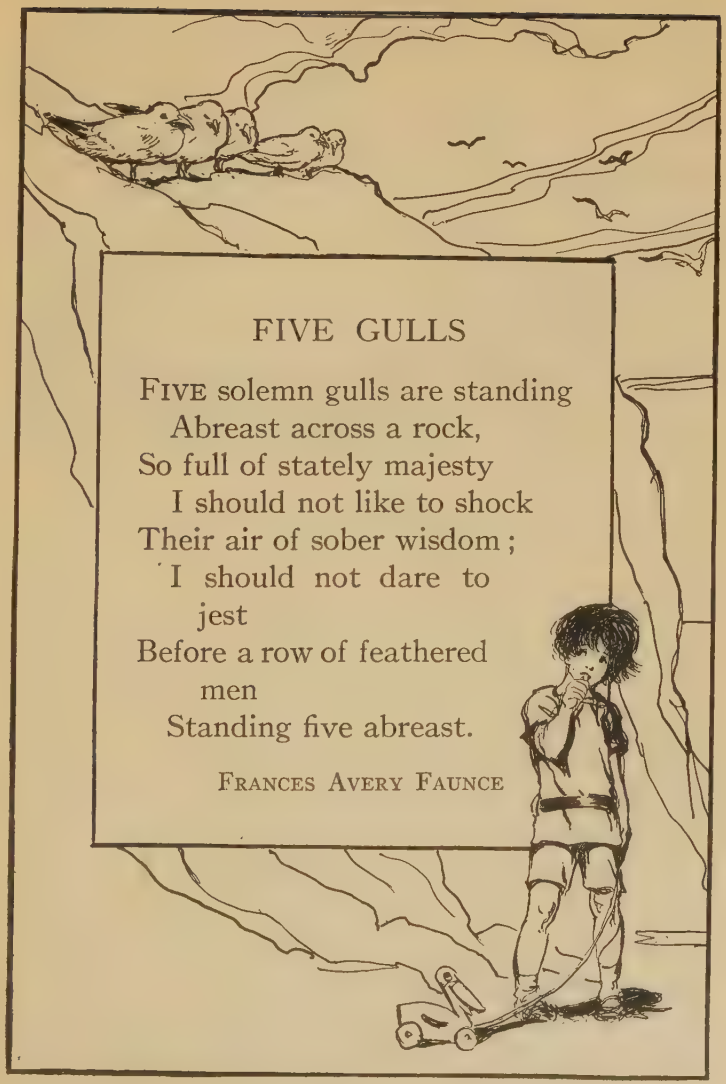
NOTE. — If I give at all, let me give the best that I have at my disposal. The moment I withhold that best, its worth diminishes. The moment I give it freely, it shines like a ruby.

THE PET-LAMB

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a Maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



FIVE GULLS

FIVE solemn gulls are standing
Abreast across a rock,
So full of stately majesty
I should not like to shock
Their air of sober wisdom;
I should not dare to
jest
Before a row of feathered
men
Standing five abreast.

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

WHEN WILD WATER BIRDS COME TO TOWN [1]

If you lived in the city, would n't you be surprised to wake up in the morning and see your front lawn covered with wild ducks? This really happens to the people around Lake Merritt, right in the heart of the large city of Oakland, on the Pacific Coast. Thousands of water birds learn that they will find protection in this busy place, where a park is set aside for their enjoyment.

The city takes delight in providing food and water for its guests during the winter months. Ducks and gulls return year after year to their

[1] Adapted from "Wild Ducks as Winter Guests in a City Park," by Joseph Dixon, from the *National Geographic Magazine*, copyright 1919, by special permission.

sanctuary, as human travelers turn back to the welcome of their own homes.

No one is allowed to molest these friends of the city. Not a bit of shooting is permitted along the lake; dogs are forbidden to enter the park unless they are in leash; and a large section of the lake is marked off by logs for the special use of these home-comers. The birds become so used to city ways here that they are like wild birds turned tame.

At ten o'clock on every winter morning these guests are fed. The moment the waiting birds catch sight of the caretaker coming with their meal, there is a wild scramble in his direction. He encourages the newly arrived and timid ducks to come ashore by cleverly imitating the mellow whistle of the Pintail. The birds readily respond to the kindly treatment of their human friends. Many of them fly in from the lake and alight on the grass, where grain is scattered freely. Whole barley and rice are their two favorites. Of course they gather some of their food from the lake.

The Canvasback, which is North America's most famous wild duck, dives for his food. He makes little effort to take his dinner if it is floating on the surface of the water. When grain is fed to him, he waits until it sinks to the bottom of the lake and then dives for it. If he is about to pick up barley in four or five feet of water, he first arches his neck; then he springs entirely out of

the water and goes under with a little splash, spreading his stubby black tail and paddling vigorously with both feet. Eight or ten birds out of a flock often dive in unison, as though they had been drilled in a gymnasium. The ducks seem to be able to see well under water, and when feeding in this way they stay down from ten to thirty seconds.

On the shore of the lake several shallow cement drinking-basins are kept, because the water of Lake Merritt is salt. The Canvasbacks and other sea ducks seldom visit the basins, but this fresh water is very popular with the river ducks.

The Canvasbacks rarely go on the lawns, although they will stay on the mud flats at the edge of the lake, sunning themselves, preening their feathers, and sleeping or resting. When they are not disturbed, the river ducks such as the Pintail, the Baldpate,[1] and the Shoveler, as well as many coots and gulls, spend a good deal of time sleeping and basking in the sunshine on the grass. The sea ducks, including the Canvasback, the Golden-eye, and the Ruddy, prefer the open waters of the lake.

The Shovelers are especially fond of a certain place in the centre of the lawn, where they gather in long, strung-out flocks. All the birds turn their heads in one direction, and settle themselves to doze quietly in the warmth of the sun. They do not lie down when they sleep, as the Pintails do;

[1] Often called the Widgeon.

each Shoveler stands on one leg, with his bill tucked away among the feathers of his back.

Although these ducks are called wild, they have little fear of the many automobiles which pass every hour. If a car comes near, the birds waddle off the pavement. When they have moved only a few feet away, they often turn around, settle down once more, and go to sleep.

An acquaintance with these ducks at such close range is a great delight. Thousands of people spend hours in the sunshine and open air of the park, watching the blending colors and the graceful movements of these birds. The duck most commonly seen is the Pintail. A white stripe extends upward along each side of his neck from his pure white breast. The Canvasback shows a reddish-brown neck with a broad black collar, a black tail, and bright crimson eyes.

Visitors enjoy gazing at the Baldpate, too. He takes his name from the broad streak of white on the top of his head. There is a wide line of beautiful metallic green behind each eye, and near the white underpart are the pinkish-brown sides and breast.

The Shoveler or Spoonbill is one of the most beautiful ducks in the United States, in spite of his queer spoon-shaped bill. By way of brilliant color scheme he offers a bright green head and neck, a white breast with rich cinnamon underparts, and orange-red feet and legs.

No one can see these wingèd guests without marveling at their living beauty. Who can wonder that Oakland becomes more and more popular for wild birds, when he thinks of their chance here for rest, food, and freedom from enemies? Would n't you like to spend your winters on Lake Merritt, if you were a Canvasback?

NOTE. — There are land-bird, as well as water-bird, sanctuaries. Sometimes a sanctuary may be only a box of seed and crumbs on the outer window sill, or a suet tree near by, when the ground is white with snow. Then chickadees will perform with all their pretty ways; white- and red-breasted nuthatches will run down that suet tree head first; downy woodpeckers will go up; little brown creepers will go around in spirals; and jays and squirrels will maraud.

After-Christmas trees make the best of suet trees, set up and trimmed with crusts for the birds. They love the bright strings from the baubles. And something else that has been left — a raisin or a nut — they will spy out and find a delightful surprise. When the birds see a poor brown after-Christmas tree perishing in a cold alley, they say: "What a pity! If it were only set up and full of good things, it would be as warm and bright and fragrant as ever. If the children would do this for us, Christmas would go on all the year; and we would bring a morning-glory seed from our far-off flight, to grow up and twine about its dear bare branches when the summer comes."

FOR A GARDEN

I HAVE broken the sod,
I have spread the loam.
Let the warm winds come,
And the sunlight, God!

Honey-warm sun
And freshening dew
Ever renew,
Till the growing is done.

The seed out of sight,
In the darkness laid,
The frail green blade
That pricks to the light,

The tender stem
And the little leaf,
The blossom, the sheaf —
Be kind to them!

Help me to toil,
Hoping the while;
Teach me to smile,
Tilling the soil.

Lead me to pray,
Bending above
Green things I love
Day after day.

God, Thou great maker
Of earth's first garden,
Be Thou the warden
Of my small acre!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — Have you a garden? Do you live on the top floor, where you can't? Then have a farm! You can have one in a cigar box on the window sill, with birdseed for the wood lot, and green moss for the meadow, and one beanstalk for Jack. A farm is a wonderful present for a sick child. If you make it on a plate, you can have a brook flowing through it,

with bridges. The brook, of course, will be in the deepest part of the plate, and the tiniest of stones — the pearls — will be glacial rocks, holding back the rich soil of your fields. If the plate has figures, all the better. They will be fishes and nixies, and will wriggle when you stir the water. Plant a pea, a bean, or a grapefruit seed, and see it grow.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

[When Hans Christian Andersen wrote the story of his own life, he called it a wonder tale, like his "Steadfast Tin Soldier" and "The Galoshes of Fortune" and "The Ugly Duckling," and this turned out to be the most beautiful wonder tale of all. He wrote it in the fullness of his years, and it comes up like a field of ripened grain from the rich soil of his joys and sorrows.

Among other things, this story tells about his earliest childhood, and the years when he so bravely sought to make his way in the wide, wide world. Here the big Hans Christian Andersen of after years and after fame smiles at the little Hans Christian in the mighty kerchief, with his head in a whirl of dreams, just as tenderly as he would smile at a person in one of his own fairy tales. At the same time his heart aches truly for the darling child who met so many privations with so sweet a faith — and somehow he is glad that this child is himself. When we read "The Story of My Life," we know why it is that no one but

Hans Christian Andersen could ever have written the best fairy tales in the world.

As the young tree is pulled and twisted by the storms, this way and that, only to grow the stronger and more nourished by the sun and rain and winds, so was Hans Andersen buffeted by the world, only to feel himself led by a kind Providence step by step to greater accomplishment. This Danish boy was very, very poor, and with all his heart he yearned for things that come easily now. For him there were no free public schools; the young Hans had nothing but his great longing. Our poet Longfellow was going to school in New England at the same time that Hans Andersen was struggling by himself in far-away Denmark. Longfellow was two years younger, and his life was very different in its beginnings and in its course, but both men lived to great achievement, and died beloved not only by their own countrymen but by the whole world.

Longfellow as a young man traveled widely in Europe, — France, Spain, Italy, Germany, — steeping himself in the color and romance of the Old World. Andersen also traveled much in those same countries, and was filled with appreciation of their works. His longer stories are sympathetic pictures of his sojourns in other lands, and his life is itself a tale of friendship for all manner of men and of creatures. His stories have been translated into many languages and read in homes the world over, from cottage to palace. In crowded theatres his dramas have been acted by the most gifted artists. Kings and princes sought out the

Danish poet to do him honor. Finally, fifty years after the poor boy had left his home, the townspeople arranged a great festival of welcome and of love, and the old prophecy that the town would one day be illuminated for him was beautifully fulfilled.]

PART I

My life is a story, happy and full of incident. If, when I was a boy and went forth into the world poor and friendless, a good fairy had met me and said, "Choose now thine own course through life and thy goal, and I will guide and defend thee to its attainment," my fate could not, even then, have been directed more happily, more wisely, or better. My life story will say to the world what it says to me: "There is a loving God, who directs all things for the best."

Denmark, my country, is a poet-land of folk tales, of old songs, and of history rich in exploit, which has become interwoven with that of Sweden and Norway. The Danish islands have splendid beech forests, grain and clover fields; they look like magnificent gardens. On one of these green islands rises my birthplace, Odense, named for the heathen god Odin, who according to the saga dwelt upon this isle. Odense is the capital of the province and lies twenty-two Danish miles [1] from Copenhagen.

[1] A Danish mile is equal to a little more than four and a half English miles.

Here in the year 1805 there lived, in a small room, a young couple who loved each other dearly. He was a shoemaker, scarcely twenty-two years old, a man of richly gifted and truly poetic mind. His wife, a few years older, was ignorant of life and of the world, but possessed a heart full of love. My father is said to have sat by my bed the first day of my existence and read aloud from Holberg's[1] plays, while I cried unceasingly. "Wilt thou go to sleep, or listen quietly?" my father asked in joke; but I still cried on. Even in the church, when I was baptized, I cried so loudly that the preacher, who was a choleric man, said, "The young one screams like a cat!" — words which my mother could never forget. A poor emigrant, who stood godfather, consoled her by saying that the louder I cried, all the more beautifully should I sing when I grew older.

A single room, which was almost filled with the shoemaker's bench, my parents' bed, and the big chest where I slept, was the abode of my childhood; but the walls were covered with pictures, and over the workbench was a cupboard containing books and songs. The tiny kitchen was full of shining plates and metal pans, and by means of a ladder it was possible to go out on the roof where, in the gutters between it and the neighbor's house, there stood a great box filled with soil and growing

[1] A Danish dramatist.

potherbs — my mother's sole garden. In my story of the "Snow Queen" that garden still blooms.

I possessed my father's whole heart; for me he lived. On Sundays he made me perspective glasses and theatres, with pictures which could be changed; he read to me from Holberg's plays and the *Thousand and One Nights*. Only in such moments as these do I remember to have seen him really cheerful, for he never felt himself happy in his life or in his craft. His parents had been well-to-do country people upon whom many misfortunes had fallen; my father was put as apprentice to a shoemaker, although it was his ardent wish to attend the grammar school, where he might learn Latin. I recollect that once I saw tears in his eyes when a student from the grammar school came to our house to be measured for a new pair of boots, and showed us his books and told us of what he learned.

"That is the way I also should have gone!" said my father, and then he kissed me passionately and was silent the whole evening.

The mother of my father came daily to our house to see her little grandson. I was her joy and her delight. She was employed to take care of the garden belonging to a hospital, and every Sunday evening she brought us some flowers, which they gave her permission to take home with her. These

flowers adorned my mother's cupboard, but still they were mine, and to me it was allowed to put them in the glass of water. How great was this pleasure! She brought them all to me, she loved me with her whole soul; I knew it, and I understood it.

Odense was in my childhood quite another town from what it is now. Then one could imagine one's self set back a hundred years, for many ancient customs prevailed which have long since disappeared. When the guilds removed their signs, they went in procession with flying banners and with lemons dressed in ribbons stuck on their swords; and a harlequin, with bells and a wooden sword, ran at the head. On Shrovetide Monday [1] the butchers used to lead through the streets a fat ox, bedecked with flowers and ridden by a boy in a white shirt, wearing great wings. The sailors also passed through the town with music and flags and streamers flying; two of the boldest ended by wrestling on a plank placed between two boats, and the one that did not tumble into the water was the victor.

I had playthings enough, which my father made for me. My greatest delight was to make clothes for my dolls,[2] or to stretch out one of my mother's aprons between the wall and two sticks before a currant bush which I had planted in the yard, and

[1] The Monday before Lent. [2] His little actors in a toy theatre.

thus to gaze in between the sun-illumined leaves.[1] I had no understanding of privation and want. My parents had hardly enough to live on from one day to the next, yet I, at least, had all I needed. An old woman altered my father's clothes for me; my mother would fasten three or four large pieces of silk with pins on my breast, and that had to do for a vest; a large kerchief was tied round my neck with a mighty bow; my head was washed with soap and my hair curled, and then I was in all my glory.

My father had a great desire for country life. As it happened, a shoemaker was required at a manor house, who would set up his bench in the neighboring village and there have a house free of rent, with a little garden and pasture for a cow. By permanent work from the manor and these additional helps one could manage nicely. My mother and father were very eager to have the place, and my father was given a trial job to sew a pair of dancing shoes. A piece of silk was sent him; the leather he was to furnish himself. For a couple of days all our talk turned upon these shoes. I longed so much for the little garden where we could have flowers and shrubs, and I could sit in the sunshine and listen to the cuckoo. I prayed very fervently to God that He would grant us our wishes, and I thought that no greater happiness

[1] His theatre.

could be bestowed upon us. The shoes were at last finished; we looked on them with a solemn feeling, for they were to decide our future. My father wrapped them in his handkerchief and went off, and we waited for him with faces beaming with joy. He came home pale and angry; the gracious lady, he said, had not even tried the shoes on — only looked at them sourly, and said that the silk was spoiled and that he could not have the place.

There was no more hope of our getting into the country. We mingled our tears together, and I thought that God could easily have granted our wish! Had He done so, I should no doubt have been a peasant all my life; my whole future would have been different from what it has been. I have often since thought and said to myself: "Can it be that our Lord for your sake and for your future let your parents lose their days of happiness?"

At that time nothing was talked of but war. My father entered the service as a soldier, in hope of returning home a lieutenant. My mother wept; the neighbors shrugged their shoulders. The morning on which the corps were to march, I heard my father singing and talking merrily, but his heart was deeply agitated; I observed that by the vehement way he kissed me when he took his leave. I lay sick of the measles and alone in the

room when the drums beat, and my mother, weeping, accompanied my father to the city gate. That was the first day of real sorrow that I remember.

The regiment advanced no farther than Holstein; peace was concluded, and the volunteer soldier returned to his workbench. But his health had suffered. One morning he woke in a state of the wildest excitement, and talked only of campaigns and of Napoleon. He fancied that he had received orders from him to take the command. On the third day after that he died.

"The ice maiden has fetched him," said my mother.

I understood what she meant. I recollected that, in the winter before, when our windowpanes were frozen, my father pointed to them and showed us a figure like that of a maiden with outstretched arms. "She is come to fetch me," said he, in jest.

My mother married a second time, and my stepfather would have nothing to do with my education. I spent my time, therefore, over my peep show and my puppet theatre, and it was my greatest happiness to collect bright-colored scraps of cloth and silk, which I cut out myself and sewed. My mother regarded it as good exercise preparatory to my becoming a tailor, and took up the idea that I certainly was born for it. A tailor I must and should be. The only thing which in some measure reconciled me to this calling was

that I should then get so many fragments to make up into costumes for my theatre.

My parents moved to a street out of the Monk-Mill's gate, and there we had a narrow little garden, with a footpath leading down to the river behind the mill. Three great water wheels were turning round from the falling water, and would stand still when the water gates were closed. My mother used to wring out the wash near this mill and rub it on a board that she laid over some big stones. I often stood upon one of the stones and sang all the songs I knew. Often too I made up my own songs — sometimes without meaning or melody.

The neighboring garden belonged to a State Councillor, whose wife had formerly been an actress of distinction. I knew that when they had company in the garden they were always listening to my singing. Everyone told me that I had a beautiful voice, which would bring me luck in the world. I often meditated how this luck should come, and expected the most marvelous things would happen. For instance, an old woman had assured me that the Empire of China lay directly under our own little river, and I hoped that some fine night, when I was sitting there, a Chinese prince might rise up before me, hear me sing, and bear me off with him to China, where he would make me rich and noble, and then let me again

MY MOTHER USED TO WRING OUT THE WASH NEAR THIS MILL AND RUB IT ON A BOARD THAT SHE LAID OVER SOME BIG STONES. I OFTEN STOOD UPON ONE OF THE STONES AND SANG ALL THE SONGS I KNEW

visit Odense, where I would live and build me a castle. Many evenings I was occupied with tracing and making ground plans for this castle.

I grew rapidly and was a tall lad. I had saved together a little sum of money, and when I counted it over I found it to be thirteen rix dollars banco.[1] I was quite beside myself with joy at the possession of so much wealth, and as my mother now most resolutely required that I should be apprenticed to a tailor, I begged that I might make a journey to Copenhagen, which was to me the greatest city in the world.

"What wilt thou do there?" asked my mother.

"I will be famous," I replied, and related to her all that I had read about noteworthy men. "One must first go through a vast deal of adversity," I said, "and then one will be famous."

At last my mother consented, after having first sent for a so-called wise woman, that she might read my future fortune by coffee grounds and cards.

"Your son will become a great man," said the old woman, "and in honor of him Odense will one day be illuminated."

My mother packed up my clothes in a small bundle, and made a bargain with the driver of a post carriage to take me with him to Copenhagen. The afternoon came on which I was to set out, and

[1] About seven dollars and a half.

my mother accompanied me to the city gate. Here stood my old grandmother; in the last few years her beautiful hair had become gray. She fell upon my neck and wept, without being able to speak a word. And thus we parted.

The postilion blew his horn; it was a glorious sunny afternoon, and the sunshine soon entered into my mind. I was journeying at last toward the goal I had longed for! When, however, I was borne in the ship away from my native island, I then truly felt how alone I was, and that I had no one else except God in Heaven to depend upon. As soon as I set foot on Zealand [1] I stepped behind a shed which stood on the shore, and falling upon my knees, besought of God to help me and guide me aright. The whole day and the following night I traveled through cities and villages; I stood solitarily by the carriage and ate my bread while the baggage was transferred. I thought I was far, far away in the wide world.

PART II

On Monday morning, September 5, 1819, I alighted from the carriage, and with my bundle in my hand, entered the city of Copenhagen through the castle garden, the long alley, and the suburb.

My first ramble was to the theatre. I went

[1] Copenhagen is on the island of Zealand; Odense on the island of Fünen.

round it many times; I looked up to its walls, and regarded them almost as a home. One of the bill-sellers who wandered about here each day observed me, and asked me if I would have a bill. I thought he wished to give me one and therefore accepted his offer with thankfulness. He fancied I was making fun of him, and was angry, so that I was frightened and hurried away from the place which was to me the dearest in the city. Little did I then imagine that ten years afterward my first dramatic piece would be presented there, and that in this manner I should make my appearance before the Danish public.

On the following day, in my best attire, with a hat that fell half over my eyes, I hastened to present to the dancer, Madame Schall, a letter of introduction with which I had provided myself. I confessed to her my heartfelt inclination for the theatre; and upon her asking me what characters I thought I could represent, I replied, "Cinderella." This piece had been performed in Odense, and had so taken my fancy that I could play the part perfectly from memory. I asked Madame Schall's permission to take off my boots, as with them I was not light enough for the rôle; and then, taking up my broad hat for a tambourine, I began to dance and sing:—

"Nor rank nor riches here below
Are exempt from pain and woe."

My strange gestures and my great activity caused the lady to think me out of my mind, and she lost no time in getting rid of me.

From her I went to the manager of the theatre, to ask for an engagement. He looked at me, and said that I was "too thin for the theatre."

"Oh," replied I, "if you will only engage me, with one hundred rix dollars banco salary, then I shall soon get fat!" The manager gravely bade me go my way, adding that they engaged only people of education.

I stood there deeply wounded. I knew no one who could give me either counsel or consolation. But my thoughts rose upward to God and I said to myself, "When everything happens quite miserably, then He sends help; that I have always read. People must first of all suffer a great deal before they can bring anything to accomplishment."

I now went and bought myself a gallery ticket for the opera of *Paul and Virginia* which affected me so that I burst into weeping. A few women who sat near me consoled me by saying that it was only a play, and nothing to trouble one's self about; and then one of the women gave me a sausage sandwich. I told them I did not really weep about Paul and Virginia, but because I regarded the theatre as my Virginia, and that if I must be separated from it I should be just as wretched as Paul. They did not seem to

understand me, but gave me more bread and butter, with fruit and cakes.

On the following morning I paid my bill at the public house where I had lodged, and to my dismay saw that my whole wealth consisted of one rix dollar banco. I then bethought myself of having read the name of an Italian, Siboni, who was the director of the Academy of Music in Copenhagen. Everybody had praised my voice; perhaps he would assist me for its sake. It happened that he was just having a dinner party; our celebrated composer Weyse was there, the poet Baggesen, and other guests. The housekeeper opened the door to me, and to her I related not only my wish to be engaged as a singer, but also the whole history of my life. She listened with the greatest sympathy and must have repeated to the company the greater part of what I had said, for I was kept waiting a long time. When at last the door opened, all the guests came out and looked at me. They had me sing, and Siboni heard me attentively. I gave some scenes out of Holberg, and repeated a few poems; and then, all at once, the sense of my unhappy condition so overcame me that I burst into tears. The whole company applauded.

"I prophesy," said Baggesen, "that one day something will come out of him. But do not be vain when, some day, the whole public shall applaud thee!"

Siboni promised to cultivate my voice; he received me into his house and gave me food and instruction, while Weyse, who himself had risen from poverty, raised by subscription seventy rix dollars banco for me. I then wrote my first letter to my mother, a letter full of rejoicing, for the good fortune of the whole world seemed poured upon me.

Half a year afterward my voice broke and there was no longer any prospect that I should become a fine singer. Siboni told me that candidly. I felt as if crushed to the earth.

I wrote and later went to the poet Guldberg, relating everything to him. As he saw by my letter how incorrectly I wrote, he promised to give me instruction in Danish and German. More than this, he made me a present of the profits of a little work which he had just then published, and arranged with one of his friends, out of kindness, to give me two Latin lessons a week.

The dancer, Dahlen, opened his house to me; I passed many an evening there and his gentle, warm-hearted wife was kind to me. The husband took me with him to the dancing school, and there I stood for whole mornings, with a long staff, and stretched my legs. It seemed to me as if I had got my foot just within the theatre, although I had never yet been upon the stage itself. Then Dahlen arranged a ballet in which I received a little part:

I was a spirit. My name stood printed on the bill. I saw it as in a cloud of glory. I carried the programme of the ballet with me at night to bed and lay and read my name by candlelight — I was happy!

I had now been two years in Copenhagen. The sum of money which had been collected for me was expended, but I was ashamed of making known my wants and my necessities. Those were heavy, dark days for me. The lady in whose house I received lodging and breakfast believed that I went out to dine with various families, while I really only ate a little bread on one of the benches in the royal garden. I was, in truth, very forlorn; but I did not feel the whole weight of my condition. God was with me in my little room; and many a night, when I had said my evening prayer, I asked of Him, "Will things be better soon?"

I had the superstition that as it went with one on New Year's Day, so would one live through the whole year; and my highest wishes were to obtain a part in a play. It was now New Year's Day. The theatre was closed, and only a half-blind porter sat at the entrance to the stage, on which there was not a soul. With pounding heart I stole past him, got between the movable scenes and the curtain, and advanced to the open part of the stage. Here I fell down upon my knees and was

about to recite, but not a single verse could I remember. I then said aloud the Lord's Prayer, and went out with the conviction that, because I had spoken from the stage on New Year's Day, I should in the course of the year succeed in having a part assigned to me.

The widow of the celebrated Danish statesman, Christian Colbjörnsen, and her daughter, were the first ladies of high rank who cordially befriended the poor lad. They listened to me with sympathy and saw me frequently. Madame Colbjörnsen resided during the summer at Bakkehus, where also lived the poet Rahbek and his interesting wife. I had at that time begun to write a tragedy, which I read aloud to Madame Rahbek. One day, when I was going from her to Madame Colbjörnsen, she gave me a handful of roses, and said, "Will you take them up to her? It will certainly give her pleasure to receive them from the hand of a poet."

These words were said half in jest; but it was the first time that anybody had connected my name with that of "poet." It went through me, body and soul.

One day I went out to Bakkehus, believing myself very nicely dressed; Edward Colbjörnsen had given me a very good blue dress coat, better than I ever before had worn, but it was too large, especially across the breast. I could not afford to

get it altered, so I buttoned it close up to the neck and filled out the empty space with a heap of old theatre handbills loosely laid one upon another between the coat and my breast. In this garb I presented myself to Madame Colbjörnsen and Madame Rahbek. They asked me if I would not unbutton my coat, it was so warm, but I took very good care not to, for fear of dropping the handbills.

At the close of the theatrical season I received a letter from the directors by which I was dismissed from the singing-and-dancing school. I felt myself again cast forth without help and without support. It was absolutely necessary that I should write a piece for the theatre, and it *must* be accepted — there was no other salvation for me. I wrote, therefore, a tragedy founded on a passage in history, and I called it "Alfsol." I loved William Shakespeare and Walter Scott, and of course I loved myself also, so I took my own name, Christian, and assumed the name, "William Christian Walter." Under this name I submitted my tragedy for the stage.

People told me that it would be the best thing for me if Collin, the director of the Theatre Royal, would interest himself on my behalf; and now for the first time I went to that house which was to become so dear to me. Before the ramparts of Copenhagen were extended, this house lay outside

the gate and served as a summer residence to the Spanish Ambassador; now it stands, a crooked, angular, framework building, in a respectable street. An old-fashioned wooden balcony leads to the entrance, and a great tree spreads its green branches over the courtyard and the pointed gables. It was to become a paternal house to me. Who does not willingly linger over the description of home!

Collin's conversation was grave and in few words. I went away, without expecting any sympathy; and yet it was precisely Collin who, in all sincerity, thought for my advantage and worked for it silently, as he had done for others, through the whole course of his active life.

In a few days I was sent for by the directors of the theatre, when Rahbek gave me back my play as useless for the stage, adding, however, that there were so many kernels of gold scattered in it, they hoped that by earnest study, after going to school, I might sometime be able to write a work which should be worthy of being acted on the Danish stage. In order to obtain the means for my support and the necessary instruction, Collin recommended me to King Frederick VI, who granted to me a certain sum annually for several years; and — by means of Collin also — the school directors allowed me to receive free instruction in the grammar school at Slagelse.

I was almost dumb with astonishment; never

had I thought that my life would take this direction, although I had no correct idea of the path which I had now to tread. I was to go with the earliest mail to Slagelse, which lay twelve Danish miles from Copenhagen, to the place where also the poets Baggesen and Ingemann had gone to school. I was to receive money quarterly from Collin; I was to apply to him in all cases, and he himself was to make sure of my industry and my progress. I went to him the second time to express my thanks. He received me with the greatest warmth and kindness, saying, "Write me freely about everything that you need and that concerns you."

From this hour I struck root in his heart. No father could have been more to me than he was; none could have more heartily rejoiced in my happiness and my after-reception with the public; none could have shared my sorrow more kindly.

On a beautiful autumn day I set off with the mail from Copenhagen to begin my school life at Slagelse. My mother received a joyful letter from me. I only wished that my father and the old grandmother yet lived, and could hear that I now went to the grammar school.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

NOTE. — Years passed. And in Dresden, on a happy evening, Hans Christian Andersen, the eminent poet, dramatist, novelist, was entertained at the royal

palace. After dinner the tiniest royal Princess, who knew that he had written the story of the "Fir Tree," came close up to him and said, "Last Christmas we also had a fir tree, and it stood here in this room." Then, when she bade the King and Queen good-night, she turned round at the half-closed door, and nodding to the tall and celebrated poet, said, "You are my fairy-tale Prince!"

Thus did his castle come true, and the prince from China rise up before him, through the little Odense garden beside the washing-stones of the river.

BELLS IN THE COUNTRY [1]

Bells in the country,
  They sing the heart to rest
When night is on the high road
  And day is in the west.

And once they came to my house
  As soft as beggars shod,
And brought it nearer heaven,
  And maybe nearer God.

Robert Nathan

Note. — These are vesper bells that "sing the heart to rest." There are silver bells and bronze bells, glass bells and golden bells. There are bell towers

[1] From *Youth Grows Old*, by Robert Nathan, copyright 1922, by Robert M. McBride & Company. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

built to hold a carillon or chime of bells. In Italy a bell tower is called a campanile, and one of the most beautiful of the campanili is in the city of Florence, designed by Giotto — the Campanile of Giotto. It stands like a tall and slender flower, and the music from its bells floats across the country on the breeze.

Campanula in botany is a bell-shaped flower, and perhaps the country music rings from all the bluebells by the wayside as well as from the breezy heights.

THOUGHTS AT BEDTIME

The quiet dark
Is deep and crystal-clear and cool
As water in a forest pool.

The lightfoot wind
Goes up and down among the eaves
And stirs the little quiet leaves.

Lovely and true,
The steadfast stars look down the skies
And watch me, kind and guardian-wise.

Flowers are asleep;
Each bird is folded in its nest
And tired beasts are all at rest

The drowsy trees
Stand tall and still; the dew is deep,
And slumber falls. I too will sleep.

Nancy Byrd Turner

NOTE. — Things to think of when I go to bed : —

A forest pool I'd like to see. The lightfoot wind and what he brings — his soft brown shoes and taper wand. The kind stars, never failing. How the clover folds its little leaves like hands, and goes to sleep.

THE BEAUTIFUL PLAIN WOMAN OF NEW ORLEANS

IN a poor place in the city of New Orleans a child was crying. She was a plain child ; her face was not pretty, and her square little body was not beautiful. Margaret had lost all that was dearest in life : she had neither father nor mother. But good fortune brought to her a kind woman, who was to take the little grieving heart into her home. Nowadays, if a visitor to that old city asks, "Who was Margaret Haughery?" some child is sure to answer, "Our Margaret is the patron saint of orphans. She has a statue."

In a small park stands a white marble statue with the name MARGARET carved across the pedestal. Simply MARGARET — that is all. This one word was quite enough to honor the memory of the poor, plain woman who was, after all, truly beautiful because of her great heart, and truly rich because of her many friends.

The young girl never forgot the kindness of the foster mother who sheltered her until she was old

enough to have a home of her own. Soon after Margaret Haughery married, her husband died, leaving her alone with their dear child. But this baby, too, was not to be hers for very long, and one day Margaret found herself without either husband or child.

She went to work in a laundry, where her mind turned away from herself and her own loneliness. She thought of other orphan children who needed help as greatly as she had when she was a little girl. And she thought of her own dear baby and saw its smile on the faces of all the children she met — the children of the rich and the poor alike.

Throughout her life her first concern was for the orphaned children of her city. Her heart found room for their wants, no matter what their race or their religion. She threw her whole self into daily labor for their sake; they were the world for which she lived. From her small savings she gave to these helpless children, never heeding how hard her days might be, if only she could relieve their suffering. In time Margaret came to have charge of the dairy in an orphan asylum of the Sisters of Charity, which she helped to found, and after a while she became manager of a dairy of her own. She would go through the streets of New Orleans with her delivery cart, and often, when she left milk with her wealthy customers, she would receive food for her orphans.

As her business grew, every cent she could possibly spare was given to the many whom she called her children. Finally she was able to own a large bakery, and instead of being the poor Margaret Haughery, she became one of the rich women of the city. And with the fortune that came to her from her loaves she cared for motherless and fatherless children, sharing her all. Someone asked her why she did not buy herself a fine gown. "How can I," she replied, "with so much suffering in the world?" And in her old shawl, with her brown loaves, she went her own way.

Although she was without education, this plain woman was able to teach the world that people who do not have wealth may start forth to help others. She made no show of her giving; this was her happiness, and why should she care for fame, if her children were provided for?

When Margaret's beautiful life came to a close, thousands of people, young and old, rich and poor, of many nationalities and beliefs, were deeply saddened. And in grateful recognition of her noble way of living, her many friends erected the monument that stands in front of one of the orphan asylums — the first statue ever erected in the United States to a woman. There, in a straight chair, sits the figure of this mother, dressed in the old skirt and shawl, her thin hair combed back from the broad forehead, and one arm around a little child.

NOTE. — *Margaret* means "a pearl." The loveliest of all gems is not mined from the earth, like the diamond and the ruby, but is hidden in the depths of the sea, in the shell of the plain, plain oyster. It does not flash prismatic lights, but glows tenderly, like a good deed or like a kind smile on a rugged face. Pearl fishermen give their lives to searching for the beautiful jewel that grows in the heart of the shell.

Most of our names have meanings. The last names often stand for our occupations, or the sources from which we have sprung. For instance: —

Weaver	Hunter
Farrier	Fisher
Piper	Goldsmith
Tinker	Carpenter
Cooper	Shepherd
Hillman	Chapman

Chapman is a chap-man, or merchant. In old England the trading towns were called the *cheaping* towns, — our word *cheap*, for bargain, comes from this, — and the merchant was a *chapman*. Other names came from places where families lived — names with *de* or *von* or *of* or *o'*. But our first names are our own, and most of them stand for some quality, as: —

Charles	Manly, noble-spirited
Edward	Guardian of property
Arthur	High, noble
Frederic	Abounding in peace
Richard	Rich-hearted, powerful
Robert	Bright in fame

And there are: —

Amy	Beloved
Amanda	Worthy to be loved
Esther	A star
Catherine	Pure
Susan	A lily
Sarah	A princess

Margaret: A pearl

If your first name, as it stands, does not seem to have a fine significance, try to understand it better; it may have a beautiful hidden meaning for you.

IN THE CITY

Sunrise in the city
  Wears a stately grace
Quite as far and splendid
  As in a country place.

Night's last star goes fading
  Beyond high roofs as clear
As over rolling meadows
  With birds and flowers near.

Trees stand partly hidden,
  Distance out of sight;
Yet the sky keeps tending
  The pavements, day and night.

I SAID IT ON THE MEADOW PATH

I SAID it on the meadow path,
I say it on the mountain stairs —
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The grass is softer to my tread
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red
Because it makes the whole world sweet.

LUCY LARCOM

WHAT DO THE STARS DO?

WHAT do the stars do
  Up in the sky,
Higher than the wind can blow,
  Or the clouds can fly?

Each star in its own glory
  Circles, circles still,
As it was lit to shine and set,
  And do its Maker's will.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

NOTE. — Lucy Larcom knew the dry farms of New England, with meadowsweet and steeplebush among the blueberry pastures, and rough hillsides to climb. She lived in New England, and worked in the Lowell cotton mills in the days when the wonderful new machines were beginning to take the place of the old hand looms. When later she went with her family into the wide, wide prairie lands, to make a new home far away, she missed the "mountain stairs" and the stony wild-rose waysides.

Christina Rossetti was an English poet who lived at the same time as Miss Larcom. She was the sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who was not only a poet but a painter too. The artist's lovely wife posed for his pictures, which are dreamlike and full of flowers, like the Rossetti poems. The flowers of Christina are not sweet roses of the meadow path, but asphodels that bloom in Paradise, "higher than the wind can blow."

A GAME POSTPONED

HEROES of old! I humbly lay
The laurel on your graves again.
Whatever men have done, men may;
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

AUSTIN DOBSON

IN the shade of a big maple that grew by the side of the road sat a small boy with a very sour look on his face. In one hand he held a baseball. The other rested on a bat that lay by his side. In the

field across the road a few boys about his own age were playing; along the road were passing little groups of children with flowers in their hands.

A brass band had gone by a few minutes before, with a line of white-haired old men trailing after it; but even that had not driven the sour look from the face of the boy under the tree. The music was slow and queer, and the old men dragged along, some of them out of step, all of them looking worn and tired and very little like the men in uniform who usually march behind a band.

Everyone seemed to be going to the burying ground that lay next to the ball field. When most of the people had passed, an old man came along the road. He walked slowly and with a cane, and in one hand he carried a large bunch of lilacs and lilies of the valley. Roddy Wilkinson, the boy under the tree, saw that the old man wore a broad-brimmed black hat, like the other old men who had gone by, and had a little copper button in the lapel of his coat; but it did not interest him.

When the old man saw the big maple, he stopped, and took off his hat and wiped his forehead, for the day was hot. Then he went over toward Roddy, climbed the little slope of the bank, and sat down.

At first he sat still, and said nothing; but in a little while, seeing the ball and the bat, he looked

down at Roddy with a smile, and said, "Going to have a little game?"

"No, sir," Roddy answered. "I was going to, but my father told me I must n't—at any rate, till afternoon. I don't see what difference it makes — just because a lot of people want to take flowers to the graveyard. I did n't know any of those soldiers."

"No, of course not," said the old man, in a kindly way. "You did n't know them, and they did n't know you, but they thought about you a good deal."

"Who — me?" asked Roddy with a puzzled look.

"Yes, about you and all the other boys who were to come after them. That's why they did what they did. They had to look a long way ahead, and think of others instead of themselves. If they had thought only of themselves, they would have stayed at home.

"Now there was Johnnie Cramer. He was only sixteen — a boy just like you, who liked to coast and skate and play ball when he did n't have to work to help his mother. He went as a drummer boy, and they said that before the year was out he was the best drummer in his corps. But one night, after a big battle, he was missing, and some of the men went out to look for him with lanterns. They found him lying dead across his drum, with

the sticks still fast in his hands. He lies just beyond the wall there." And the old man pointed toward the graveyard.

"And there was Larry Owen. He was the color sergeant, — carried the flag, you know, — and when they were charging up a hill and a bullet cut the flagstaff in two, Larry caught the colors and carried them on halfway up the slope. As he fell, he passed the flag to his chum, Joe Woodman, and then Joe carried it. He fell just as his regiment took the hill.

"Of course, not all the boys were killed. A great many of them came back; but some of them were crippled, and all of them had lost four of the best years of their lives. They found it hard to catch up with those who stayed at home; many of them have been poor, and have had to work hard since. But they have never been sorry; they did what was right, and no one is ever sorry who does that.

"I think the only thing that could make them sorry would be the feeling that we had forgotten them, or had never understood what they did and why they did it. They felt sure that we would always remember, and especially that the boys who came after them would learn from them the lesson of how to do the hard thing if it is the right thing.

"That is why I always come over here on Memorial Day. It may not do any good to those

boys that lie over there in the grass under the trees, but it does *me* good. I go over there, and say to myself, 'Johnnie Cramer, we have come again because we have not forgotten. Here's something to show that we still keep you in mind. Larry Owen, the country remembers and sends these

THEY FELT SURE THAT THE BOYS WHO CAME AFTER THEM WOULD LEARN FROM THEM THE LESSON OF HOW TO DO THE HARD THING IF IT IS THE RIGHT THING

flowers. Joe, you fought a good fight, and your name shall not fade.'"

The old man got up slowly, and said, "It will not be long till afternoon, and then you can have your game."

But Roddy had gotten up, too, the sour look gone from his face, and something of eagerness and of shame glowing there instead.

"I won't play!" he cried. "I don't want any game. Give me some of those flowers, and let me go with you!"

EDWARD W. FRENTZ

NOTE. — Poets and heroes are crowned in honor with laurel leaves. Apollo, the Greek god of the sun and of poetry and music, wears a laurel crown. (See Note with "The City of Pallas Athene.") We lay wreaths of laurel on the graves of the heroic dead.

Sometimes, as a memorial, we cast a wreath upon a flowing river. Sometimes we write a poem, as Tennyson wrote "In Memoriam" for his friend. And sometimes we make each day's thoughts and acts and strivings a memorial to those who expected much of us — or who, perhaps, needed much.

Memorial Day was instituted after the Civil War. In the national burying ground at Arlington, Virginia, lie rank upon rank of Union soldiers, and there is a beautiful white-pillared amphitheatre on a green slope overlooking the Potomac River.

The Confederate burying ground is at Fredericksburg, Virginia. In a little, quiet street of this old town is the house where lived George Washington's mother, Mary Washington. Here the houses, set in deep gardens, are all overgrown with vines and flowers, but Mary Washington's house is flush with the sidewalks of two streets, basking in sunshine. In a little unpaved lane of tiny brick houses, James Monroe kept his law office when he was called to be President of the United States.

THE WHITE HOUSE

"AFTER all, life is lovely here. The country is beautiful, and I do not think that any two people ever got more enjoyment out of the White House than Mother and I. We love the house itself, without and within, for its associations, for its stillness, and its sympathy. We love the garden, and we like Washington. We almost always take our breakfast on the south portico now, Mother looking pretty and dainty in her summer dresses. Then we stroll about the garden for fifteen or twenty minutes, looking at the flowers and the fountain, and admiring the trees. . . ."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in his *Letters to His Children*

THE WHITE HOUSE

WHO LOVES HIS COUNTRY

WHO loves his country will not rest
Content with vow and pledge alone,
But flies her banner in his breast
And counts her destiny his own —
Not only when the bugle plays
Stands forth to give his life for her,
But on the field of common days
Is strong to live his life for her.
He is not satisfied to claim
As heritage her power and fame,
But, striving, earns the right to wear
The shining honor of her name.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — A nation is as great as the ideals of its individual citizens. We must *deserve* our flag. How beautiful it is!

There is a poem by Edmond Rostand about a wicked man who took big shears and climbed the flagpole in the night, and cut the blue field from our flag, snatching the stars away. "I will cut out their stars!" he cried, and laughed at what he had done. But when he reached the ground again and looked up to see his evil deed, real stars shone through the hole. On the Capitol at Washington four flags wave day and night, and when the searchlights play upon those flags on the hill, it looks as if the stars were shining through.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

Sam Davis of Tennessee: the statue of this young Confederate soldier stands in front of the Capitol at Nashville. The inscription wrought in bronze on the pedestal tells in a few words how he died unafraid, choosing death rather than dishonor.

A private in the ranks, nineteen years old, he had been ordered by his commanding officer to penetrate the Union lines and obtain information which would reveal to the Southern army the plan of campaign of the Northern forces. Davis had performed his perilous and difficult task, had obtained the information, and was almost back within his own lines when he was captured by the Union pickets. Papers giving detailed plans and maps of the campaign were found in his possession. He was tried by court-martial, found guilty, and, according to the rules of war, was sentenced to be shot as a spy.

The Union commander wished to learn, if possible, how these highly confidential papers had been procured by the young soldier, and therefore offered to pardon him if he would reveal the source from which they had come. The officer hoped by this means to spare the life of one so young, who, by his bearing during the trial, had deeply impressed the court with his noble demeanor.

Sam Davis was offered life and freedom if he would tell who had given him the plans of the campaign. Then the true worth of this young son of Tennessee was revealed. His clear eyes looked straight into the eyes of those who had his life in their keeping. With unfaltering voice he spoke the immortal words that appear on the base of his statue: "I would die a thousand deaths before I would betray a friend."

He faced the firing squad. His unsullied soul embarked on the sea of eternity. Later it became known that the friend whom he had refused to betray was a young negro boy, who had helped him to obtain the papers.

High on the roll of those who love honor more than life, who remain true to a trust committed to their keeping, and who, when the test comes, refuse to surrender to fear, shall be carved the name of Sam Davis of Tennessee.

RANDALL J. CONDON

NOTE. — *Confederate* means "joined by a league"; *con* means "by or with," and *federate* means "a union or league."

Governments are like families, and the same principles of love and sacrifice and right conduct that guide us in our homes and in our neighborhoods should reach up and guide us in our dealings as a nation.

A youth across the sea, for the
sake of a hope in his breast,
Shook out a steadfast sail upon
a dauntless quest.
He had seen a star in the West,
He had dreamed a dream afar;
He wrought and would not rest.
Heirs of that dream we stand,
Citizens of that star —
America, dear land!

WHY IS HE A GENERAL?

NIGHT and rain. Three of us were riding in a coach, ten miles away from our destination. One of the horses collapsed and fell down. Stop. No star in the sky, no counselor to comfort. What to do?

A man appeared, as a nightmare — as if he came out of the rocks on which we were leaning.

"My name is Marko," he said. "Don't worry. In a few minutes everything will be all right."

And he disappeared. But soon after, we found that our second horse had disappeared, too.

He had stolen it — all of us thought so. Yet in a few minutes Marko returned, riding on the horse, and leading another horse by a rope.

We asked questions: Who was he? Where did he find a horse? And so forth. He murmured something, and kept busy about the horses.

"Ready!" he said. "Good night to you." And the darkness of night swallowed him up.

"Thank God, there are still Christian men in this world," we thought, and started.

I visited Mrs. Haverfield's orphanage at Uzice. She said: —

"The peasants of the surrounding villages are most helpful to me, especially Marko. He is beyond description."

"But who is Marko?" I asked, remembering a dreadful emergency in my life.

"Don't you know Marko? He is a man of perfect service to everybody. You will see him to-morrow."

We were sitting by the open fire and listening to Marko. He is nothing more than an ordinary Serbian peasant.

"Everybody must have learned a lesson in the war. Mine is a strange one, and yet the most valuable for the rest of my days."

Then he became reluctant. But we insisted and he continued: —

"My sin against our General M—— was the cause of the lesson. We were ten privates under the same tent. Our duty was to attend the general and his staff. We did our duty half-heartedly, and the officers often complained. One day the general called all of us and said: —

"'Brothers, you are called to do service to me and to my officers. Do it perfectly and joyfully!'

"We corrected ourselves a little. But war continued endlessly. Day and night we were filled with dreams of our homes, and we walked ceaselessly in the camp like shadows, and did our service very badly. Water for the officers was not brought always in time; boots were not dried at the fire and cleaned, as they ought to be. And

again and again officers remonstrated. They must have complained to the general. One night the general opened our tent, looked in, and asked: —

"'Brothers, are you all right?'

"He went off. And I —"

There Marko stopped, and his eyes were shining with tears.

"And I said loudly: 'Why is he a general? He does nothing. We are doing everything. It is easy for him.'

"The night was a very long one, but our sleep fast and our dreams of home very vivid.

"'What is that?' we all asked, as with one voice, looking at a marvel. And the marvel was this: all the boots, both the officers' and our own, were perfectly cleaned and arranged at our feet. We went to the officers' rooms. There, again, all the uniforms nicely hung up and cleaned, water-jars filled, a big fire made in the hall, and the hall swept and put in order properly.

"Who did it?

"No one of us knew. Of course, all day we were talking of that.

"The next morning the same thing happened. We were quite startled and confused. 'Is God perhaps sending an angel to do this service for us?' This we asked each other, and retold all the fairy tales we remembered from our childhood.

"But now, behold.

"We decided to watch. And our sentinel saw, soon after midnight, our general creeping into our tent. Oh, shame! The mystery was now revealed and the lesson learned.

"That day the general asked for me. I was trembling with all my body and soul. It was clear to me that he must have heard my remark about him two nights before. But he was all smiles.

"'Brother Marko, did you ever read the Gospel?'

"My lips were trembling, and I answered nothing.

"'Well,' he continued, 'take it once more to-day and read the story how the Captain of men, who is called by us the Lord of Lords and the King of Kings, was the perfect servant of men.'

"I cried like a child found in a theft."

Marko began to cry again in telling his story, and we all were very much moved.

Then he took courage again, and continued: —

"The general said: 'My brother, two nights ago you asked a question which I have to answer now. Listen: I am your general because I am supposed to be able to do my own invisible and lordly duty, but also because I am supposed to be fit to do in a most excellent way the service you, the privates, are called to do.'

"The general stopped and closed his eyes. I never shall forget that moment. I wished I were killed instantly by a bullet, so overwhelming was the presence of the general. I stood there all misery and fear.

"Finally the general lifted up his head and said: —

"'You must try your hardest to do your service to men perfectly and joyfully, now and always, not because of the severe order and discipline, but because of joy hidden in every perfect service.'

"The general walked two or three steps toward the window and turned to me and said: —

"'Now, brother Marko, I tell you honestly, I enjoyed greatly cleaning your boots, for I am greatly repaid by doing so. Don't forget, every perfect service hides a perfect payment in itself, because — because, brother, it hides God in itself.'

"Of course, after that, the service in the general's camp was all right, and the officers never since had to complain."

Thus finished Marko his story.

Later on, I was told by many people that Marko, who before the war was not at all considered a very kind man, has become, through his perfect service to everybody, the most beloved human being in his mountains. At the election

the people unanimously asked him to go to represent them in the Parliament; but he declined. He said, "That post is for the generals, and I am merely a private still."

This is Private Marko's lesson from the war, through which he has become involuntarily a captain of men.

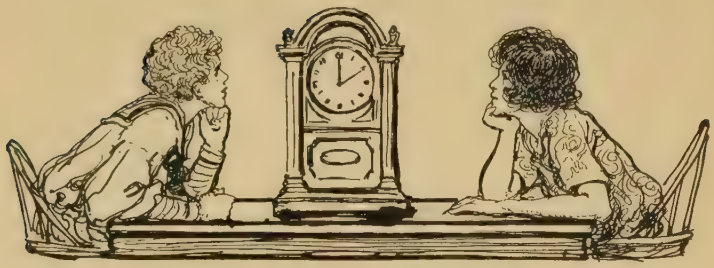
NICHOLAI VELIMIROVIC

NOTE. — The Bishop who was the author of this story did a very great work for the little Serbian children who suffered cruelly through dreadful war. This story was written for a friend while the Bishop was in America, pleading for funds for those poor children of Serbia.

Every Morning

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



I WILL BE PUNCTUAL

I WILL be punctual! I will call hours by their right names, and have due regard for the minutes of which hours are made. When I say noon I will mean noon; half past six shall mean with me half past six, and under no circumstances six thirty-five. I will not set out for a given point with three seconds or so to spare; anything may happen to three spare seconds along the way. There shall be always a fair margin.

I will not be a tail-ender; I will behave, instead, so that I can look a clock straight in the face. I will remember that, when late, I squander my own time, which is bad enough, and my neighbor's time, which is worse. I will be as honest with time as with anything else.

"Time is money," an old proverb says. If that is so, he who persists in changing the value of time

is putting out counterfeit coin and sooner or later will suffer for it.

The sun comes and goes on time; so do the tides. Shall I lag behind? The great men of the world kept a careful eye on time and tide. Shall I dare do less than they?

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — "Time and tide wait for no man" is an old and wise saying.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

O SUNS and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather;

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fingers tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather;

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together —
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

NOTE. — *Math* is an old word for "mowing," so *aftermath* means "the second mowing," or the crop of grass cut from the same field after the first crop of the season. We use the word, with this picture in mind, in many ways, meaning "what comes after," "a secondary result" — as, "the aftermath of war"; "the aftermath of martyrdom."

THE BOATMAN'S STORY

THEY were tired of play — it's a curious thing, but that really does happen to little people sometimes. They had built a sand castle and they were anxious to defend it against the incoming tide, but the tide was on its way out and ungenerously refused to turn before its time, even to oblige Dolly and Dick.

They had gathered together more shells and seaweed in an hour than Nurse would have allowed them to take home in a year. They had run races on the sand, and written their names there. They had waded out to the old wreck that showed its bones in the low water, and played at shipwrecked sailors till Dick's arms quite ached with rescuing his sister, — the noble captain who refused to leave the sinking vessel, — and now they looked round them for a new amusement.

"There's old Creed," said Dolly suddenly. "Let's go and make him tell us a story."

Away they ran, their bare feet dinting the sand with the imprint of little round toes.

Old Creed, the boatman, was sitting on the shingle, his legs stuck out in front of him, mending his nets.

"Well, kiddies," said he, "what do you want this morning? Tide's too low for a sail."

"We want you to tell us a story," said Dick. "Dolly says you can."

The old boatman laughed. "Stories are n't much in my line," he said; "you must go to your pretty books for those. You know all the stories I could tell, bless you!"

"But in the books the fishermen always know heaps and heaps of stories," said Dick; "not girls' nonsense, but jolly good stories about pirates and shipwrecks and rafts and desert islands and people being brave — and all that."

"That reminds me," said old Creed thoughtfully; "I do know one story about brave people."

"Oh, *do* begin!" cried Dolly, cuddling close up to him among the meshes of the net. So old Creed began.

"Once there were two young ladies who used to come here to stay a goodish bit. Real ladies they were, and ready always to pass the time of day with a man, and kind as you please. Always lending books and papers to the coast guards, and many a nice little thing they brought down in those baskets of theirs when my missus was ill abed. And they were always so kind to all the little children, and whenever they met any, always had a good word for them.

"Well, by and by, all in good time, one of them got married and came to have two little 'uns of her own — like as it might be you and Master Dick

here when you were tiny. And every year she and her good man and her sister and the children came down to Dymchurch in the summer.

"Miss, she looked as young as ever; but Madam had grown a bit stouter, with more of a presence, — as a married lady should, — and always the best and kindest, both of them.

"Now there was a young gentleman staying at Dymchurch one year, at Mrs. Young's, in the Terrace, which is a quiet house and lodgers well looked after. And he wanted quiet, for he was ever learning out of his books, so as to take something or other — a prize, I think — at Oxford College."

"I'm going there when I grow up," remarked Dick. "Go on!"

"Well, fisher-people have a good deal of time, and what with watching the sky and the wind and the tide, they get to keep their eyes open. And I could n't help seeing that this young gentleman had no eyes for anything out of doors except for Miss. He never spoke to her, like one of our lads would have done if he fancied a girl, because such is not the way of the gentry — but he *looked;* and I understood well enough, if she did n't.

"Now, one day — it was when I was laid up along of my broken leg, but I saw it all from my window — it got very rough, and Miss and Madam came out to see the weather. Madam's husband had gone to Hythe to visit a friend, so he was n't

with them, for you can't be in two places at once, unless you're a bird. And as they stood there, Miss cries out very sharply: —

"'Look, look — in that boat out there! It's the children.'

"'No, no,' says Madam; 'see, the children are along there by the sea wall.'

"'It's some one's children,' cries Miss, with her heart in her voice.

"'We must call for help,' says Madam.

"'There's no time,' says Miss.

"It was getting rougher and rougher, and a great squall coming up. Then all in a minute I saw them running like mad to my boat and begin to push her off. And far away to sea was a boat with two children in it — little children; and how they got out there passes me.

"Then I saw Mrs. Young's door fly open, and out comes the young gentleman from Oxford and leaps on to the sea wall and down again on to the beach and so to the boat.

"'They're little children,' says Miss; 'we're going out to them.'

"With that he says nothing, but lends a hand to push off the boat, and when she's afloat, he puts one foot on the gunwale and shoves off with the other, and there's the three of them putting out to sea; and the sky blackening and the wind getting louder and the waves higher every minute.

"Missy and the young gentleman they pulled and Madam steered. There was n't a soul on the sea wall when they started, but before they reached the boat, rocking and tossing with those two little 'uns in it, the sea wall was black with folk — for all Dymchurch turned out to watch them. And the mother of those poor innocents in the other boat was standing there with a face like lead.

"The coast guards were getting the lifeboat ready, and people held their breath, when the boat reached the children. None of the three was much good in a boat, and never a one of them could swim — that's why it was so brave of them; and we wondered if they'd know what to do. Bless you, yes! They got her alongside, Madam and the young gentleman held her fast, and Missy leaned over and pulled the children into my boat. Then they made the other boat fast to the stern and turned to come back.

"But that was easier said than done. The wind had been rising, rising all this time, and now it was dead against her. And folk along the sea wall sent up a shout 'Put off the lifeboat!' So they ran her down into the sea, and none too soon; for just as the lifeboat came up with them a great wave caught the boats, and the next thing we saw they were rocking, bottom up, and every soul of them in the water.

"The coast guards had 'em out sharp enough. Madam was safe and sound, and Miss — God bless her! though the oar had struck her as the boat heeled over, — God bless her, I say! — she'd never let go the little 'uns — got 'em tight, I tell you, with an arm round each. The gentleman from Oxford, he got off with a broken arm.

"I never heard such a shout before or since as went up from the crowd on the sea wall when they landed from the lifeboat, all dripping and draggled, Miss with the children clinging to her. Everyone was for shaking their hands, and I saw a woman a-stroking their wet clothes as they went by. As for that poor mother, she fell down at Missy's feet as if she would have liked to kiss them.

"And so it happened that when his arm got well the young gentleman from Oxford married Missy, 'the bravest woman in the world,' said he. But to my thinking Madam was braver, for she had her own little children to think of."

"I've heard that story often," said Dick, who had listened with breathless interest. "I've heard it often. Missy was Aunty Laura and Madam was our own Mammy."

"Well," said old Creed, grinning, "I told you, did n't I, that you knew more stories than I did?"

"Never mind, Creed," said Dolly, putting her arms round his rough jersey and giving him what

she called a "hard hug." "It's a lovely story, and nobody could tell it better than you, and I'm never tired of hearing it — never. But I'm glad father taught us to swim. Of course, if we ever have to rescue anybody, it won't be so *brave* of us."

"But it will be much safer," said Dick; "and you know that's a great thing."

E. Nesbit

Note. — *Coast guards* are members of the government crew at the life-saving station.

Dymchurch is a village on the English seaside.

Oxford and Cambridge are the names of two great English universities. They are very, very old. "Oxford" means the ford where oxen crossed, and "Cambridge" means the bridge over the Cam. Camelot was the town where King Arthur held his court, with the knights of the Table Round. Do you remember the Lady of Shalott with her mirror and the knights riding down to Camelot?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly,
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

SEA SHELL

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, O please!
A song of ships, and sailor men,
And parrots, and tropical trees,

Of islands lost in the Spanish Main
Which no man ever may find again,
Of fishes and corals under the waves,
And sea horses stabled in great green caves.

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing of the things you know so well.

Amy Lowell

Note. — Have you ever seen a sea horse in an aquarium, or a picture of one? It is n't the great green horse that the mermen ride, but a mite of a thing no longer than your little finger, looking like a knight in the game of chess.

SEA SHELL, SEA SHELL,
SING OF THE THINGS YOU KNOW SO WELL

Brown Earth

WE thank thee, O Lord, for the things that are out of doors: for the fresh air and the open sky and the growing grass and the tiny flowers and the setting sun and the wooded hill, and the brown earth beneath our feet. They are all good, and they all speak the truth; and we rest ourselves, and get new strength to go back to the world of restless men. Keep us ever like Thy good world, rugged and wholesome and true.

THE GUSTY POCKET

A Parable about Brown Earth

THERE was once a prisoner who had nothing but the four walls of his cell and a small barred window. He had no books, no friends, no kindness. But through the small barred window he could see a patch of sky with clouds floating by.

"How fortunate I am," he said. "I see the beauty of these changing cloud-shapes, never twice

alike. This giant stalking over the stone sill at this moment is one only giant, nevermore in a lifetime to return. I will name him Azunkel and know him forever, having seen him once. And the angel into whom he melts is Azurel, vision once only, beautiful. How blessed am I because of Azunkel and Azurel, and these who follow!"

The prisoner lived for his window, waking early, standing late. The cloud Azurel came not again, but Tintoretto, Popinello, the great ship Heraclanum, and the drowsy sheep from Shod.

As time passed, the sky space was walled up, and the prisoner had nothing but the four sides of his cell and a small barred window. There was no sky — no anything.

The prisoner climbed up to the window and looked down. There was a shaft for a little air and light. There was a three-sided pocket in the courtyard wall — a cold, three-sided pocket where the gusts were caught. And there in the gusts came leaves — leaves like rubbish; and they were whirled in a circle in the three-sided pocket. They flew high in a round dance. They caught hands and held breaths and whirled in a circle, treading on each other's heels. They laughed and tumbled, and when the gust died down they rested quiet, in a magic ring — a circle of leaves as perfect as if drawn with compasses, in the three-sided pocket of the wall.

And every day the leaves and rubbish danced, brown friends of joy, and clapped their hands, and filled the shaft with laughter — and rested in a ring, saying to the prisoner, "*Here* we sit."

And the prisoner thought, "How fortunate in friends I am!"

The window was blocked up, and darkness fell in the room. The prisoner had nothing but the four cell walls. And he thought: "In darkness do I stay, but I know that Azurel's successors pass — how bright, how beautiful — each hour. I sit in solitude, without wife or child or caring heart in all the world, yet my companions wait and play, patient unto tatters, patient unto a mere track in the beaten dust, in the gusty windhole of the wall. My friends wait, and my angel lifts."

Then one day the prisoner was released. He went forth into the brightness of day. He knew the city and the woods and fields, and the sounds of many voices. He lived as other men, who have their goings and their comings, trains on schedule, theatres, homes, and work.

But where an angle along the railroad track disclosed a circle in the cinder, he would pause, and here he had his happiness. Were the night a bitter one, still there seemed to glow a fireside light about the magic spot, and brown feet spun the track and leaped and flew, and brown leaf hands clutched his heart, and he laughed, by the railroad

track. And from his heart he took the tendril hands and kissed them.

And in the blue light of noon, when Azurel's hosts went by, all the trumpets sounded; and he who had been a prisoner said: —

"Ah, dear God, these and these and these — these many things and days — are as nothing. Keep me true to Thine angels shouting and to Thy little hands of leaves. Amen."

META KNOX HANNAY

THE MOWING-GRASS

BETWEEN THE MAY AND THE ROSE

IT was between the may [1] and the June roses. The may bloom had fallen, and among the hawthorn boughs were the little green bunches that would feed the redwings in autumn. High up the briars had climbed, straight and towering while there was a thorn or an ash sapling or a yellow-green willow to uphold them, and then curving over toward the meadow. The buds were on them, not yet open; it was between the may and the rose.

FLOWERS IN THE MOWING-GRASS

ALL the procession of living and growing things passes. The grass stands up taller and still taller,

[1] The hawthorn buds "that ope in the month of May."

the sheaths open and the stalk arises, the pollen clings till the breeze sweeps it. The bees rush past and the resolute wasps; the humblebees, whose weight swings them along. About the oaks and maples the brown June beetles swarm, and the owls at dusk and the blackbirds and jays by day cannot reduce their legions while they last. Yellow butterflies and white, broad red admirals, and sweet blues — think of the kingdom of flowers which is theirs! Heavy moths burring at the edge of the copse; green, and red, and gold flies; gnats, like smoke, around the tree tops; midges so thick over the brook, as if you could haul a netful; tiny leaping creatures in the grass; bronze beetles across the path; blue dragon flies pondering on cool leaves of water plantain. Blue jays flitting; a magpie drooping across from elm to elm; thrushes leading their fledglings, already strong on the wing, from field to field. An egg here on the sward, dropped by a starling; a red ladybird creeping, tortoise-like, up

BLUE JAYS FLITTING

a green fern-frond. Finches undulating through the air, shooting themselves with closed wings, or happy with their young.

Golden dandelion disks — gold and orange — of a hue more beautiful, I think, than the higher and more visible buttercup. A blackbird gleaming, so black is he, splashing in the runlet of water across the gateway. A ruddy kingfisher, swiftly drawing himself — as you might draw a stroke with a pencil — over the surface of the yellow buttercups and away above the hedge. Hart's-tongue fern, thick with green, so green as to be thick with its color, deep in the ditch under the shady hazel-boughs. White meadowsweet lifting its tiny florets, and black-flowered sedges.

LITTLE BLACK MOOR HENS SWIM AWAY AFTER THEIR MOTHER

You must push through the reed grass to find the sword flags; the stout willow-herbs will not be trampled down, but resist the foot like underwood. As you gather the pink lychnis flowers, little black moor hens swim away after their mother, who has

dived under the water grass and broken the smooth surface of the duckweed. Yellow loosestrife is rising; thick comfrey stands at the very edge; the sandpipers run where the shore is free from bushes.

Back by the underwood the prickly and repellent brambles will soon present us with fruit. For the squirrels the nuts are forming; green beech mast is there — green wedges under the spray; up in the oaks the small knots, like bark rolled up in a dot, will be acorns. Purple vetches along the mounds; yellow lotus where the grass is shorter; and orchis succeeds to orchis. As I write them, so these things come — not set in gradation, but like the broadcast flowers in the mowing-grass.

ON THE WALL

THERE are minute white flowers on the top of the wall, out of reach, and lichen grows against it, dried by the sun till it looks ready to crumble. By the gateway grows a thick bunch of meadow geranium, soon to flower; over the gate is the highway road, quiet but dusty, dotted with the innumerable footmarks of a flock of sheep that has passed. The sound of their bleating still comes back, and the bees driven up by the hoofs have hardly had time to settle again on the white clover,

beginning to flower on the short roadside sward. All the hawthorn leaves and briar and bramble and the honeysuckle, too, are gritty with the dust that has been scattered upon them.

THE FIRST, THE SWEETEST, THE DEAREST ROSE OF JUNE

But see — Can it be? Stretch a hand high — quick — and reach it down: the first, the sweetest, the dearest rose of June. Not yet expected, for the time is between the may and the roses — least of all here by the hot and dusty highway; but it is found — the first rose of June!

RICHARD JEFFERIES

From *The Pageant of Summer*

NOTE. — Like John Burroughs, Richard Jefferies was a country boy. His father, who trained him to see in hedge and field, in sky and stream, the infinite tapestry of life, was his greatest teacher. The Indian boy does not know by instinct all the wood lore that becomes his second nature; he is taught it by long drilling, as Hiawatha learned from old Nokomis. The Japanese boy who draws the exquisite heart of the

things about him is taught to see the lines in water and the colors of the horizon. The art teacher in Japan will bring into the class a jumping frog; the pupils will handle it, and the teacher will point out all the details of its growth and color, its beating pulse, its nature; then the teacher will put the little creature in his pocket, and the class will draw the frog. Richard Jefferies's father taught him to observe with quick eye, with long sight, and with ever patient and entire sympathy, the marvels of the humming, singing, living world about him.

THE COMING OF ANGUS OG

Crouching behind a clump of bracken [1] that overhung the burn,[2] knelt Kenneth. The May morning was yet young, and the spider's web that stretched from the lowest branch of a little silver birch to the highest reach of a tall piece of heather was diamond-studded. In his right hand Kenneth held a rod of his own making. Skillfully the bait was coaxed into the current, and it disappeared in the water that was of the very same hazel-brown as the fisher's eyes. For a few throbbing moments Kenneth waited, and there came that tug which is one of the joys no fisherman can ever outlive. Kenneth threw down his rod and laid hold on his take — a good yellow trout of half a pound, silvery

[1] Ferns. [2] Brook.

and clean and red-spotted. A smile broke over his face as he removed the hook and proceeded to re-bait it. This was going to be a lucky day — a half-pounder with the first worm, and it not yet seven o'clock.

And Kenneth was right. He had eight good trout strung on a bit of cord when he heard a low

THERE STOOD "THE BONNIEST LAD HE E'ER LOOKED UPON"

laugh behind him. He wheeled sharply round. Regarding him smilingly, there stood "the bonniest lad he e'er looked upon."

"I would be thinking he was Angus Og," said

Kenneth, long afterward, telling the tale. And by Angus Og he meant the god of youth, so called in the Western Isles.

"You have the good chance, my boy," said Angus Og. "I have watched you this half-hour, and you have caught and caught and caught without any trouble."

"Where will you be coming from?" asked Kenneth.

"I will be coming from the other side of the island," said the young man gayly.

"What will you be doing on Scalpa?" asked Kenneth.

"What will I be doing? I will be starving of hunger unless very soon we cook these trout of yours."

Kenneth was puzzled. "I was for taking them home to my mother," he said. "I cannot give them to you."

"But I will buy them!" cried the young man eagerly. "See! A whole golden guinea for eight little fishes!" He held up the shining coin; but Kenneth grew red under his freckles. If indeed it was Angus Og, then the god was tempting him. If it was a wandering stranger, then Kenneth knew his manners. "I do not sell food to hungry travelers," he said; "I give it. But first you must ask my mother if you may have the fish. I have promised them to her."

The stranger grew serious.

"You are a good lad," he said, "and I think it must be your mother who is taking my friends and me into her house. We were wrecked on the north coast last night, and your good mother has promised us shelter until we can find a ship to take us to Stornoway."

"What she will be going to feed you on I know not," said Kenneth gloomily.

"Really! Have you not fish?" said Angus Og. "Your mother said, 'Oh, but Kenneth will be at the fishing. He will be the great lad for catching the trout.' So I came to search for Kenneth and his trouts, and to have those trouts fried in oatmeal without any more delay."

With that he clapped Kenneth on the back, and showed his white teeth in so radiant a smile that Kenneth had to smile in return and step out by the side of the stranger to the little thatched house with its blue curl of peat smoke, close down by the seashore.

Two other gentlemen were outside the cottage, and to them Angus Og spoke in a tongue that Kenneth could not understand. Then he and the boy entered the cottage where Mrs. Campbell was baking oatcakes on the griddle, and where a table was spread with all the best things, which usually remained locked in the cupboard from one year's end to the other. There was milk in bowls,

and plenty of salted butter from the big keg, and honey, which in that house was looked on as almost as precious as gold. Quickly Kenneth's mother told him in the Gaelic to clean the catch, and quickly he obeyed; and the fish, that so short a time before had been swimming in the amber-brown water of the burn, in a trice were gayly frizzling in the pan. "Come, come, Kenneth, you must eat with us!" cried Angus Og.

Kenneth's mother's face was flushed, — but that may have been from stooping over the fire, — and she dropped a lower curtsy than Kenneth had known it was possible for her to make.

"You do my son great honor, sir," she said. "He will never forget it."

Then Kenneth was quite sure that the old tales were true, and that Angus Og had come again.

Hungry indeed were the shipwrecked foreigners, and they vowed they had never tasted anything more delicious than the fish caught by Kenneth.

"Forsooth," said Angus Og, "what with your cookery, madam, and with the air of this place, I have the appetite of a wolf. Look you, O'Neille, shall we go a-hunting? Come along, Kenneth," said he. "You shall see my magic."

Along the rocky shore went Angus Og and Kenneth and Captain O'Neille, and the cormorants rose from the reed-covered rocks and screamed harshly, and the terns wailed as they dipped their

wings in the waves and flew out to sea. But on the peat bog and the hill behind the cottage they heard other sounds, and with light steps they made their way thither. On the hillside, he who was to work magic stood still and began to whistle, and so exactly did he imitate the plover's cry that plovers rose up from the cotton grass and heather in the bog, and flocked toward him.

The dinner that Mrs. Campbell cooked that day was as good as the breakfast, and Angus Og said, as they finished it: "My friends go to try to find a boat, Kenneth. Will you take me a-fishing for supper? I see you have a great pole-rod leaning against the end of the house. Shall we catch a whale?"

"We will sometimes be getting a good cod," said Kenneth, "when we fish from the black rocks round the point."

"Then let us go and get the good cod," said Angus; and when he and his friends had spoken very earnestly together in their strange tongue, he swung off gayly with Kenneth, who carried the big rod over his shoulder.

The magician whistled softly, and it was a tune that Kenneth knew — "The King shall come to his own again." It seemed almost as if the words were being spoken. That was the King over the Water; Kenneth had heard him spoken of in whispers, and it was for his son that Kenneth's

mother's brothers and many of her clan had gone away to fight — some never to return. If this was Angus Og, of course he must know all things.

"Will he come to his own?" asked Kenneth suddenly.

"What was it you said?" asked the stranger; and he stopped short and gave a sharp look at the boy.

"I asked," said Kenneth, "Will the King be coming to his own? Will Prince Charlie be my king one day?"

For a moment it seemed as if Angus Og were going to prove himself no god, for "I thought he was going to weep," said Kenneth afterward. Then his whole face lighted up, and with one of the dazzling smiles that won men's hearts, he laid his hand very kindly on Kenneth's shoulder. "It is all in the lap of the gods, Kenneth, if you know what that means," he said. "But — for all that has passed, I believe the King will still come to his own, and that, in some far-off day, Prince Charlie may be a king."

Then in silence he walked on, and his face had grown solemn.

"Who do you think that I am?" he asked at length, and he eyed the boy's face very keenly.

Kenneth grew red and hung his head shamefacedly. "I would be thinking," he said, "that you would be Angus Og."

"Angus Og? But I do not know who he is," said the stranger.

"He will be one of the old gods," said Kenneth, and he grew still redder as he spoke. "He has been asleep — Oh, he will have been asleep a thousand years. But one day he will wake up again, and there will be no sadness nor any sorrow nor any hunger when he has come again."

"And what is he like, this Angus Og?" asked the stranger softly.

"I will be thinking he would be like you," said Kenneth. "He had the sunshine in his hair, and the magic in his voice. He was young and very beautiful, and always gay and kind, and everyone will always be loving him."

"You are a fine courtier indeed, Kenneth," said the stranger, but there was a catch in his voice. "Ah, no, alas! I am not Angus Og. I am but a very human man, who knows very well the meaning of sadness and of hunger and sorrow. But you shall see I can catch fish, even though I am not Angus Og."

And from a rock that jutted out over the water he cast the line with the great fly of hen's feathers — the work of Kenneth — on its hook. And lo! Kenneth nearly fell off the rock with surprise when a cod took a jump out of the green sea water, swallowed the bait, and at once began plunging and thrashing — an angry victim, firmly hooked.

The stranger laughed aloud in his joy, and for a few tense minutes a fight went on between him and the "muckle" cod. But he was an easy victor; and when the fish was safely landed it was hard to say whether Kenneth or he was the more excited. He handed the rod over to Kenneth, but only a few codlings were caught when the sun went into the west and it was time for them to go home.

Captain O'Neille and the other had returned when they reached the house; but he who was not Angus Og refused to talk with them until he had stood by Mrs. Campbell and joked with her as she cooked his cod. As they finished the meal, Kenneth's friend rose and bowed to Mrs. Campbell.

"Not only for your perfect hospitality do I thank you, madam," he said, "but also for your perfect cooking."

Said Captain O'Neille, "You must try to persuade our kind hostess to come and superintend the chefs at Versailles!" [1]

"At Versailles? No, Felix!" cried the other; "she shall reign at St. James's,[2] when we come to our own!"

And Kenneth saw his mother curtsy deep and kiss the hand of the magician who was not Angus Og. "Your Royal Highness," she said, "there is no woman on earth so proud as I will be this day."

[1] The French court.

[2] The British court.

AND PRINCE CHARLIE LAID HIS HAND VERY GENTLY ON THE BOY'S HEAD

With a rush, Kenneth grasped the meaning of that day of wonders. He sprang to his feet, and cried out, loud and shrill, "Then I will be knowing it now! They will be the same ones. It will be the Prince Charlie — and he is Angus Og!"

And to his shame, because he was young and very much excited and very tired, he fell a-sobbing, and knelt down. And Prince Charlie laid his hand very gently on the boy's head.

"I thank you, Kenneth, my friend," he said. "I shall not forget you when I come to my own."

Kenneth's sleep was very sound that night, and when he awoke it was to find his mother bending over him.

"Where is he?" he asked.

And a tear dropped from his mother's eye on to his face when she answered, "Our Prince will be gone at the dawning."

Kenneth turned over on the floor, where he lay on an old blanket, and hid his face in the pillow.

"He left you this, Kenneth," she said.

Very nervously Kenneth looked up. Were it that golden guinea, he felt he could not bear it. But his mother laid beside him a hunting knife, silver-inlaid.

"He said it was for his friend," she told him. "He said you were a sportsman such as his heart held dear, Kenneth lad; and he said he gave you his thanks for a happy day."

Prince Charlie never came to his own. But even now he rules over the hearts of men.

And when Kenneth Campbell would speak of him to his grandchildren, they marveled. "Grandfather is lamenting," they said; "and he says such strange things! He says Angus Og will be coming again to his own one day, when the night has set for sorrow and the golden dawn is in the sky."

NOTE. — See the note on "Song for Two Greyhounds." Prince Charlie's grandfather had been King James II of England, but spent his last years as a refugee. Prince Charlie had many friends in Italy and in France, and, when he decided to make an invasion of England to claim "his own," the French people gave him help. When he set sail from Nantes, July 13, 1745, his little ship was accompanied by a great armed French vessel. But they met an English man-of-war, and the convoy was obliged to return to France. Charles escaped, and at length, on August 2, reached the little island of Eriskay, in the Hebrides.

These lonely western isles had many legends, and one was that Angus Og, the god of youth, would one day bring peace and plenty to the earth. Kenneth Campbell of this story was like the other people of the islands — very, very proud, but also very poor. And he believed in Angus Og.

The fairy, Tinker Bell, in Barrie's story about Peter Pan, thought she could get well again if children believed in fairies. Do you believe in fairies?

Never trouble another with what you can do yourself.

JEFFERSON

It is important to learn early to rely upon yourself; for little has been done in the world by those who are always looking out for someone to help them.

EVERETT

If you are going to be a boy, it is best to be a boy after the tugboat sort—not a raft that has to be towed along; not a schooner that stops when the wind goes down; but with energy enough to go where you want to, and to haul along whatever is necessary.

PATTON

CLOUDS

My Fancy loves to play with Clouds
That hour by hour can change Heaven's face;
For I am sure of my delight,
In green or stony place.

Sometimes they on tall mountains pile
Mountains of silver, twice as high;
And then they break and lie like rocks
All over the wide sky.

And then I see flocks very fair;
And sometimes, near their fleeces white,
Are small, black lambs that soon will grow
And hide their mothers quite.

Sometimes, like little fishes, they
Are all one size, and one great shoal;
Sometimes they, like big sailing ships,
Across the blue sky roll.

Sometimes I see small Cloudlets tow
Big, heavy Clouds across those skies —
Like little Ants that carry off
Dead Moths ten times their size.

Sometimes I see at morn bright Clouds
That stand so still, they make me stare;
It seems as they had trained all night
To make no motion there.

William H. Davies

NOTE. — "In green or stony place": The clouds float in the sky above barren wastes just the same as they do over fertile fields. It does not matter where our feet may be; we can find some beauty if we but look up. Do you know the different kinds of clouds? There are four: —

Cumulus clouds are the ones that look like mountains — the billowy white ones that roll up the sky. They are called *cumulus* because the word means "a mound." We have the word *accumulate* from this, meaning "to pile up." Are you accumulating anything?

Stratus clouds are those that stretch in layers, mostly near the earth. *Stratus* means "a layer." The plural is *strata*, like the strata of the earth's surface, the strata in rocks.

Cirrus clouds are the white, filmy ones, with thread-like tendrils blowing away from them. *Cirrus* means "a tendril or curling lock" (like the one belonging to the little girl who was very, very good — sometimes).

Nimbus is the rain cloud, a gray cloud from which the rain is falling — sometimes far away, a little cloud; sometimes over all the sky. *Nimbus* means "a halo," also. When the gods walked on earth they walked in a cloud of light, which was the rain cloud with the sun shining through. Some faces that we know seem to shine through a nimbus.

SPINNERETS AND THE SPINNER

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly.

I

In the old days, there lived a beautiful maiden by the name of Arachne, whose father was a dyer in purple. When the daughter had acquired great skill in spinning and weaving, she boldly claimed that not even the goddess Athene could put forth such fair work as that from her own hands. Now the goddess took this challenge in earnest, yet with all her effort she could not find anything but perfection in the weaving of Arachne. In jealous anger, therefore, she tore the web of the maiden to pieces.

At this, Arachne was about to hang herself; but Athene had pity on her and loosened the hang-rope, which forthwith became a cobweb. Then the goddess turned Arachne herself into a spider, so that she might spin and weave the rest of her days. This is the reason why spiders are called *arachnids*.

Now there is no spinning in the world more lovely than that of the lacy web of a common spider. The beauty of the pattern is plainly seen in the early day, when dew studs the threads with morning pearls. Not far away, hidden from sight,

lurks the spider, for the web is her snare, in which she gathers her food. She does not go out hunting, as the ant does, but keeps her trap near at hand, to catch passing flies, moths, locusts, and many another tiny creature. This snare is laid with the most knowing skill, and is so dear to the spider's

IN THE EARLY DAY, WHEN DEW STUDS THE THREADS WITH MORNING PEARLS

need that she may be found building a new net every night. The very young spiders begin to spin soon after sundown ; those that are full-grown often wait until dark has fallen.

For her spinning, the body of the spider is equipped with a little rosette of spinnerets that have hundreds of tiny holes like the spray of a watering pot. Through the hollow tubes that lead

to these many openings flows a liquid that hardens into thread on reaching the air. If the spinnerets are held closely together, many threads blend into one; if they are kept apart, separate threads are formed. So fine is this spinning silk that it would take ten thousand of the first threads, as they come from the spinneret holes, to make a strand the thickness of a hair. This is the delicate material with which the spider supplies herself, so that she may earn her livelihood day by day.

II

Spiders do not all entangle their prey in the same kind of web; there are different patterns for different hunters. One of the most familiar webs is round like a wheel, with spokes that are held together by a continuous spiral of sticky thread.

The venturous little weaver of such a web begins by drawing a thread from her spinnerets with the combs attached to her hind legs. This thread lengthens and lengthens in the air. If she is laying her snare between trees or across a stream, this first line will sometimes be from two to four feet, or even from thirty to forty feet long.

When her thread is ready, she quietly awaits the aid of the breeze. Before long the floating end becomes caught at the opposite side of the place she has chosen, and her suspension bridge is fixed. The spider then fastens the end nearest her to a

leaf or a twig, and starts to find out where the other end of her line has caught.

With back down and head forward, she fares across her cable cautiously, spinning as she goes. She walks with six feet while her hind legs hold this new thread that she is adding to the rope. Back and forth she hurries, strengthening the strand and sticking the threads together, until her line is stout enough to bear her weight and that of the web she is soon to suspend. Then another cable is laid beneath the first and in the same direction, and between these, for the sake of strength, an irregular framework is made.

Now the net itself must be spun, by laying the spokes of the wheel and by filling in with silken ladders between these spokes. A special thread is stretched across the open space in the framework, and the spider chooses the middle of this thread as the centre of her web. There she makes a little silk cushion, which is like the hub of the wheel.

From this, numerous threads — sometimes twelve, sometimes even as many as seventy — are laid like spokes at equal or nearly equal distances from one another. The spider starts from the centre, and hurrying along the special thread, arrives at the outside of the framework. Without wasting the least moment she darts backward and forward, climbing and running, busily letting out her silken thread all the while.

Sometimes she stops to make the hub larger and stronger; sometimes she chooses to lay two spokes very far apart, so that her web may not begin to be too heavy on one side and stretch the frame out of shape. Again and again she glues a thread, first at the centre and then at the circumference of the frame that outlines the shape of the web. When most of the lines have been laid, she tests the hub with care, to learn where the last radiating spokes should be placed for the sake of an even pattern.

The spider is now ready for a still finer task. Beginning at the middle, the little weaver binds the spokes together with a continuous thread. In very close coils, with a very fine silk, she makes her spiral line around the centre. Then the thread becomes thicker and the spider takes great strides, farther and farther out, making crossbars as a sort of scaffolding for the rest of her web-building.

At length she pauses at the edge of the frame. She stands or walks on her scaffolding while she places the final spiral coil around and around the spokes. This she begins at the outer border of her wheel, moving from the circumference toward the centre. Circling about, always at the same distance from the thread she has just laid, she weaves her thread as it comes from the spinnerets.

Her motions are very swift, yet she never makes a mistake. Always the right stroke is made at the right instant in the right place. The two hind

legs, which are the weaving tools, are constantly moving. One draws out the thread and passes it to the other to lay on the spoke. As soon as the two threads join, they stick together because of the glue on the spiral silk.

When the scaffolding has served its purpose, the spider holds it with her front feet and cuts it off with her claws. The waste silk that is matted in the centre of the web, she eats, when all is done, and with this economy she is able to turn the unused thread into material for the next web that she will be spinning not so many hours later.

When the time comes for the weaving of a fresh web, the old one is torn down and thrown away. The spider travels out from the hub of the delicate wheel and gathers in such webbing as she can reach with her front feet, chewing it and dropping it to the ground. Then she renews the rays in the open space, and passes on to reconstruct another part of the web.

The Banded and the Silky spiders lay a broad white zigzag ribbon from the centre to the lower edge of their nets. This is their trademark or signature. Sometimes they put in a shorter second band on the upper portion of the web, to give greater firmness.

The framework and spokes of the finished web are of firm, dry silk, but the spiral thread is sticky, to help the net in catching prey. The central floor

where the spider rests is dry, and she may go on any part of her web without being held, by using a special sweat that serves as a varnish on her feet. On hot days the spiral becomes more and more sticky, and so makes a more clever snare for the insects that form the spider's food.

This spiral design is as beautiful to see as it is practical for entangling purposes. The outer coils glisten in the sun, with their tiny beads of sticky liquid strung closely along the silk. These drops cling to the wings and bodies of insects that strike the web and hold them fast. The great French scientist, Fabre, watched an Angular spider renew her snare nearly every evening for two months, and during that time she manufactured something like three quarters of a mile of this round thread, rolled tightly and bulging with glue.

III

Now it is not by chance that this delicate yet strong web has been woven where dragon flies and butterflies and other living prey will be passing. The spider intends to let her net do the hunting. She will remain motionless until some insect is caught unawares.

Certain spiders stand in the centre of the webs, with their eight legs widespread, ready to feel the least shaking of the network when prey is caught; but many spiders wait in a little ambuscade at one

side. There they may be sheltered from the heat of the day and the coolness of the night. Such a spider builds herself a little bell-shaped den of silk, or a hiding-place made of a few leaves caught together at their edges and fastened with silk threads.

To this secret retreat the spider runs a thread from the centre of the web. Its length may be two feet or — in the case of the Angular spider — even eight or nine feet. This line is spun to serve as a telegraph wire, bringing the lurking spider messages as to the happenings in her web. She rests with one foot on the thread, and is wise enough to tell by the vibrations whether a mere passing breeze is waving her net. If, on the other hand, there is something worth investigating, she runs down to the centre on this footbridge, to discover what is taking place. This signaling apparatus tells the news so certainly that, even though the hidden spider may be resting with her back turned, she is ready on the instant and crosses the web like a flash.

With her spinnerets the spider not only spins her silken web, the tight covering of her leafy hiding-place, and the telegraph wire to connect her with her feeding-ground in the outside world, but also often spins the covering that binds her prey. When an insect has been caught, she goes as near as she can with safety and turns her back on the

game. Then she works all her spinnerets at once, and reaches a silky spray out toward the insect with her hind feet.

As the prey strives to kick itself free, it only strikes the threads and becomes shrouded in them. The eager spider swathes the struggling insect in this white sheet, turning it over and over until at times she uses the very last of her silk.

Beside the strangling process, the spider may use her poison fangs to sting the bumblebee or whatever the trap may have caught. This poison acts instantly. Then when the spider has enjoyed her feast, she scatters the remains so that they will not frighten other game.

IV

The spider uses her spinnerets in making a blanket to cover her eggs, and again when she weaves the white silk covering for the nest, decorating it with still different material. Her silk factory serves a wonderful variety of purposes. Simply by using her spinnerets and her two hind legs, she turns out rope and ribbon and webbing and felt.

Still another necessity of life utilizes this remarkable gift of thread-making. That is when the spider is very young — indeed, soon after she comes from her nest. At this time her spinning turns her into an aviator. So many spiderlings

come from a single nest that there would not be nearly enough food in the neighborhood for all their nets to catch. Instinct tells them to spin threads to carry them away.

The little spider climbs to a height where the breeze will serve her. The perch may be on a fence, on the head of a tall weed, on a blossom of the wild carrot or goldenrod. There she faces the direction of the wind, and holds tightly to the surface with her eight legs. Then she spins several threads, which are caught by the breeze and drawn out and up for six to twenty feet, or even more. The air currents tug at these threads until suddenly a strong puff of wind invites the aviator to set sail. She springs into the air, swiftly turning over to let the wind buoy up the silk threads to which she holds. As she floats along, she cuts off certain of the streamers and deftly weaves a tiny cradle, to which her claws cling. This is the basket of her balloon, on which she turns around, spinning out other threads to the wind. Now the balloon is complete and she hangs in the middle of it, riding at the will of the breeze.

When she wishes to descend, the spider balloonist draws in some of the streaming ribbons, rolling them into a silky white ball above her jaws. Slowly the balloon loses its power to float, and the weight of the spider brings her gradually toward the ground. The balloon may strike some object at

the end of its journey, or the voyager may spin out a long silken rope that trails until it catches on a blade of grass or a bush. When this anchor line seems firm, the clever spider climbs down the rope and is ready to make herself at home on land once more, where she may start her own housekeeping.

So freely do these tiny aviators give themselves over to the wind that sea captains have reported seeing them gayly ballooning as far as a hundred miles out at sea.

The story of the spinnerets and the spinner does not begin to be told here. Pass across a meadow some warm October day, and bending low, watch the sheen of the fine silken threads floating to the breeze like pennants, from tall weeds or shrubs. These are the ropes and netting of our tiny young aëronauts. And not far from where they have alighted, industry begins anew at the lovely art of weaving delicate silk into webs of finest lace.

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

NOTE. — The art of lace-making is very old. Arachne's filmy web has been repeated in flowers and garlands and snow-crystal patterns by countless unnamed needlewomen through the centuries, and the exquisite, frail designs have been worn by queens and brides and chevaliers, and by babies at their christening. Nowadays lace-makers of many different countries are following the beautiful old patterns designed by those early deft-fingered women.

Point lace is needle-point — made on a pattern with one little needle and fine thread. Pillow lace is made with bobbins and many threads, attached to pins and fastened on a pillow for support. Its background has a woven look. There was point lace on Prince Charlie's collar.

MORNING, AFTER THE STORM

More diamonds than a king has seen
Hang on a million blades of grass;
Like fairyland the woods are green
Beneath the blue and shining sky,
Where pass and pass
The white clouds softly by.

Loud, loud and merry is the brook
That only murmured yesterday;
The maples have a glittering look,
And all the dark old pines are bright —
On every spray
A jewel-drop of light.

I love the lovely world that wakes
Out of the storm so smilingly,
And yet I sorrow for their sakes —
The nest that perished in the rain,
The broken tree,
The field of beaten grain.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer

NOTE. — "The white clouds passing softly by" are the storm clouds, breaking up. The nimbus clouds roll off in cumulus.

Have you ever seen a little face you love wake "out of the storm so smilingly"?

DIAMOND MAKES HIS OWN SONG

I

THE wind blew loud, but Diamond slept a deep sleep, and never heard it. My own impression is that every time when Diamond slept well and remembered nothing about it in the morning, he had been all that night at the back of the North Wind. I am almost sure that was how he woke so refreshed, and felt so quiet and hopeful all the day. Indeed, he said this much, though not to me: that always, when he woke from such a sleep, there was a something in his mind, he could not tell what — could not tell whether it was the last far-off sounds of the river dying away in the distance, or some of the words of the endless song his mother had read to him on the seashore.

Sometimes he thought it must have been the twittering of the swallows — over the shallows, you know; but it may have been the chirping of the dingy sparrows picking up their breakfast in the yard; how can I tell? I don't know what I

know, I only know what I think; and to tell the truth, I am more for the swallows than the sparrows.

When he knew he was coming awake, Diamond would sometimes try hard to keep hold of the words of what seemed a new song — one he had not heard before, a song in which the words and the music somehow appeared to be all one; but even when he thought he had got them well fixed in his mind, ever as he came "awaker" — as he would say — one line faded away out of it, and then another, and then another, till at last there was nothing left but some lovely picture of water or grass or daisies, or something else very common, but with all the commonness polished off it, and the lovely soul of it, which people so seldom see, — and, alas! yet seldomer believe in, — shining out. But after that he would sing the oddest, loveliest little songs to the baby — of his own making, his mother said; but Diamond said he did not make them; they were made somewhere inside him, and he knew nothing about them till they were coming out.

When he woke one morning, he got up at once, saying to himself, "I've been ill long enough, and have given a great deal of trouble; I must try to be of use now and help my mother." When he went into her room, he found her lighting the fire, and his father just getting out of bed. They

had only the one room, besides the little one, not much more than a closet, in which Diamond slept.

He began at once to set things to rights; but the baby waking up, he took him and cared for him till his mother had got the breakfast ready. She was looking sad, and his father was silent; and indeed, except Diamond had done all he possibly could to keep out the misery that was trying to get in at doors and windows, he too would have grown miserable, and then they would have been all miserable together. But to try to make others comfortable is the only way to get right comfortable ourselves, and that comes partly of not being able to think so much about ourselves when we are helping other people. For our Selves will always do pretty well if we don't pay them too much attention.

"Why, Diamond, child," said his mother at last, "you're as good to your mother as you can be — taking care of the baby, and toasting the bread, and sweeping up the hearth! I declare, a body would think you had been among the fairies."

Could Diamond have had greater praise or greater pleasure? You see when he forgot his Self, his mother took care of his Self, and loved and praised his Self. Our own praises poison our Selves, and puff and swell them up till they lose all shape and beauty and become like great toadstools. But the praises of father or mother do our Selves

good, and comfort them and make them beautiful. *They* never do them any harm. Or if they do any harm, it comes of our mixing some of our own praises with them, and that turns them slimy and poisonous.

When his father had finished his breakfast, which he did rather in a hurry, he went down into the yard to get out his horse.

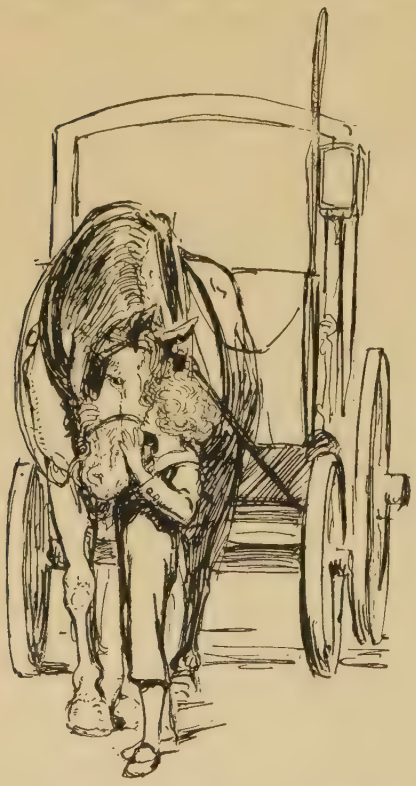
"Diamond, just hold the baby one minute," called his mother. "I have something to say to your father."

So Diamond sat down again, took the baby in his lap, and began poking his face into its little body, laughing and singing all the while, so that the baby crowed like a little bantam. And what he sang was something like this — such nonsense to those that could n't understand it, but not to the baby, who got all the good in the world out of it: —

Baby 's a-sleeping
wake up baby
for all the swallows
are the merriest fellows
and have the yellowest children
who would go sleeping
and snore like a gaby
disturbing his mother
and father and brother
and all a-boring

their ears with his snoring
snoring snoring
for himself and no other
for himself in particular
wake up baby
sit up perpendicular
hark to the gushing
hark to the rushing
where the sheep are the woolliest
and the lambs the unruliest
and their tails the whitest
and their eyes the brightest
and baby 's the bonniest
and baby 's the funniest
and baby 's the shiniest
and baby 's the tiniest
of all the lambs
and mother 's the whitest
of all the mothers
that feed the lambs
that go crop-cropping
without stop-stopping
and father 's the best
of all the swallows
that build their nest
out of the shining shallows
and he has the merriest children
that 's baby and Diamond
and Diamond and baby
and baby and Diamond
and Diamond and baby —

Here Diamond's knees went off in a wild dance that tossed the baby about and shook the laughter out of him. His mother had been listening at the door to the last few lines of his song. She took the baby from him, gave him a kiss, and told him to run to his father.



DIAMOND HUGGED THE HORSE AND KISSED BOTH HIS BIG HAIRY CHEEKS

II

By the time Diamond got into the yard, the horse was between the shafts and his father was looping the traces on. Diamond hugged the horse and kissed both his big hairy cheeks. He could only manage one at a time, the other cheek was so far off on the other side of the big head.

"Oh, father, do let me drive a bit," said Diamond, jumping up beside him.

His father changed places with him at once, putting the reins into his hands. Diamond gathered them up eagerly.

"Don't pull at his mouth," said his father; "just feel at it gently, to let him know you're there and attending to him. That's what I call talking to him through the reins."

"Yes, father, I understand," said Diamond. Then he said, "Go on," and the horse began at once to move to the voice of the little boy.

But before they had reached the entrance of the stable yard, another voice called after young Diamond, which, in his turn, he had to obey, for it was that of his mother.

"Diamond! Diamond!" it cried; and Diamond pulled the reins, and the horse stood still as a stone.

"Husband," said his mother, coming up, "you're never going to trust him with the reins?"

"He must learn some day, and he can't begin too soon. I see already he's a born coachman," said his father proudly. "And I don't see well how he could escape it, for my father and my grandfather — that's his great-grandfather — were all coachmen, I'm told, so it must come natural to him, anyone would think. Besides, you see the horse is as proud of him as we are our own selves, wife. Don't you see how he's turning round

his ears, with the mouths of them open, for the first word he speaks to tumble in? He's too well-bred to turn his head, you know."

"Well — but, husband, I can't do without him to-day. Everything's got to be done, you know. And there's the baby!"

"Bless you, wife! I never meant to take him away — only to the bottom of Endell Street. He can find his way back."

"No, thank you, father; not to-day," said Diamond. "Mother wants me. Perhaps she'll let me go another day."

"Very well, my man," said his father, and took the reins, which Diamond was holding out to him.

Diamond got down, a little disappointed of course, and went in with his mother, who was too pleased to speak.

III

Now although they did not know it, the owner of the stables, the same man who had sold the horse to his father, had been standing just inside one of the stable doors, with his hands in his pockets, and had heard and seen all that passed; and from that day John Stonecrop took a great fancy to the boy. And this was the beginning of what came of it.

That same evening, just as Diamond was feeling tired of the day's work and wishing his father

would come home, Mr. Stonecrop knocked at the door. His mother went and opened it.

"Good evening, ma'am," said he. "Is the little master in?"

"Yes, to be sure he is — at your service, I'm sure, Mr. Stonecrop," said his mother.

"No, no, ma'am; it's I'm at his service. I'm just a-going out with my own cab, and if he likes to come with me, he shall drive my old horse till he's tired."

"It's getting rather late for him," said his mother thoughtfully. "You see, he's been an invalid."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Stonecrop, "I can just let him drive through Bloomsbury Square, and then he shall run home again."

"Very good, sir. And I'm much obliged to you," said his mother. And Diamond, dancing with delight, got his cap, put his hand in Mr. Stonecrop's, and went with him to the yard where the cab was waiting. He got up on the box, and his new friend got up beside him.

Diamond guided the horse through the gate in safety, pulling this way and that as it seemed necessary. He learned to drive all the sooner because he had been accustomed to do what he was told, and could obey the smallest hint in a moment. Nothing helps one to get on like that. Some people don't know how to do what they are told; they

have not been used to it, and they neither understand quickly nor are able to turn what they do understand into action quickly.

"Look out!" cried Mr. Stonecrop, as they were turning the corner into Bloomsbury Square.

It was getting dusky now. A cab was approaching rather rapidly from the opposite direction, and Diamond pulling aside and the other driver pulling up, they just escaped a collision. Then they knew each other, for it was Diamond's father.

"This is very kind of you, I'm sure, Stonecrop," said the father.

"Not a bit. He's a brave fellow, and'll be fit to drive on his own hook in a week or two. But I think you'd better let him drive home now, for his mother does n't like his having overmuch of the night air, and I promised not to take him farther than the Square."

"Come along then, Diamond," said his father, as he brought his cab up to the other, and moved off the box to the seat beside it. Diamond jumped across, caught at the reins, said "Good-night, and thank you, Mr. Stonecrop," and drove away home, feeling more of a man than he had ever yet had a chance of feeling in all his life. Nor did his father find it necessary to give him a single hint as to his driving. Only I suspect the fact that the old horse was on his way to his stable may have had something to do with Diamond's success.

IV

"WELL, child," said his mother, when he entered the room, "you've not been gone long."

"No, mother, here I am. Give me the baby."

"The baby's asleep," said his mother.

"Then give him to me, and I'll lay him down."

AS DIAMOND TOOK HIM, HE WOKE UP AND BEGAN TO LAUGH

But as Diamond took him, he woke up and began to laugh. For he was indeed one of the merriest children. And no wonder, for he was as plump as a plum pudding, and had never had an ache or a pain that lasted more than five minutes at a time. Diamond sat down with him and began to sing to him: —

Baby, baby-babbing
your father's gone a-cabbing
to catch a shilling for its pence
to make the baby-babbing dance
for the old horse's a duck

they say he can swim
but the duck of diamonds
is baby that's him
and of all the swallows
the merriest fellows
that bake their cake
with the water they shake
out of the river
flowing for ever
and make dust into clay
on the shiniest day
to build their nest
father 's the best
and mother 's the whitest
and her eyes are the brightest
of all the mothers
that watch their lambs
cropping the grass
where the waters pass
singing for ever
and of all the lambs
with the jumpingest feet
baby's the funniest
baby's the bonniest
and he never wails
and he's always sweet
and Diamond's his nurse
and Diamond's his nurse
and Diamond's his nurse —

When Diamond's rhymes grew scarce, he always began dancing the baby. His rhymes were not

very good, for he was only trying to remember what he had heard the river sing at the back of the North Wind.

GEORGE MACDONALD

Adapted from *At the Back of the North Wind*

NOTE. — "Over the shallows, you know," refers to

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

This is one stanza from the poem called "The Brook," by Alfred Tennyson. Diamond loved it because his mother had read it to him by the seaside — and because he loved it anyhow. Alfred Tennyson was the great English poet who wrote the "Idylls of the King," stories about King Arthur and the knights of his Table Round, told in the most beautiful of poems, or idylls. Alfred Tennyson was Poet Laureate of England (that is, "crowned with laurel"), which is something like being Prime Minister of poetry in a country, and having to write poems for all special occasions, such as coronations and victories. He may have been Poet Laureate when Diamond was a little boy and drove the cabman's horse in London.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Page 283, lines 7–15: This is a part to have in mind when you build palaces after the last story in this book.

Diamond's song is as beautiful as the Indians' songs, full of all the most lovely thoughts he can imagine. Diamond is thinking of the prettiest things he has ever seen, or read, or wanted. His song is all otherwhere, but it is in his beautiful home too, and he makes it all for baby.

Does Diamond's own song remind you of "My Treasures"?

SONGS FOR MY MOTHER

HER HANDS

My mother's hands are cool and fair,
They can do anything.
Delicate mercies hide them there
Like flowers in the spring.

When I was small and could not sleep,
She used to come to me,
And with my cheek upon her hand
How sure my rest would be.

For everything she ever touched
Of beautiful, or fine,
Their memories living in her hands
Would warm that sleep of mine.

Her hands remember how they played
One time in meadow streams —
And all the flickering song and shade
Of water took my dreams.

Swift through her haunted fingers pass
Memories of garden things —
I dipped my face in flowers and grass
And sounds of hidden wings.

One time she touched the cloud that kissed
Brown pastures bleak and far —
I leaned my cheek into a mist
And thought I was a star.

All this was very long ago
And I am grown; but yet
The hand that lured my slumber so
I never can forget.

For still when drowsiness comes on,
It seems so soft and cool,
Shaped happily beneath my cheek,
Hollow and beautiful.

HER WORDS

My mother has the prettiest tricks
Of words and words and words.
Her talk comes out as smooth and sleek
As breasts of singing birds.

She shapes her speech all silver fine
Because she loves it so.
And her own eyes begin to shine
To hear her stories grow.

And if she goes to make a call
Or out to take a walk,
We leave our work when she returns
And run to hear her talk.

We had not dreamed these things were so
Of sorrow and of mirth.
Her speech is as a thousand eyes
Through which we see the earth.

God wove a web of loveliness,
Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
So beautiful as words.

They shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings.

There's nothing poor and nothing small
But is made fair with them.
They are the hands of living faith
That touch the garment's hem.

They are as fair as bloom or air,
They shine like any star,
And I am rich who learned from her
How beautiful they are.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

NOTE. — The mother about whose words and hands these poems were written was a poet herself whose "silver-fine" words were often written in verse.

NOONING[1]

[THE Lieutenant in this story was Selma Lagerlöf's father, and one of the little girls was Selma herself. See Note on "Boys and Girls."]

LIEUTENANT LAGERLÖF believed that children, in order to grow up healthy and strong and become useful and capable men and women, should above all things acquire the habit of nooning. With that object in mind, always, after the midday meal, he would take the two youngest children down to the farm office, which was in another building a few steps from the house.

The office was a large room, and probably looked about the same as in the days of the Mårbacka clergymen, when it had been their study. At the far end, under a window, there was a black leather lounge, and before it an oblong table. Along one side wall stood a bedstead, a black leather-seated chair, a large black-walnut writing table, and a high chest of drawers, while at the other side stood another bed and black-leather chair and a tile stove.

On the wall, beyond the stove, hung three fowling pieces, a sealskin game bag, a large horse pistol, a couple of powderhorns, and a fencing foil

[1] Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard.

that crossed a broken sabre. In the midst of this armory rested a huge pair of elk antlers. Down by the door, on one side, there was a stationary clothes cupboard; on the other side, a bookcase. At the bottom of the cupboard reposed the Lieutenant's iron-bound oak chest, the one the Paymaster of the Regiment had used, which was a bit charred on one corner. In the bookcase the Lieutenant kept his big ledgers, and there also were the schoolbooks of two generations. Histories of Peter the Great and Frederick the Wise had been relegated hither on account of their common drab cardboard bindings. On the floor

THE LIEUTENANT AND HIS DAUGHTERS HAD TO DRIVE OUT THE FLIES

lay surveyors' instruments from the time the Lieutenant had assisted in the shifting of boundary lines; also some boxes of fishing tackle and odds and ends.

The first thing, on coming into the office, the Lieutenant and his little daughters had to drive out the flies. Doors and windows were thrown wide open. The Lieutenant caught up a towel for the chase, and the little girls took off their aprons and went to beating the air. They climbed on chairs and tables, hunted and swatted, while the buzzing flies flew hither and yon, as if determined not to go. However, in the end they were cleared out, and windows and doors were closed.

But there was one fly they called the Old Office Fly; she was used to the daily chase, and knew enough to keep out of the way while it went on. When all was quiet and peaceful again, she would come forth from her hiding place and seat herself on the ceiling.

No fresh chase was started for her. The Lieutenant and the children knew that she was too canny for them. They could never get rid of her! So they went on to the next thing to be done before nooning. The girls arranged two leather pillows and a down pillow on the lounge as a headrest for the Lieutenant, whereupon he stretched himself out, shut his eyes, and simulated sleep.

Then, with wild shrieks, the children threw themselves upon him. He tossed them off as if they were little balls of yarn, but back they came like playful puppies. They pulled his whiskers, ruffled his hair, and clambered up on the sofa, playing all sorts of pranks on him.

When the Lieutenant thought the children had had enough of play he clapped his hands once, and said: "It's over now."

THE BUZZING FLIES FLEW HITHER AND YON

Little good that did! The children kept right on. Again and again they crawled up on the sofa, were flung off, and came bounding back — shrieking and making a fearful racket.

When that had gone on for some little time, the Lieutenant clapped twice and said: "It's quite over now."

Nor did that have any effect. The same performance was repeated amid shrieks and laughter, until the Lieutenant presently clapped his hands

three times, and said: "Now it is really and truly over."

The two children instantly hushed their noise, and each crept into her own bed to sleep.

SELMA LAGERLÖF

SONG FOR A LITTLE HOUSE [1]

I'm glad our house is a little house,
Not too tall nor too wide;
I'm glad the hovering butterflies
Feel free to come inside.

Our little house is a friendly house,
It is not shy or vain;
It gossips with the talking trees,
And makes friends with the rain.

And quick leaves cast a shimmer of green
Against our whited walls,
And in the phlox the courteous bees
Are paying duty calls.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

NOTE. — "Duty calls" are second calls, after the bees have been invited once for dinner.

"Pull the string and the latch will fly up," said the wolf. An old-fashioned latch has a hole above it through which the string can be passed. "To leave the latchstring out" means that friends are welcome.

[1] From *The Rocking Horse*, by Christopher Morley, copyright 1919, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Sometimes when things turn
upside down
And inside out and look dark
brown,
I rush outdoors and gaze into
The topless sky's eternal blue—
So calm and cool, so still and deep,
With soft contented clouds like
sheep.
I shade my eyes and stare and
stare,
Then go back in the house, and
there
Begin to wonder and to doubt
What I was in a stew about.

BOB

EARLY one morning Mark Lewis was awakened by a low whining under his window. Mark was spending the summer on his grandfather's farm, and his bedroom, being in the ell of the house, was just above the side door.

Mark crawled quickly out of bed and ran to the open window. The big, flat doorstone was just beneath him, and on the stone sat a puppy. The dog was brown and white, with a coat of long, thick hair that would have been pretty if it had not been wet and muddy, full of snarls and tangled with burrs. The little fellow was so thin that anyone could count all his ribs. He was shivering, too, for the early morning air was sharp.

The dog, hearing the slight noise that Mark made when he went to the window, looked up at him with a pair of soft brown eyes that seemed to say, "Please give me something to eat. I am a poor dog that has no home and is out of work!"

Mark hurried down, and opened the door. The little dog came in, whimpering, and wiggling all over. In a minute his pink tongue was lapping a dish of milk, and it kept on until the last drop was gone.

It took a good deal of teasing on the part of Mark and his cousins, Fred and Charlie, to get

permission to keep the puppy; but at last grandfather and grandmother said yes, and all three of the boys were happy. They gave the dog the name of Bob, and began at once to teach him to mind and to do tricks.

One day, when they had had him about a week, they were playing with him in front of the house. Mark had an apple that he would throw for Bob to chase. They thought it was better fun sometimes not to throw the apple, but only to make the motion. Poor Bob would see Mark's arm move, and away he would dash, without stopping to see whether the apple went or not; and then he would look so puzzled that you could not help laughing at him.

While they were playing in that way, the doctor drove along and stopped to see what the boys were doing. When he had watched them a moment, he called them up to his carriage, and said, "Boys, I am sorry to see that you are lying to your dog."

"Why, sir, what do you mean?" asked Fred. "We have n't said anything to him, and he could n't understand it if we did."

"Yes," said the doctor, "but people sometimes tell lies by what they do as well as by what they say. Your dog has only a small dog's mind. He cannot think things out for himself, as you can. When you make a motion as if to throw the apple, he trusts you; he thinks you mean to throw it;

and when you hold the apple back, you really tell him a lie. By and by he will learn that he cannot trust you, and then he will not do what you tell him to. You ought never to lie to a dog."

That seemed funny to the boys at first, but they all liked the doctor, so they stopped fooling Bob. In time he became so well trained that he would do anything his young masters told him to do, if only he understood what they meant.

Best of all, he liked to bring things out of the water; and he had learned that he could trust his young friends surely, so if one of them only made a motion toward the water, in Bob would go, certain that he would find there something which must be brought to land.

One afternoon, near the end of the long vacation, the boys went down to the shore of the pond to play. While Mark and Fred were watching a turtle, little Charlie went over to a big rock that reached out into deep water. All at once there was a splash and a scream, and Charlie was gone. He had slipped from the rock.

The other boys ran toward him, and Mark lay down on his stomach, to reach out as far as he could; but Charlie was nowhere to be seen. In their fear both boys screamed at the top of their voices. A second later Bob came tearing out of the bushes, barking as if he knew something was

wrong and was trying to say, "What's the matter? What do you want me to do?"

Both boys had the same thought at the same time. Bob could do what they could not. Each made the motion of throwing something into the water, and each cried, "In, Bob, in! Go fetch it!"

With a great splash Bob leaped clear of the rock and began to swim in a circle. He had not made even one turn when Charlie's head came up close at hand. The dog did not have to be told what to do. He knew that he was there to get something, so he fastened his teeth in Charlie's coat collar, and in half a minute had him in shallow water, where the boys could drag him out.

That evening, when the doctor had come down from Charlie's room and had said that he would be all right in the morning, and the boys had told him again how quickly and how well Bob had acted, the doctor patted the dog's curly head tenderly, and turning to Mark, said: "Now do you see, my boy, why I told you never to lie to a dog?"

EDWARD W. FRENTZ

NOTE. — Animals and things deserve respect, as well as human beings. They deserve politeness, consideration, and a square deal. It is not silly to say "excuse me" when you stumble over a puppy; the puppy understands the sympathy of your feeling, and says "excuse me" too, when he gets in your way.

The following are things to treat honestly, and with respect, as you would your friend:

Your house — its front door, its clapboards, and the walk before it — someone made it, and it is someone's home; the birds and the bees and the hop-toads in your garden; your books; your work; your day.

GOLDENROD

SPRING is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
Like lighted street-lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

NOTE. — And in the winter you can gather ghost bouquets of these very torches.

THE PALACE MADE BY MUSIC[1]

MANY hundreds of years ago there was a kingdom in a distant country, ruled by a good king who was known everywhere to be rich and powerful and great. But although the capital was a large and beautiful city, and the king was surrounded by nobles and princes almost as rich and powerful as he, there was one very strange thing noticed by everyone who came into the kingdom: the king had no palace. He lived in a plain house near the edge of the city, not half so large or fine-looking as many of those belonging to his subjects. And he had lived there for a good many years.

Of course there was a reason why the kingdom had no palace. It had not always been so. Years before, in the reign of the present king's father, there had stood in the midst of the capital city perhaps the most beautiful palace in the world. It was a very old building — so old that no one knew when it had been built; and it was so large that, although people often tried to count the number of rooms it contained, they always grew tired before they had finished. The walls were of white marble, with splendid columns on all four sides, and behind the columns, in spaces cut into the

[1] From *Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories*, copyright 1906, used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

marble walls, were pictures in bright colors that people came from distant countries to see.

No one knew who had built the palace or painted the pictures on its walls; for it had been the treasure of the kings and people of the kingdom for a longer time than their history told anything about.

Then, when the present king was but a little child, the palace had been destroyed. On a festival day, when the royal family and the greater part of the citizens were marching in a procession outside the city, there had come a great earthquake. All over the kingdom the people heard the rumbling and felt the ground shaking around them, but they had no idea what a terrible thing had happened until they came back to the city. Then they found that the earth had opened and swallowed up the palace in one great crash. Not so much as a single block of the marble remained. The crumbled earth fell into the opening, covering the ruins out of sight, and leaving a great rough piece of ground like that in a desert, instead of the beautiful spot that had always been there in the centre of the city.

Everyone felt thankful, first of all, that the king and all his family had been outside the building when the earthquake came; but in spite of this they could not help mourning deeply over the loss of the palace. The king himself was so saddened

by it that he grew old much sooner than he would otherwise have done, and he died not many years later.

It seemed useless to try to build another palace that would satisfy those who had seen the splendor of the old one, and no one tried. When the young prince became king, although he could not remember how the palace looked in which he had been born, yet he had heard so much of its beauty that he mourned over its loss as deeply as his father, and would not allow any of his nobles or counselors to propose such a thing as the building of a new one. So he continued to live in the plain house near the outskirts of the city, never going near the great empty space in the centre of the capital. And this was how he came to be the only king in the world without a palace.

But although everyone agreed that it was useless to try to build a new palace in the way in which other buildings were made, there were always some who hoped for a new one which should be no less splendid than the old. The reason for this was a strange legend, written in the oldest books of the kingdom. This legend related that the beautiful old palace had been made in a single day, not having been built at all, but having been raised up by the sound of music. In those early days, it was said, there was music far more wonderful than any now known. Men had forgotten about it, little

by little, as they grew more interested in other things. Indeed, everyone believed that there had been a time when, by the sound of music, men could tame wild beasts, and make flowers bloom in desert places, and move heavy stones and trees.

Whether it was really true that the great palace had been made in that way — this was not so certain. There were some who believed the legend with all their hearts, and they had hopes that a new palace might be made, as beautiful as the one destroyed by the earthquake. For, they said, "What has been done can be done again. If it is really true that a great musician made the old palace, it may be that some day we shall find a musician who can make another."

The musicians, of course, were especially interested in the old legend, and many a one of them made up his mind to try to equal the music of the earlier time. Often you might pass by the edge of the waste place where the old palace had stood, and see some musician playing there. He had, perhaps, been working for years on a tune which he hoped would be beautiful enough to raise a new palace from the ruins of the old. In those days men played on lyres or harps, or on flutes and pipes made of reeds that grew by the waterside; there were no organs, no orchestras, no choirs. So the musicians came along, one by one, and played their loveliest music, not minding that those who

passed by often laughed at them for believing that anything would come of it; they did not mind being laughed at when they had hope of such great glory as the maker of a palace would surely win.

This went on year by year, until the young king grew to be almost as old as his father had been when he died, but no musician as great as those of the earlier time was found.

Now there lived in the city a boy named Agathon, who wished to be a musician. He had played on the lyre ever since he was old enough to carry it, and there was no boy in the kingdom who could make sweeter music. Agathon had a friend named Philo, who was as fond as he of playing on the lyre. They used often to talk together of the days when they should learn to play so well that they would dare to go, like the other musicians, and try to raise a new palace.

"I am sure it will be you who will finally do it," Philo would say to Agathon.

"No," the other would answer, "I shall try, but by that time I am sure you will play a great deal better than I. And if it is one of us, we are such good friends that it will not matter which."

One day the two boys made a discovery. It happened that Agathon was playing on his lyre, when Philo, coming to see him, heard the tune, and was so delighted with it that he cried, "I must try to play it too." So he ran for his own lyre,

and presently began to play before Agathon had finished. He did not strike the same notes that Agathon did, but other notes a little lower in the scale; and instead of making discord, the different

AND INSTEAD OF MAKING DISCORD, THE DIFFERENT NOTES SOUNDED SO SWEET TOGETHER THAT BOTH THE BOYS LOOKED UP IN SURPRISE

notes sounded so sweet together that both the boys looked up in surprise.

"This is a new kind of music," said Agathon, "and I think it is better than when either you or I play alone." So they tried to play in this way a number of different tunes.

When they had done this for a time, they had another thought. "If two different notes played together are more beautiful than one," said Philo, "why may not three be more beautiful than two?"

"Sure enough!" said Agathon. "And what is more, it may be that in this way people could make music as fine as that by which the palace was made."

Having once formed this idea, the two boys were eager that it should be tried. So they went at once to one of the chief musicians of the city, with whom they were acquainted, and told him what they had discovered by playing their two instruments together. Then they suggested that he should take a friend with him — or perhaps even two friends — to the place where the palace had stood, and try what could be done by the new music.

The musician was interested in what they said, but he shook his head.

"It would be of no use," he said. "There is no musician who has not tried already, and it is foolish to think that two or three of us could play together better than we can separately. Besides, each of us wants for himself the glory of making the new palace, and if we did it together no one would be satisfied."

"Would it not be enough," asked Agathon, "to have the pleasure of making it for the king, even if no one knew who had done it at all?"

"No," said the musician, "if I do it I want to do it by myself, and have the glory of it." And when the boys spoke to other musicians, they said very much the same thing.

But Agathon and Philo were not discouraged. First of all they looked for still another player; and when they heard of a crippled boy who lived not far away, and who was said to be very fond of music, they asked him to join them. He was much surprised when they told him that they wanted him to learn to play his lyre at the same time that they played theirs, and yet not to play the same notes. But presently he learned to do it, striking notes a little lower in the scale than either Agathon or Philo; and when all three made music together, they were sure it was the most beautiful sound they had ever heard.

"Let us go and play at the place of the palace!" said Philo. "It will do no harm to try."

As the next day was a holiday, and they had planned nothing else to do, it was agreed. They rose very early in the morning, before any of the crowds of the city would be on the streets, took their lyres, and made their way toward the place of the old palace, helping the crippled boy as they walked.

When they were near the place, they met a sad-looking man coming away. He too was evidently a musician, for he had a lyre under his arm. But he seemed to be a stranger in the city, and the boys stopped to ask him why he was so sad.

"I have come a long way," he said, "because I wanted to try the skill of my lyre with that of the

musicians of your city, and see whether I could not prove myself as great a master as the one who made your lost palace. But I have tried, and have done no better than any of the rest."

"Do not be sad about it, then," said Agathon, "but turn about and try once more with us. For you have a larger lyre, with heavy strings, and I have thought that if we could add to our three kinds of notes another still farther down the scale, the music would sound more beautiful than ever. Come with us, and listen when we play; then perhaps you will see how to join in and help us."

So the stranger turned about and went with the three boys to the place of the palace. Now the boys had supposed that, as it was so early in the morning, they would be the only ones there. But it happened that a great many musicians had felt, like them, that the morning of the holiday would be a good time to make another trial of their instruments, and had also thought that, coming early, they would not be interrupted by the crowds. So when the three boys and the stranger came to the street that looked into the place of the palace, they found it almost filled with musicians, some, like themselves, carrying lyres, and some with harps and flutes and other instruments. It was all very quiet, however, since no one cared to try his skill at playing before all the rest, for every musician was jealous of the others.

After they had looked about for a few minutes, and had seen why it was that so many were there and yet that there was no music, Philo said: —

"Let us begin to play, Agathon. It can do no harm, and perhaps we can really show these musicians how much better music may be made by playing together than by each one playing by himself."

"Very well," said Agathon. "Let us begin."

So they took up their lyres and began to play together as they had learned to do; and presently the stranger, whom they had brought with them, touched the strings of his lyre very softly, to see if he could find deep notes that would sound sweet with those of the boys. It was not long before he did so, and when he began really to play with them, and the four lyres sounded in concert, it seemed to Agathon that he heard for the first time the music of which he had been dreaming all his life.

Now the other musicians standing by were listening with the greatest surprise, for they had never heard any music like this in all their lives. After a little time, one and another of them, seeing that it was possible to play at the same time with others, took up their own instruments and began to join in the tune that the four were playing, for the tune itself was known to all of them, being the chief national song of the kingdom. So there spread from one musician to another the desire to

take a part in this strange new music, until hardly any were left who could keep from taking up their instruments and joining in one part or another of what the others were playing. And there went up a great mingled sound that swept over the part of the city where they stood, and seemed to fill all the air with music.

Playing in this way, all the musicians together, it happened at last that, as they grew more and more joyful with the sound, they struck a great chord so much more beautiful than anything they had ever heard before that they held it for a long time, not wishing to change this sound for any other, but looking at one another with eyes full of wonder and happiness.

And as they did so, there came into the volume of music the sound of great shouting, for men who had gathered in the streets to listen to the players were calling: "Look, look! The palace! The palace!"

And when all the people turned their eyes to the great empty space that had lain waste for so long, they saw a wonderful sight. The earth was breaking away, almost as though another earthquake were pushing it; and out of the midst of it were rising walls of white marble that lifted themselves higher and higher, until there stood in the morning sunshine a new palace as perfect in beauty as men had ever dreamed of in the old one. All these years

WALLS OF WHITE MARBLE THAT LIFTED THEMSELVES HIGHER AND HIGHER, UNTIL THERE STOOD IN THE MORNING SUNSHINE A NEW PALACE AS PERFECT IN BEAUTY AS MEN HAD EVER DREAMED OF

it had waited for that great chord of music to lift it out of the earth, and at last it had come.

This, as I have heard the story, is the way in which men learned to make music together, instead of playing and singing each for himself. And this is the way in which the new palace was made for the king who had been so long without one. But no one quite knew who had done it, so the musicians forgot their jealousies of one another, and all the people rejoiced together. And if there has not been another earthquake, I suppose the new palace must be standing there still.

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

NOTE. — How many palaces may we build? A palace every day and day by day; a palace for special times; a palace of our whole life; and a palace of love that we shall never see.

In *The Pilgrim's Progress* it is told how Pilgrim "came to the foot of the Hill, at the bottom of which was a Spring. There were also two other ways besides that which came from the Gate. One turned to the left hand, and the other to the right; but the narrow way lay straight up the Hill." Pilgrim "went to the Spring and drank, and then began to go up the Hill. . . . Now about midway to the top of the Hill was a pleasant Arbor, made by the Lord of the Hill for the refreshing of weary travelers. . . . And when he was got up to the top of the Hill . . . behold, there was a very stately Palace,

the name of which was Beautiful; and it stood just by the Highway-side."

Palaces named Beautiful may be:

Day-by-day Palaces

Hearthside (the dearest; here Diamond had a palace)
Classroom (the most helpful)
Neighborhood (the friendliest)
On other streets; in the cars; everywhere we go

..leading to

Special-times Palaces

Christmas
Mother's birthday
For the little boy down the street who never had a good time
Brave rescues and kind deeds
Being Brownies

..leading to

Whole-life Palaces

Not coming true without working on others' palaces (as with the house-raising in olden times, when all hands joined in)

..leading to

The Palace-that-we-never-see

Rising after us, the most beautiful, the most radiant palace of all.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

THE diacritical (distinguishing) marks employed are those used in the latest edition of Webster's New International Dictionary.

The principal accent is indicated by a heavy mark (′), and the secondary accent by a lighter mark (′), at the end of the syllable. Syllable division is indicated by a light hyphen, except where this is replaced by an accent mark, or by a heavier hyphen used to join the members of words written with a hyphen.

ā as in fāte
å as in senåte
â as in câre
ă as in ăm
ă as in finăl
ä as in fäther
ȧ as in ȧsk
ȧ as in *ȧ*bound

ē as in ēve
ĕ as in ĕvent
ĕ as in ĕnd
ĕ as in recĕnt
ē as in evēr

ī as in īce
ĭ as in admĭt

ō as in ōld
o̊ as in o̊bey
ô as in lôrd
ŏ as in fŏrest
ŏ as in cŏnnect
o̊̂ as in so̊̂ft

oi as in noisy
o͞o as in mo͞on
o͝o as in wo͝ol
ou as in out

ū as in ūse
ů as in ůnite
û as in fûrl
ŭ as in ŭp
ŭ as in circŭs

K for ch, as in German ach
ŋ like ng
N French nasal tone, as in bonbon (bôN′bôN′)
th as in thin
~~th~~ as in then
' as in pardon (pär′d'n)

VOCABULARY

In the Vocabulary which follows, stories are told about some of the words, showing how they have come to be. It is interesting to think of the way that words are made. They are not lonely, but reach out to each other, to the speech of foreign tongues, and to far-distant days of long ago.

Many English words have come from the ancient Latin, and such words are very much the same in Italian, French, or Spanish, because these languages are founded on the Latin. Many of our words come from the Anglo-Saxon, the earliest form of the English language. Words in the Scandinavian and German languages today are often like those which we have from the Anglo-Saxon.

The word "vocabulary" is itself a word from the Latin. *Vocabulum* in Latin means "a name."

Acrisius (*ȧ*-krĭs′ĭ-ŭs), King of Argos (a part of ancient Greece), and grandfather of Perseus.

advocate (ăd′vō-kāt), one who pleads the cause of another; a lawyer. From the Latin word *advocare*, "to summon" (*ad*, meaning "toward" a person or place, and *vocare*, meaning "to call with the voice").

ægis (ē′jĭs), breastplate of Minerva, or Athene. Before Perseus slew Medusa it was a plain shield. Afterward it was bordered with serpents and set with the Gorgon's head.

aëronaut (ā′ĕr-ō-nôt), aviator. From the Latin *aer*, meaning "air," and *nauta*, "sailor." Other "air" words are *aërial* (ā-ē′rĭ-ăl), *aëroplane* (ā′ĕr-ō-plān); and other "sailor" words are *nautical* (nô′tĭ-kăl), *nautilus* (nô′tĭ-lŭs).

Agathon (ăg′*ȧ*-thŏn), a Greek boy's name.

ambuscade (ăm′bŭs-kād′), a place of concealment, from which to make an attack.

amphitheatre (ăm′fĭ-thē′*ȧ*-tĕr), from a Greek word, meaning "an oval or circular building with rising tiers of seats about an arena." The great football stadia are like the amphitheatres of the ancient Greeks. A memorial monument shaped like such a stadium is called an amphitheatre.

Andromeda (ăn-drŏm′ē-dȧ), daughter of Cepheus (sē′fūs) and Cassiopeia (kăs′ĭ-ō-pē′yȧ), king and queen of Ethiopia, rescued by Perseus from a sea monster.

Apollo (ȧ-pŏl′ō), a later name for Helios, the sun god. *See* **Helios.**

Arachne (ȧ-răk′nē), the Greek word for "spider," named for the maiden Arachne.

arachnid (ȧ-răk′nĭd), one of the spider family.

Artemis (är′tē-mĭs), goddess of the moon and of wild nature; twin sister of Apollo, the sun god.

asphodels (ăs′fō-dĕls), daffodils and narcissi such as the painters and poets picture growing in Paradise.

Assisi (ä-sē′zē), a town in the province of Perugia, in Italy.

Athene (ȧ-thē′nē) or Athena (ȧ-thē′nȧ), Greek name for the goddess who presided over Athens, wise in the industries of peace and the arts of war. Called sometimes Pallas (păl′ȧs) Athene, or Pallas. The Romans thought of her as being their own goddess Minerva. The temple of Athene at Athens, where scholars and poets used to read their books and instruct students, was called the Athenæum (ăth′ē-nē′ŭm); consequently a literary or scientific association, or a library, is often called an athenæum.

Athens (ăth′ĕnz), an ancient city, once the centre of learning of the world. Modern Athens is the capital of Greece. On the Acropolis (ȧ-krŏp′ō-lĭs), a small steep-sided hill within the city, are ruins of beautiful ancient temples. *Acropolis* means "the upper fortified part of a Greek city." *Polis* itself means "city." *See* **Naples.**

Atlas (ăt′lȧs), the giant who held the heavens on his shoulders. From a Greek word meaning "to bear." A collection of maps is called an atlas because so often at the front of such a collection there used to be a picture of Atlas, supporting the world on his shoulders. Mount Atlas in Libya (ancient Greek name for Africa) is the mountain into which Atlas was turned. The Atlantic Ocean is named for him.

Audubon (ô′dŏŏ-bŏn), John James, American ornithologist ("one who knows the ways of birds") who lived from 1780 to 1851.

Bach (bäĸ), Johann Sebastian, one of the very greatest composers and musicians (1685–1750). In German, *bach* means "brook," but Bach was so great that another musician, Beethoven (bā′tō-vĕn), said, "His name should not be *brook*, but *ocean*." The "Three B's" among musicians are Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms (Bräms).

Baggesen (bäg′ĕ-sĕn), Jens Immanuel, a Danish poet (1764–1826).

ballet (bål′ā′), an artistic stage dance.

bar (bär), in law, the railing in a courtroom enclosing the place where prisoners are stationed; from this, it means the court itself; also, the profession of a lawyer. " Advocate of the Scots Bar " means one belonging to the whole body of lawyers of Scotland.

beech mast (bēch måst), beechnuts as they lie under the tree. *Mast*, from the Anglo-Saxon *mæst*, means " a quantity of nuts," such as acorns, beechnuts, or chestnuts, especially as food for hogs.

bench (bĕnch), a natural terrace, as in a river valley. *Bench* is from the old Anglo-Saxon word *benc*. *Bank* is very like the old word.

blackcock (blăk′kŏk′), the sportsman's name for the male of the European black grouse; the female is called " gray hen."

Bondone (bŏn-dō′nā), the father of Giotto, the artist. Giotto is called Giotto di Bondone, meaning " Giotto (the son) of Bondone."

Boniface (bŏn′ĭ-fās), an innkeeper.

box (bŏks), the driver's seat on a carriage or coach.

bracken (brăk′″n), a brake, or large fern.

brae (brā), a Scotch word meaning " hillside." It comes from the Icelandic word *bra*, which means " eyelid."

brakes (brāks), large ferns with fronds shaped like broad triangles, three on a stem.

brazen (brā′z′n), made of brass.

burn (bûrn), a Scotch word for " brook," or " rivulet."

butte (būt), a hill or mountain with very steep sides, often one standing up alone.

Caledonia (kăl′ĕ-dō′nĭ-*à*), the ancient Latin and poetic name for Scotland. Stevenson calls Caledonia County, Vermont, the " *country* of Caledonia," so that his name-child shall be Scotch, like himself.

Camelot (kăm′ĕ-lŏt), the place where King Arthur held his court. Sir Percivale, Sir Galahad, and Sir Bors were Knights of King Arthur's Table Round. *See* **Grail.**

campanile (käm′pä-nē′lā), a bell tower, especially one built separate from a church. It is an Italian word, from *campana*, meaning " bell." The Italian plural is *campanili* (-nē′lē); the English plural is *campaniles* (-lāz).

campanula (kăm-păn′ū-l*à*), any of various herbs bearing bell-shaped flowers.

canny (kăn′ĭ), shrewd or knowing, cautious, careful. A Scotch word.

carillon (kăr′ĭ-lŏn; *French* kȧ′rē′yôN′), a set of bells.

catapult (kăt′ȧ-pŭlt), a machine for throwing stones, arrows, spears, and so forth, used before cannon were invented.

cavalcade (kăv′ȧl-kād), a procession of persons on horseback. The word comes from the Low Latin *caballicare*, " to go on horseback."

chattels (chăt′′ls), household goods and other belongings, except land and buildings. It comes from an old French word, *chatel*, or *catel*, meaning " goods " or " cattle." In olden times one's principal possessions were land and *cattle*.

chevalier (shĕv′ȧ-lēr′), a horseman, a knight, or someone who behaves in a knightly way. *Chevalier* comes from the French word *cheval*, meaning " horse."

chrysalis (krĭs′ȧ-lĭs), the gone-to-sleep stage during which the caterpillar becomes a butterfly.

Cimabue (chē′mä-bo͞o′ā), Giovanni, a Florentine painter who lived from about 1240 to about 1302 — a long time ago.

circus (sûr′kŭs), the Latin word for " circle," or " ring." It came to mean a place where chariot races, games, and public shows were held, even when the enclosure was oblong. All of our words beginning with *circum* have " around " or " about " in their meanings, as *circumference*, *circumnavigate*, *circumstance*.

cirrus (sĭr′ŭs), a filmy cloud. Latin for " a curl " or " a lock of hair."

citadel (sĭt′ȧ-dĕl), a fortress in or near a city.

clewed up (klo͞od), wound up, completed. A clew is a ball of thread. Ariadne gave Theseus a clew to guide his way out of the labyrinth after he had slain the Minotaur; when we speak of " a clew to a mystery " we refer to this story.

cock quail (kŏk kwāl), male partridge, or bobwhite.

Cœur d'Alene (kûr dȧ-lān′), National Forest. *Cœur d'Alene* is the French translation of " Awl-Heart," the name given to an Indian tribe having a chief noted for his cruelty. The tribe has given its name to a lake, river, and range of mountains in Idaho.

comfrey (kŭm′frĭ), a plant sometimes used in cough medicines.

commune (kŏm′ūn), a town or a small district with its own governing officers; a community.

Copenhagen (kō′pĕn-hā′gĕn), capital of Denmark.

copse (kŏps) or **coppice** (kŏp′ĭs), a thicket of small trees.

copsewood (kŏps′wo͝od), brushwood or undergrowth of small trees.

corral (kŏ-răl′), an enclosure for confining or capturing cattle. This is a Spanish word, from *corro*, meaning " ring." *See* **Circus.**

coyote (kī-ō′tē), the prairie wolf.

Crow Indians, a tribe now settled in Montana, south of the Yellowstone River, originally ranging throughout this region and raiding the country for hundreds of miles around; they are tall and athletic, with very dark complexion.

crusade (krōō-sād′), a holy war, from an old French word meaning "to mark one's self with a cross." In the Middle Ages, knights of all the Christian Powers joined together in expeditions to Palestine to try to recover the Holy Land from the Mohammedans.

crusader (krōō-sād′ēr), one engaged in a crusade.

cumulus (kū′mū-lŭs), a massy cloud. Latin for "heap."

Danaë (dăn′ā-ē), mother of Perseus.

Diana (dī-ăn′*a*), Roman name for the moon goddess.

dovetail (dŭv′tāl′), to fit in and connect strongly and exactly, in the manner of a certain kind of carpenter's joint, shaped like a dove's tail.

duckweed (dŭk′wēd′), very small floating water plants, eaten by ducks.

dwi (dwī), a light wind following a calm.

Eisenach (ī′zĕn-äĸ), a town in Germany, at the edge of the Thuringian forest.

emigrate (ĕm′ĭ-grāt), to remove (or migrate) from one country to another; *emigrants* are those leaving a country; *immigrants* are those coming into a country.

en route (äN′ rōōt′), on the way or road. A French expression.

Engelmann (ĕŋ′gĕl-măn) **spruce,** named for George Engelmann, American botanist (1809–1884). His botanical collection is in the Shaw Botanical Garden, St. Louis, Missouri.

Erechtheus (ē-rĕk′thūs), a mythical king, said to be the founder of Athens.

Ethiopia (ē′thĭ-ō′pĭ-*a*), a country in ancient Africa, from which the Ethiopian race takes its name.

Fabre (fȧ′br'), Jean Henri, distinguished French entomologist ("one versed in the ways of insects"), author of *Social Life in the Insect World*, *The Life of the Fly*, *The Mason Bees*, and other works.

fagot (făg′ŭt), a bundle of sticks or twigs for fuel; or (in a battle) for use in raising batteries, filling ditches, and so forth.

fjord (fyôrd), also spelled *fiord*, a narrow inlet of the sea, between high (sometimes mountainous) banks. This is a Danish and Norwegian word.

flank (flăŋk), the side of anything; the right or left section of an army.

Florentine (flŏr′ĕn-tēn), pertaining to the city of Florence, in Italy.

floret (flō′rĕt), a small flower, especially one of the numerous small flowers that form the head in composite plants, as in the daisy. The yellow part of the daisy is made up of many florets, each with its own stamens and pistil, surrounded by a circle of ray flowers (called *ray* because they radiate, or spread out from a centre, like spokes in a wheel).

forsooth (fŏr-sōōth′), in truth. *See* **soothsayer.**

Francis (frăn′sĭs), or Francis of Assisi (äs-sē′zē), Saint, an Italian friar, founder of the Order of the Franciscans (1182–1226).

fritillary (frĭt′ĭ-lā-rĭ), any of a family of nodding lily-flowers with checkered markings on the petals; any of a family of butterflies similarly marked. The word is taken from the Latin *fritillus*, meaning " dicebox," because of the markings. The flowers take their name also from the shape. The crown imperial is a flower of the fritillary family. The butterfly's name, Regal Fritillary, really means " The Royal Dicebox."

Gaelic (gāl′ĭk), the Celtic (sĕl′tĭk) speech of the Scottish Highlanders. The old Celtic languages still spoken are the Irish, Gaelic, Manx, and Welsh.

galosh (g*ȧ*-lŏsh′), a word formerly used for " shoe," from a French word for " clog," or " heavy-soled shoe." A rubber overshoe worn in wet weather is sometimes called a galosh in the United States.

Giotto (jôt′tō), a Florentine painter and architect (1276?–1337?).

Gorgon (gôr′gŏn), any of the three sisters, Stheno (sthē′nō), Euryale (ū-rī′*ȧ*-lē), and Medusa (mĕ-dū′s*ȧ*). *Gorgon* comes from a Greek word meaning " terrible."

Grail (grāl), **Holy,** the cup or chalice used by Christ at the Last Supper, in old legends supposed to have been brought to England and to have vanished because its keepers were not worthy of such an honor. Search for it was made by many knights, who could find it only if they were pure in thought, word, and act. Sir Percivale, Sir Galahad, and Sir Bors achieved the quest.

Grampian (grăm′pĭ-ăn) **Hills,** a mass of mountains in central Scotland, famed in song and story.

Grand River, a tributary of the Colorado River.

guild (gĭld), an association of persons with the same interests, somewhat like a union — as the guilds of weavers, silversmiths, drapers (dealers in cloth), furriers.

guinea (gĭn′ĭ), an English gold coin issued from 1663 to 1813, first struck out of gold from Guinea, valued at twenty-one shillings. Now, the sum of twenty-one shillings ($5.11).

Hades (hā′dēz), Greek name for the abode of the dead, supposed to be a gloomy realm under the earth, beyond the western sea, reigned over by Pluto, a brother of Jupiter (or Zeus).

hamstring (hăm′strĭng′), a tendon back of the knee in man, or the hock in animals. " To cut the hamstrings " is " to cripple " or " to disable."

hart's-tongue (härts′tŭng′), or hart's-tongue fern, a variety of English fern, rare in the United States and Canada, with lance-shaped fronds having wavy margins.

Hebrides (hĕb′rĭ-dēz) or Western Islands, a group northwest of Scotland.

Helios (hē′lĭ-ŏs), the Greek sun god, represented as driving a four-horse chariot through the heavens. Our words commencing with *helio* have the word " sun " in their meanings. *Helium* gas was first detected by means of the spectrum in the sun's atmosphere. The *heliotrope* is a plant that is supposed to turn toward the sun. A *helioscope* is an instrument for viewing the sun without injury to the eyes.

hent (hĕnt), to lay hold on, or to reach. An old word, now gone out of use.

Hera (hē′rȧ), Olympian goddess, queen of heaven and wife of Zeus.

Hermes (hûr′mēz), herald and messenger of the Greek gods.

Holberg (hōl′bĕrĸ), Ludvig, Baron, a famous Scandinavian writer, founder of Danish drama, and one of the greatest of all European writers of his time (1684–1754).

Holstein (hōl′shtīn), a former duchy (dukedom) of Denmark, now part of Schleswig-Holstein, Prussia.

humblebee (hŭm′b'l-bē′), the bumblebee.

Ingemann (ĭng′ē-män), Bernhard Severin, a Danish poet and novelist (1789–1862).

jerk (jûrk), to cut meat into long slices or strips and dry in the sun. From the Peruvian word *charqui*, " dried beef."

Juno (jōō′nō), ancient Italian goddess, wife of Jupiter. The Roman name for Hera, wife of Zeus.

Jupiter (jōō′pĭ-tĕr), or Jove (jōv), Roman name for the father of the gods. The word " Jupiter " is a combination of *Jove* and *pater*, " father." Our largest planet is called Jupiter. Those born under it are supposed to be joyful, or *jovial*. *See* **Zeus.**

komatik (kō-măt′ĭk), a sledge used in Labrador.

lady fern, a fern common in moist woods, with large fronds growing in a crown, two to three feet high.

landgrave (lănd′grāv′), a German count; the German word is *landgraf*, meaning " land-count." (It reminds us of our English word *landlord*.)

lariat (lăr′ĭ-ăt), a long rope with a noose, for catching cattle; a lasso. Also a rope for picketing horses. *See* **picket.** From the Spanish words *la reata*, " the rope."

legend (lĕj′ĕnd), a story coming down from the past.

lintel (lĭn′tĕl), the top frame of a doorway or window. The jamb is the side, the sill the bottom.

Liszt (lĭst), Franz, an Hungarian pianist and composer (1811–1886).

lychnis (lĭk′nĭs), certain flowers of the pink family, as the mullein pink. *Lychnis* is the Greek word for " lamp," the down of the mullein lychnis having been used for wicking.

lyre (līr), a sort of harp used by the ancient Greeks. The Latin word is *lyra*. We have the words *lyric* (lĭr′ĭk) and *lyrical* (lĭr′ĭ-kăl), applied to poetry suitable for singing with an accompaniment.

mail (māl), the mail coach, as well as the bag, the letters, and the service, was called the mail.

Main, Spanish, Spanish high sea. *Main* comes from the Anglo-Saxon word for " strength." We say, " with might and main."

maternal (mȧ-tûr′năl), mother's; motherly. *Mater* is Latin for " mother."

may (mā), the hawthorn or its blossoms.

Medusa (mĕ-dū′sȧ), one of the Gorgons.

Mercury (mûr′kŭ-rĭ), Roman name for the messenger of the gods.

The liquid metal mercury, or quicksilver, in our thermometers takes its name from him. *See* **Hermes.**

Minerva (mĭ-nûr′vȧ), Roman name for the goddess of wisdom, daughter of Jove. *See* **Athene.**

moor hen (mo͝or), a duck-like bird.

muckle (mŭk″l), or mickle (mĭk″l), Scotch word for "great," "much."

Naples (nā′p'lz), an Italian city on the Bay of Naples. The Italian name is Napoli (nä′pō-lē), and the ancient name was Neapolis, meaning "new city." *Metropolis* means "mother city." Neapolitan (nē′ȧ-pŏl′ĭ-tăn) means "a citizen of Naples," or "something about Naples." *Metropolitan* relates to a large or mother city. In the time of Giotto, Italy was divided into small kingdoms, of which Naples was one.

Napoleon (nȧ-pō′lē-ŭn), Napoleon Bonaparte, the famous general. He was born in Corsica and became emperor of France. After being defeated at Waterloo he was exiled to the island of Saint Helena, where he died in 1821.

Neptune (nĕp′tūn), Roman name for the god of the sea. There is a modern ceremony when steamers cross the equator, during which Neptune and all his train — impersonated by seamen — come on board.

nimbus (nĭm′bŭs), a rain cloud. Latin for "rainstorm," or "cloud."

nitrogen (nī′trō-jĕn), a chemical element of air, and of all living things. The atmosphere in which we live is about four fifths nitrogen and one fifth oxygen.

nixie (nĭk′sĭ), a water sprite or fairy.

Odense (ō′~~th~~ĕn-sȧ), a city in Denmark.

Olympus (ō-lĭm′pŭs), a mountain in Thessaly, believed by the ancient Greeks to be the abode of the gods. The Olympic games were held in honor of the gods every fourth year, and the Greeks reckoned time in Olympiads, or periods of four years. A modified revival of the ancient games, consisting of international athletic games, races, and so forth, is now held once in four years; the first took place at Athens in 1896.

oratorio (ŏr′ȧ-tō′rĭ-ō), a sort of play, the words of which are a dramatic poem or some story from the Bible, set entirely to music,

and sung, with choruses, usually in a church, without acting, scenery, or costumes. An *opera* is sung on the stage, with acting, setting, and costumes; it is a real play, but it is all in music.

oxygen (ŏk′sĭ-jĕn), a chemical element of air. Our atmosphere is about one fifth oxygen. *Ozone* (ō′zōn) is a form of oxygen changed in some way by friction or by electricity. We smell it in clean cotton things brought in from an out-of-door clothesline.

Pallas (păl′ȧs), Pallas Athene, the Grecian goddess of wisdom, called also Athene, and identified with the Roman Minerva.

panorama (păn′ŏ-ră′mȧ), a view in all directions. This is a word made from two Greek words — *pan*, meaning "all" (as in *Pan-American*) and *orama*, meaning "that which is seen."

papilionaceous (pȧ-pĭl′ĭ-ō-nā′shŭs), like a butterfly.

patentee (păt′ĕn-tē′), one to whom a grant is made by an official document.

paternal (pȧ-tûr′năl), father's; fatherly. *Pater* is Latin for "father."

peat (pēt), a certain kind of spongy turf found in bogs in Scotland and Ireland, used for fuel when dried.

Pegasus (pĕg′ȧ-sŭs), the winged horse of the Muses of poetry and art.

pence (pĕns), plural of penny. The English penny is worth 2.03 cents in United States money.

Perseus (pûr′sūs), the Greek hero who slew the Gorgon Medusa.

Philo (fī′lō), a Greek boy's name.

Phœnicia (fē-nĭsh′ĭ-ȧ), an ancient country on the coast of Syria, noted for its traders and sailors, and for its particularly beautiful dyes.

pianoforte (pĭ-ăn′ō-fōr′tā), the instrument which we call "piano" for short. It is Italian for *soft-loud*.

picket (pĭk′ĕt), to tether, or tie, to a stake or tree.

Polydectes (pŏl′ĭ-dĕk′tēs), King of Seriphos, turned to stone on beholding the head of Medusa.

polypody (pŏl′ĭ-pō′dĭ), evergreen rock ferns, of the sort that will grow in the house in a bit of wet moss. The name in Greek means "many-footed," referring to the branching roots.

portico (pōr′tĭ-kō), a colonnade, or covered walking-place; a porch. Words with *port* at the beginning have to do with gateways, or with carrying things. They come from the Latin *porta*, which means "a gate," "a portal," "a port," through which things are

carried; *portare* means "to carry." Other English words are *portable*, *porter*, *portfolio*.

Poseidon (pō-sī′dŏn), Greek god of the sea and all the waters, also of the horse; brother of Zeus and of Pluto.

postilion (pōs-tĭl′yŭn), one who rides the near horse of the first pair, or of a pair, drawing a coach or chaise, to act as a guide or driver. (Something to look up in the dictionary: *post; postal; postboy; post chaise; posthaste; postman; postmark.*)

Pulaski (pŭ-lăs′kĭ), Casimir, Count, a Polish patriot who was born in 1748 and died in 1779.

quintal (kwĭn′tăl), a hundredweight; one hundred pounds.

rampart (răm′pärt), city wall; fortification; a broad embankment round a place on which a parapet is raised. In olden days, city walls were for protection and defense; the city itself could be enclosed to withstand siege.

rendezvous (räN′dĕ-vo͞o), a meeting-place. A French word.

Rostand (rŏs′täN′), Edmond, a French dramatic poet (1868–1918).

Saint Gaudens (sānt gô′dĕnz), Augustus, an American sculptor, born in Ireland (1848–1907).

Saint James's, Saint James's Palace, England, a royal palace in London.

salon (sȧ′lôN′), a large parlor for formal receptions. A French word.

Samoa (sä-mō′ȧ), a group of islands lying in the south-central part of the Pacific Ocean. Seventy-seven square miles of the Samoa Islands belong to the United States.

Seriphos (sĕ-rī′fŏs), a mountainous island of Greece, now called Serphos.

Shasta (shăs′tȧ), **Mount,** a volcanic peak in northern California, 14,380 feet high.

shay (shā), dialect for chaise (shāz), a kind of small carriage. The "one-horse shay" is the famous one about which the poem was written. (Something to read: "The Deacon's Masterpiece, or the Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

sheenest (shēn′ĕst), brightest; with the most glittering sheen.

shilling (shĭl′ĭng), a British silver coin equal to twelve pence, or about twenty-five cents in United States money.

shingle (shĭŋ′g'l), coarse, rounded pebbles washed by the sea; a beach strewn with shingle. Chiefly a British expression.

shoal (shōl), shallow; a place where a body of water is not deep; *or*, a throng or crowd, said especially of fish; a school of fish. This is from Anglo-Saxon words, *scolu*, *sceolu*, meaning "a company," "a crowd." The word *school*, meaning "a place for learning," comes from the Latin word *schola*, but it comes also from these old Anglo-Saxon words for "crowd."

Siena (syĕ′nä), a city in Tuscany, Italy.

Sioux (sōō), a strong and courageous tribe of North American Indians, formerly divided into seven clans — hence the name they sometimes used: "The Seven Council Fires." They also called themselves Dakotas ("allies"). They now dwell in the Dakotas and Nebraska.

soothsayer (sōōth′sā′ẽr), one who foretells. *Sooth* is from the Anglo-Saxon, and means "truth."

Stornoway (stôr′nō-wā), the chief and largest town in the Hebrides, or Western Islands. It is a Norse name meaning "Stjarna's Bay."

stratus (strā′tŭs), a layer cloud. Latin for "a spreading out."

sward (swôrd), grassy surface of land; turf.

Tannhäuser (tän′hoi-zẽr), a German crusader and minnesinger (minstrel), fabled to have entered an enchanted cavern called the Venusberg, near Eisenach, and a contestant in a famous song-festival at the Wartburg.

thatch (thăch), a covering material of straw, rushes, reeds, or leaves, for a roof. From an Anglo-Saxon word for "roof."

Thoreau (thō′rō; thō-rō′), Henry David, American author (1817–1862).

Thuringia (thů-rĭn′jĭ-*ȧ*), a region in central Germany.

tile stove, a kind of stove made of decorated porcelain tiles, used in Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, and other European countries, for heating rooms.

Tuscany (tŭs′k*ȧ*-nĭ), a territorial division of Italy.

Upolu (o͝o′pô-lo͝o), one of the Samoa Islands.

Užice (o͝o′zhĭ-tsĕ), the capital of a department of northwestern Serbia of the same name.

Vailima (vä′ê-lē′mä), estate of Robert Louis Stevenson, on the island of Upolu, Samoa.

Versailles (vĕr′sä′y′; *English* vēr-sālz′), a French city; the royal palace there was the favorite resort of the French court in the eighteenth century.

viceroy (vīs′roi), one who rules a country or province as representative of a king. This word comes from *vice*, meaning "in the place of," and *roi*, meaning "king." *Vice-president* means "in the place of the president." *Royal* means "kingly." The most splendid butterflies are called by royal names — Emperor, Monarch, Viceroy, Regal Fritillary.

Wagner (väg′nĕr), Richard, a German composer, especially noted for his operas or music dramas (1813–1883).

Wartburg (värt′bo͝orĸ), a famous castle near Eisenach, in Germany. *Burg* in German means "castle," or "citadel," and *Warte* means "watchtower."

will-o'-the-wisp (wĭl′ō-thē-wĭsp′), a phosphorescent light, appearing at night over marshy grounds, caused by the same phosphorus with which illuminated watch-dials are marked. The will-o'-the-wisp used to mislead travelers, who sometimes followed it into a bog, thinking it a light in some house.

Zeus (zūs), the chief of the Olympian gods (the Greek gods, supposed to dwell on Mount Olympus in Greece). The Romans identified him with Jupiter.